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OCTAVIUS PERINCHIEF:

HIS LIFE OF TRIAL AND SUPREME FAITH.

BY

CHARLES LANMAN.

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It was his business to be troubled, and his portion to be comforted.—

JEREMY TAYLOR.

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EARLY LIFE IN BERMUDA.

OCTAVIUS PERINCHIEF was one of the best, and most gifted men of his time. His record as a preacher, within the pale of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has passed into ecclesiastical history, and his name is entitled to careful consideration.

By his teachings he did much to purify and elevate his fellow-men; in his every day life he strove constantly to practice what he preached;—and the study of his character must therefore be of interest to those who cherish his memory, as well as to the public at large.

The materials out of which I propose to construct this volume, are: a manuscript which he left, entitled, “A Father’s Legacy to his Children;” several short journals which he kept at intervals; and such correspondence as I have been able to obtain, addressed to members of his family, and various devoted friends.

On the fly-leaf of the manuscript entitled a “Legacy” I find written in pencil, these words: “A Hermit’s thoughts upon this and other worlds.” As there was nothing in his nature or habits allied to the character of a hermit, I can hardly suppose that the above words were intended as a title for his manuscript; but with the word hermit excluded, they would very properly describe all the material out of which this volume is formed. In the opening paragraph of the first-named manuscript, he gives his reasons for writing it as follows:

“I write for my own children, and propose to make it a sort of medley of biography, history, philosophy, and I trust,

through all, much theology, or that which teaches of God, and elevates and blesses the human soul.

“There are some reasons why I should write what I propose. Few men were ever more blessed than I have been. He, so blessed, ought to leave some record of his life. I desire my children to consider patiently and thankfully all I say and to follow implicitly the suggestions which I may submit. I think I shall show them that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and the love of God, the consummation of happiness. I urge them to strive always *to be* rather than to *appear to be*. I wish to make them understand that the simplest and truest humanity, is the best of all exaltation: I can tell them that God’s service is the only service which is followed by any worthy reward. He who is servant to all, is greatest of all. He who has most love, most patience, most silence, most charity, has greatest riches. Earth is only a school house. Providence is a great and good teacher. They learn most who commune most with their own souls, with nature and with God,—who make the words of Jesus a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path. What I most of all rejoice in, is the escape I effected from ignorance and vice. What I consider my greatest earthly enjoyment, is communion with the enlightened and virtuous, the refined and holy.”

After stating that he was born in the largest of the Bermuda Islands, or as Shakspeare called them, the “Still vexed Bermoothes,” in the Parish of Warwick, on the 2d of October, 1829, he tells us, that, while his father and both grandfathers were merchants in affluent circumstances, they were men of the world. Although the fact is not mentioned in his journals, it is nevertheless true, that he claimed descent from King Charles the First, and his family were compelled to leave England during the troubles of the seventeenth century. He possessed at least one quality which belonged to that king, for he was always ready to

forgive his enemies. A certain degree of prosperity having been followed by reverses, the circumstances of his family were straitened during the whole of his earlier boyhood. When in his ninth year, the institution of slavery was abolished in Bermuda, and while he remembered the joy with which the slaves of his father went forth free, the money which had been received for them did not prove of any lasting benefit to the family. The great feature connected with his home was the presence of his mother. She was a widow with two daughters, when his father married her, and she was possessed of a small fortune. Octavius was the second of five children, all boys. Owing to circumstances, which need not be mentioned, according to his own narrative:—"Everything, even to the furnishing of our daily bread devolved upon her, and many were the expedients to which she was driven. She was a patient, hardworking, and peace-making woman. She had faith in God, and never forgot to instruct us in our religious duties. Never a Sunday came but she would go to church, and require us to attend her. Well do I remember her toiling nearly all night that we might have clothes to wear. God bless my mother! God will bless such a mother. One of my most fervent hopes is that through all eternity I shall be near her to praise and bless her for her love. Sweet were the sounds of her morning hymn. Most vivid upon my mind is the recollection of waking one particular night, and finding her praying by my side."

With boys, generally speaking, the catching of fish is merely a pastime, but the following account explains how young Perinchief once went upon a fishing excursion for an important purpose:

"We had nothing at home to eat. I proposed to my younger brother that we should go fishing. We accordingly went, with the echo of our mother's voice lingering in our ears—"to be careful." Our luck was very good, for

we caught several smaller fishes of different kinds. At length I looked up and saw a line which had been tied to a rock was very much stretched, as if a fish were fastened to it. I ran and took hold of it, but much to my regret found a fish had swallowed the hook and run into a hole or shelf of rock, as it is the habit of some fish to do. I quite lost my patience. I did not wait at the line till he should come out again, but in my anger broke it in two and went back to another and smaller line. At this time the tide was on the ebb, and before long became so low, it was too shallow for us to fish any longer, and besides it was getting late and time to go home. Just then I looked and saw quite a large fish very near the shore and where the ripples broke upon the rock. When I went near him he did not go off, and to my great surprise, I saw it was a fish with a hook in his mouth, with two yards of line attached. This line owing to the action of the ripples upon it, had become entangled around a coral and the fish could not get away. I cleared the line, and caught the fish. We returned home with quite a number of fishes, and that night had a good supper, and went to bed cheerful and happy. But the fish coming up there in that way, taken in connection with my impatience, made an impression upon my mind which has never worn off. It seemed to me like a voice from heaven. I felt much ashamed of myself. I could see God's goodness very plainly, and that night I wept myself to sleep. In later years that incident has come to me to tell me, "be of good cheer, God will provide."

It was while he was yet a mere boy that his elder brother was sent to sea, because of his wild conduct, and circumstances virtually gave him the position of elder brother. "I shall have occasion," he writes, "to mention this brother again. Strange has been the Providence of God. He remained the only boy of us all, with the unspeakable privilege of protecting and providing for my mother in her declining years. Though all my hopes and endeavors strug-

gled for years towards the attainment of this privilege, it was never granted. He who in one sense owed her least, has done most, and I who in many senses owed her most, have done least. I have a feeling—a faith—that in another world God will not only grant that we shall know each other, but give us means of expressing *all* our love for every one we have loved, and so of rewarding them for every deed of kindness which testified to their fidelity here. In this faith it is my earnest hope God will give me opportunity, in heaven, to serve my mother forever.”

We now come to the school days of the boy Perinchief. After stating that he was by no means a strong child, but timid, cautious, and to some extent considerate, he thus proceeds: “While we were quite young we went to school to an old lady near by, who taught us to read. She was kind—always sent us home early when it looked rainy, and allowed us to stay out of doors all the afternoon, if she happened to have company at dinner. She would, in rainy weather, wrap us up in tippets and shawls, but I was always responsible for the whole bundle the next morning. At last it became palpable that it was useless to send us to school there any longer. The next school—because the only one—was five miles away. There was a ferry, by crossing which, the distance could be reduced about two miles; but we had no way of paying fare, so we had to walk all the way round, as it was called. The man who kept this school was a distant relation of ours, and he taught us for nothing. After a while it began to appear that I was not able to take such a walk every day—ten miles—down and back, and my mother sent word that I could not go to school any longer. I am inclined to think that I was a tolerably attentive scholar, for I remember when it was proposed to remove me, the teacher prevailed upon my mother to board me at a place near the school. This was tried; but after six months or so it became evident that my board could not be paid, and I was returned to the daily walk, together with

my three brothers. For about a year—perhaps two—my cares were considerable. In the first place I was far from strong. Sometimes my mother would provide me with a pair of shoes. When these were worn out, many weeks elapsed before I could get another pair. In these intervals I frequently took a severe cold. Besides I was very much mortified at having no shoes. To be sure many of the boys wore none, but it seemed to me that every boy knew the poverty which reigned at home, and I was exceedingly shy. I mingled very little with the other boys, and seldom participated in their sports. I delighted in being alone; and one of the chief employments which devolved upon me, in consequence of this, was to take care of the smaller children, and keep them out of danger and mischief. In addition to this I was responsible at night, at home, for the behaviour of my brothers during the day. I had to see them early at school, early at home, and keep them out of mischief by the way. * * My brother, next younger, was a most willful resolute boy—falterer at nothing, and impatient of restraint. At first he was not unmanageable, but another boy, who went to the same school, did much toward making my brother the boy he was. These two spoiled all the rest. Never shall I forget a whipping my father gave us during this period. It was no new thing for us to get whipped, but so severe a punishment was unusual, and mine was as bad as any, though in that case, at least, I did not deserve it.” The cause of this whipping, he tells us, was the bad treatment which the brothers, while on their way home from school, had inflicted upon a colored woman, by throwing stones at her, and as she followed them home and demanded that they should be punished, her wishes were complied with. “At length,” he continues, “my father went toward a pomegranate tree, the branch of which is peculiarly tough and straight, and from which he always took a whip, when he intended to be unusually severe. We knew what was coming, and submitted. But I got the

worst whipping I ever had, and did not get over it, physically or mentally, for many days. I do not mean to say that I was always equally guiltless. The receiver is as bad as the thief, and many were the guavas, oranges, banannas, and other fruits, I shared as the result of their plunder; and sometimes as bribes for my silence. In all this I did wrong, and consequently deserved part of the punishment.

"I never shall forget a wound my spirit received, unintentionally and unknowingly given by my mother, and growing too out of my fidelity to the trust which in this way had devolved upon me. I mention it to show how careful we should be to appreciate any kind action, even though it be awkwardly or unwisely done. We all of us sometimes find fault with others, when, in reality they deserve praise. With the young particularly, we can never be too careful in giving them credit for kindness, and then, if anything be wrong, at some other time we should point out the wrong. At our school we always had an intermission of two hours. During this interval we would eat our lunch of dry bread, and then go to the wharf of the town, or loiter in the shade of the trees along the street. One day while we were standing in the street, our attention being directed to a boat on the bay, a negro with a wheelbarrow, having in it a barrel of flour, came cruelly up and without giving us any notice, wheeled right into the little group of boys. The first sign we had of the fact was a terrific scream from my younger brother, when we saw the blood spouting from his foot. For an instant anger paralyzed me, but pity for my poor brother brought me to my senses, and I had him in my arms bearing him to a neighboring store. I thought of the doctor, and two of us took the patient to his office, but found the wound was not dangerous. My thoughts now all turned upon the one object of getting him home. I had seen a cart in the village that morning, belonging to a lady who lived within a mile and a half of our house. Though it was in town for a load, I

thought it probable that the humanity of the driver would not refuse me a ride for my brother. I went in search of the cart, found it and realized my hopes. When the cart came to its stopping place, I got a stick for my brother to walk with, then rested him every little while, until we reached home. Of course my mother was at first greatly alarmed, and after my brother had gone to sleep, and it seemed after all a very small affair, my mother asked me—as I thought complainingly—why I had not gone to school and let him wait till night, or else come on by himself? The question was so unexpected, so unnatural as it seemed to me, I had nothing to answer. It thrilled my entire nature. I had no power of describing to her the whole scene, I could think only of the idea of deserting the poor little fellow in his misfortune, and the question seemed to me like an accusation. I wept about it by myself, and nobody knew any harm had been done. I went very cheerfully with the boy when his foot got well, to thank the doctor, who made no charge for his services.”

“And now in speaking about wounding the spirits of others unknowingly, I remember another instance in which a whole day, which should have been a day of joy was turned into bitterness. People think children forget, but it is a great mistake. There was gotten up a large picnic party, chiefly by my cousins, and because of our relationship, we were invited,—the party going off to a little island some distance away, to spend the day. We went in a kind of sloop belonging to an uncle, and on this occasion we had the entire range. Boy like, we roved all over her, and I suppose sometimes to the annoyance of the older members of the party, especially an elderly relative whom I never remember to have met with much pleasure. We of course had on our Sunday clothes, and among the rest our Sunday caps. In some corner I had picked up a cobweb, and soon after, while standing near me, she snatched the cap from my head, and asked me whether I was not ashamed to come

from home with such a cap as that, and why I had not brushed it, and sundry questions of that kind. God only knows how a human soul is touched, but that day mine was stricken. I did not happen to think that I must have gathered that cobweb in my rambles about the sloop, and my whole nature was alive with what I saw at once was a reflection on my mother. I thought of her, up that morning before day-break, getting things ready for us, getting our breakfast, then calling us and seeing us all clean, and our clothes neat. I thought of her at home alone, for she never went out excepting to church. The tears filled my eyes, sadness flooded my heart. I was at a pic-nic in body, but my soul was heavy and at home."

Following the above is an account of how the scarlet fever prostrated all the boys of the family, and after giving a charming account of one of his brothers, he thus describes his death:—"He was very kind and forgiving in his disposition, at the same time cheerful. I think he was the most loving of us all. I never knew him to remember a grudge. Slowly, the dear little fellow wasted away. I felt death was coming. There was a new solemnity everywhere. All who came to see us, of our own relations, were mournful. No clergyman came. I do not like to think of how we were neglected. At length one morning, he asked my mother to pray with him. I felt even then God was with the boy. I do not know how such an impression took hold upon me, but I felt the Spirit of God was there. It is true my mother had taught us to say our prayers, but we seldom talked of God or of heaven. Nobody had told the little fellow he was going to die, and when he looked up so patiently and asked mother to pray for him and with him, I seemed to hear the angels calling him, and knew he was going to leave us. With a very full heart I left home to go to school that morning. Nobody seemed to think I ought to go—but my object was to ask my teacher—a Christian—to come

and see him. I thought it would comfort and console the boy. In the evening he kindly came, but the boy was unconscious, and the teacher could say nothing to him. At twelve o'clock of that solemn, silent night he joined the angels, who waited to carry him to a better home. It grieved me so to see poor mother's sufferings. Poor as we were,—we were all her comfort,—and now when she went to the little closet, to lay out his clothes, we all gathered around her, and bitter, truly, was that hour. Her little circle was broken—one was gone. Poor father. I knew his heart was heavy. I cannot forget a counterpart to all this too which made me still more sad. I mention it because, I remember, I thought my mother did wrong. In the English church under whose regulations we were, it was allowed or required that the clergy should receive fees for the exercise of any function of their office. Thus, for a baptism, so much—for a funeral, so much—and if a funeral *sermon* were preached, then so much more. It was the custom to pay the fees without any formal demand for them, and the rich had made it customary to add something to the original fee—till in process of time it was almost criminal to make these gifts less than that which custom had established. For a funeral and sermon, the fee was six dollars. Now my mother could not afford to pay this, but yielding to her affectionate regard for the boy she had lost, and to the feeling more appropriate to her former circumstances, she engaged the rector to preach a funeral sermon. Those men did not often preach more than fifteen minutes and beside all that, what can a man do who works for pay? After some time I was sent to carry the money. I do not know where mother got it. I only know that sad and heavy was every step of the mile and a half I had to go. Every one of those dollars was counted over and over,—every one bathed in sighs, if not in tears. Endless reflections seemed to centre in them,—the loss of the brother, the poverty of home, the meanness of such a church system as that under

the sacred name of Christianity, but especially the thought of leaving school and going out to make a living for myself."

As we have seen, the school days of this Bermuda boy had very little sunshine in them, and as we proceed we shall find the weather of life still cloudy and always lowering. But let us take another glimpse of the student before he passes into a new sphere. "I was now approaching," as he tells us, "the age of fourteen. I had been thinking it was high time that I should be doing something to relieve my mother. What to do I did not know; nor had I a mortal to help me. Some boys, about my age, picked up a support by being what they called clerks in stores. I thought of this, though I confess I had anything but respect for such a kind of life. The boys thus engaged, fairly threw themselves away, as it seemed to me. The stores, so-called, were only retail establishments, and very inferior, even at that. There was nothing to stimulate a noble ambition, and there were many influences constantly at work to corrupt,—to produce selfishness, sensuality, and vice. But the resources of the Island were so limited there was nothing else to be done. With my mother's consent I applied myself to find an 'opening.' The news of this reached my teacher, and he did not approve the plan. I urged all sorts of reasons—among others that I could not walk so far every day. He offered me a home at his house for five days out of every week, while I was to go on with my studies, and at the same time help him as an assistant teacher. He was very considerate, and hoped I would like that kind of life, and but for my troubles I should probably have done so. I was, at any rate, induced to adopt the plan. I had time for reading and improving myself; in the main I was kindly treated; but the idea of being dependent continually haunted me. My sensibilities at this time grew intensely acute. Any reference to my home brought the blood to my face. I began to feel the slights to which we

were subjected. Nobody seemed to care for us. Other boys had a kind of place in society, but we poor creatures, nobody took any notice of at all. I wondered at this, but soon began to see the reasons. It was not virtue which was respected,—for wicked men were honored,—honored by poor men who were willing to purchase a smile at any cost. But we were not rich, to be courted, and though poor, we never did any cringing, and so we were simply left alone. Such experiences, emotions, and thoughts, however, all put together, made my life at this time very unhappy. I rested neither day nor night, at home, nor abroad. At last, one day, I heard something said in my teacher's family (whose name was Alfred T. Deane) about a friend of their's, in a distant town, wanting a clerk. This friend had written to know if any boy in the school could be recommended. I seized upon it instantly. First the town was at the other extremity of the Island,—twenty-odd miles away,—and down there they knew nothing about me. There they would give me board and washing, and one hundred dollars a year. Against the remonstrances of my teacher, I got him to write and mention me. I, of course, concluded the place was secured, and went home that night with a heart lighter than I had known it for many a day. I told my mother all about it. I was a little surprised that she did not enter into it as enthusiastically as I did. My sister, too, seemed to be not over zealous. I have learned the reasons since. Though my elder brother had been sent to sea, he had not gone from under the parental roof; and, though I had been away five days in the week, it had only been for a few months. One dear boy was in the grave, but God had taken him, and so there was still peace; but the idea of breaking up the home circle forever, cast a deep shadow across poor mother's heart, and I do not wonder I saw it, though I could not explain it.

“In a few days a note came addressed to me personally, the very sight of my name on a letter, made me feel

already a man; the note invited me down to see, and be seen, with a view to making a bargain. I wrote a reply in my very best style, to say I would take the first stage of the next week, and make the proposed visit. Accordingly, on Monday morning bright and early, I was astir, walked the five miles to the village to get the stage, paid my fare like a man, out of money my sister lent me, and found myself rattling away with big hopes, and a pleasing sensation of being free. Arrived at my destination, of course, I was delighted. The establishment with which my destinies seemed now to be linked, was larger than any I had seen, and I felt a corresponding pride; and whatever objections there might have been to the place, I was utterly beyond all power of seeing them. I accepted every proposition, and had not the slightest doubt, that the proprietor was as much pleased with me, as I was with him. After a while I was invited in to dinner, after which to my room, and with one attention and another, was quite elated with my position. Of course a doubt never entered my mind as to my ability to fulfill all that was required of me, I felt equal to any charge. At length, the time drawing near for me to take the return stage, the bargain was concluded. The gentleman wished me to come down immediately, but suddenly the idea flashed across my mind of my finally leaving home, and my spirit rather gave way, I began to plead for two weeks, at least, thought of poor mother, and of her getting me ready; and urged so hard, that at last it was agreed I should enter upon my new vocation two weeks from that day. I went home, had a wonderful story to tell of what I had seen, and congratulated myself upon the happy prospects my future presented. Among other things, it was a part of the bargain, that I was to have the gentleman's horse once a month, on Sunday, to make a visit home. This pleased me, and I thought it would cheer my mother. The two weeks, however, passed away, sometimes they seemed long, sometimes short, I lingered, as much as

possible, at home, visited my relations, went once more to the old familiar fishing places, bathed once more in the same surf, and somehow felt that I was taking leave of a place, which, be it what it may, was still my home. I used to weep at night when I thought of leaving my dear mother, and when Monday morning came, and I stood with my bundle ready to take leave, I saw them all very sad and weeping around me, and turned away with a heavier heart than I could have imagined, two weeks before, I should ever know. Thus I left a home, to me full of the brightest and saddest memories; thus I turned over a new leaf in a life which yet gave no true sign of its real future."

LATER LIFE IN BERMUDA.

In the present chapter we are to follow young Perinchief into his new sphere—a commercial mart, beset with manifold temptations; and his story will be given entirely in his own words, omitting, for want of space, the lessons which had been recorded for the benefit of his children. He thus proceeds :

“ At a little over fourteen years of age, I went out to try the world. For a few weeks everything went on with tolerable smoothness, and at my first visit home I was able to carry a glowing account of my new situation. I had begun, however, to experience, even then, a little of the unpleasantness consequent upon responsibility. I had found out, too, a few things about my employer. There was in the store, one other clerk, and half teacher to the children of the family; this young man was the son of a Methodist clergyman, who had married a sister of our proprietor, she being his second wife; he was born in England, had in his earlier days considerable educational advantages, and possessed some talent, but was unfortunately nearly blind. Why his father should ever have parted with him I cannot imagine. His uncle had taken him out of charity, his father being poor, but such charity! He was left to himself, and under the circumstances, it was quite as well. The establishment in which we were thus thrown together was one of a miscellaneous character; it was a grocery, a dry goods store, a bakery, and a meat market all combined. I had charge of nearly the entire concern. Added to this the man owned a large wharf and did an extensive shipping business. He was

very little about the premises, except at night, and then he was given to indulgence. At intervals, he was fond of inspecting things, and then, woe to everybody and everything. The wife of this man was a very good sort of a person, but she had little or no education; was kind to the poor, and good to their poor relations, but in some things very indiscreet. She always had about her a great deal of company, and servants without end. By degrees, finding myself master of the establishment, I acquired a kind of adaptability to business, but at the same time from the various temptations around me, acquired a free and easy way of living.

“The man for whom I worked had no fear of God or man before his eyes. I was taught to be *sharp* at all sorts of bargains. Many a night I had to be out, or up with the key of the cellar, for contraband purposes. Having plenty of cigars of the best kind in the store, I learned to smoke, and with a cellar full of the best liquors I learned also to drink. The notion took hold of me that it was manly; the other clerk and I found a sort of liking for bad society. We used to spend many of our evenings improperly. But worst of all by neglecting the counsels of his father and the instructions of his youth, he had taken it into his head to become an infidel. Religion in the town was at a very low ebb, and that for many reasons. But this young man from being considered smart and well educated or learned, liked that kind of notoriety. He and I used to talk and read till we considered ourselves philosophers. We ridiculed the clergy and everything religious, and used our influence to make others as irreligious as ourselves. Sometimes it would be hinted to us that such was our reputation, and we liked it rather than otherwise. The people were wrapt up in money-making, and had not an idea beyond that. In short we were left pretty much to drift to destruction, and I began to find this out. I had very little home-feeling left, although I went home as usual, once in four or five weeks, but the

length of the intervals now made no difference. I took my money home as usual, but I never inquired how my mother spent it, or whether it helped her at all. I inquired little about things at home, lost all sympathy, and did not feel that interest in my younger brothers which I once felt, and ought then to have felt. One incident in particular brought this home to my thoughts. About six months after I left home, the brother next to me, though little over twelve years of age, began to think of making his own living too; he had no idea of being penned up in a store, and chose to go to sea. It was his own desire, and so my mother let him go. When he had been gone about six months, we having heard from him occasionally, the news came that the vessel in which he sailed had been some time missing. After awhile all hopes of ever hearing from her died away, and the conviction settled upon the hearts of all who had friends on board of her, that she was lost. About this time I went home one Sunday morning, and found my mother and sister and youngest brother, in the deepest affliction at the thought of never seeing the poor fellow again. I remember I did not enter much into their feelings. My infidel notions about this time were very active. I had resolved everything into fate, and had, in consequence, no affection for my departed brother, or sympathy with his weeping friends. My mother looked at me very strangely when I said, "Well if he has gone, it is no use making ourselves miserable about it." She, however, said little, and next morning I left her. My visit, so far from comforting her, having added actually to her sorrow. Not long after, there came to the town in which I lived, a new Methodist minister. He was a man of education, of talent, and truly a godly man. He was a very earnest preacher, and his soul was in his work; he made an impression, by God's grace, on the hearts of many. This other clerk and I went every Sunday evening to hear him; I know I felt for a long time that our infidelity was a very foolish thing, and I have great

reason to believe that he felt so too. We did not talk together quite so much, and there was evidently a new vein of thought in our minds. During the week we went on just the same, but on Sunday night, after a very solemn and impressive sermon upon the necessity of repentance, we walked out of church together, and as it were by common consent took a certain road. The moon shone very brightly. It was one of those lovely nights of winter, such winter as is known only in those soft and genial climes, where frosts are unknown, where the lime tree and the banana flourish, and the birds sing throughout the year. We went on, out of the town, and presently began to give expression to the thoughts which were uppermost in the mind of both. "The sermon," said one, "How did you like it?" and so on, till the conversation was fully introduced. We each confessed to the other the extreme folly of such notions as ours had been. Conviction had seized upon our hearts; we had sinned against light; we knew we were sinning in every infidel thought we uttered. Memories of his father came floating back across the years. Thoughts of my earlier home, recollections of the teachings of my mother, came clustering about my soul. Imperceptibly, or rather, unconsciously, we had kept on our road, now grown very lonely, it being only a carriage road around by the beach. The waves were slowly beating against the shore, not a sound else, but our own voices, could be heard; the stars and the moon looked serenely down. Not far off was a grave-yard. The white stones standing like sentinels amid the evergreens. All made it a night, solemn, never to be forgotten. Out there we resolved to lead a different life. We pledged our help to each other; come what would, we resolved henceforth to be men, neither deceiving ourselves nor others, and striving to undo what mischief, in our folly, we had done. There was, however, no prayer to God; our trust was plainly not in the Divine strength. Quite late in the evening we reached home and went to bed.

“Monday morning arrived, and we had to go on as usual. Now came the heavy tug of carrying out our resolutions. We had spent much time in trying to make infidels; toward night or in the evening, one and another of our companions came strolling in, whether they noticed any change in us I cannot say, but the conversation turned upon the sermon of the evening preceding. One began to ridicule a certain idea, and another something else, till the unanimous conclusion was that the whole thing was a well composed mistake. I know that I did not care to enter very deeply into the conversation. I found it very pleasant to wait upon customers, and in short backed quite out of the discussion. My friend was not quite so successful. He ventured to assert that one thing had been well and truly presented, and this only served to turn the laugh against him. By and by, however, they went away, and we had to shut the shop with the unpleasant conviction that we had been baffled. We were cowards and did not dare confess it; we had not kept our resolutions. We, however, avoided each other that night. After about a week, some one in the house remarked that we were more serious than usual. We were jeered a little, and we both backed square out of all our resolves, and betook ourselves to jokes, in order to turn the conversation.

“Next Sunday night we went to church, again and again we renewed our resolves, but again there was no trusting in God. We were ashamed of our sin, but there was no true loving of God, there was the same old pride in our hearts. We entered upon another week, and repeated a similar result. For many weeks we went on in this way, and then began our old reasonings, though from a different starting point. We could be good Christians, but at the same time live in our old sins. With this creed we went on in the old way, and, as might be easily imagined, the last state was worse than the first, but God was good to me, infinitely beyond what I deserved. The truth is, I was lead-

ing a very unnatural life, one which I abhorred, and made me abhor myself.

“ About this time a change came over the affairs of my employer, the nature of our business required me to be up very early in the morning, often long before dawn, and frequently on market days I got no breakfast till nine or ten o'clock. If I had gone early to bed at night, it would have been very well, but instead of this, I remained up till after midnight, eating and drinking. My sleep, what little I did get, was broken, and very naturally such a way of living began to tell perceptibly upon my constitution. One day I was taken very ill and had to go to bed; next day I was worse, and so ill as to alarm the people and cause them to send word to my friends. In a day or two, however, I began to get better, and in a few days more was able to go home. I now had time to reflect. I saw I had been living in a way I did not approve; worst of all, I had forgotten my mother and sister and brothers. I found my mother had not spent my money at all, excepting that with which she had bought clothes for me. No present had ever been made to my little brother who still went to school. I had now been away two years, I had received two hundred dollars, of which more than one hundred now remained. The doctor's bill reduced this to somewhere about eighty. After a while I got well, and went back to my old place, but I was much changed. A better mind had gained the ascendancy, I was now truly ashamed of myself, I grew silent and preferred to be alone. I very seriously thought of leaving such a place, but what to do, or where to go, I did not know; I began to wish to leave the Island altogether, and not a vessel left the harbor, bound to the United States, on which I did not wish to be. Soon after this, I came near losing my life. It was our custom to spend Sunday in any way we pleased, and on one of those Sundays, when the wind was very high, we went out sailing alone in an open boat with iron ballast. When we

reached the middle of the harbor, about a mile from shore, we found the wind so strong we could not manage the boat. Suddenly a puff struck her, and over we went, and we thought ourselves lost. The water poured in over the side, and though we had brought the boat 'to the wind,' we were not in the safest situation. The different ropes had got tangled, and we had some difficulty in getting in the sail. At length, however, we accomplished this, got the water bailed out, and then had to take to our oars. Greatly exhausted, we got home that evening, and that put an end forever to all Sunday excursions for me. It, however, had the effect of sobering me more than ever. The desire soon afterwards formed in my mind to go to New York, and though I had not a friend there and knew not a mortal in the city, I determined to go, if my mother would permit.

"The next time I went home I made the proposition to my mother; as I expected, she would not think of it. I was young, inexperienced; I knew nobody; suppose I should get sick; and a variety of objections arose at once. I, however, could see no objections. I had read of young men going to seek their fortunes, I thought the thing was grand, and, in my own mind, had resolved to go. I reasoned in this way: 'Nothing can be worse for me than the way in which I am now living; if I do not succeed in my hopes, I shall at least be no worse off; I have everything to gain, and nothing to lose.'

"I went back on Monday morning, having asked my mother to think the matter over. I wrote to her about it, and, in the meantime, informed the man with whom I was living of my intention to leave him. Our bargain required two months' notice from either side. After four weeks I went home again, and succeeded in getting from my mother a qualified consent.

"I now formed my plans; my mother got all my clothes in readiness; everybody thought I was a foolish boy; nobody thought I was wise except my old companion, and he wished

from the bottom of his heart that he could go too. I took leave of the little town, and went home for a few weeks, preparatory to my anticipated move. I was at home three weeks; my mother got everything ready with an exactness and consideration which only such a mother could exercise. They were not weeks of pleasure; poor mother was very sad, and I too felt anything but happy. It was now the month of May, perhaps the loveliest of all the year, in that, the loveliest of all climates. Roses abounded, the air was soft and genial, the breezes were low and gentle. I occasionally got a boat and went from island to island, or in and out among the islands, sometimes sailing, sometimes rowing, sometimes fishing. The orange, the banana, and cedar were in their richest green; and though from my childhood I had been familiar with these scenes I could now feel they were lovely. Perhaps because I was going away, everybody felt an additional interest in me, and I in them. At length the time came, my passage was engaged, my trunk was packed, and the day was set. I felt it was a solemn time, and when at last the morning came, bright, warm and cheerful, when the birds were singing sweetly, when my trunk went out, and we all sat around a table from which none of us had eaten, while poor mother's heart was almost broken. I half resolved not to go; but it was now too late, go I must; and with a soul full of sadness, I bade them all good-bye. I left a home I was never but once more to see; left a mother I was to behold only in one short interval again; left her to trials and sorrows greater even than any she had yet known; left all to go where I was unknown and unfriended; left a forbidding past to wander out upon a dark and unpromising future. Before night I had gazed for the first time upon an ocean view, unbroken, except by the line of the far horizon.

MERCANTILE EXPERIENCES.

We are now to follow Mr. Perinchief into a new world, and one of excitement and danger.

“It is true,” he continues, “that the ‘boy is father of the man,’ but little can be predicted of manhood from the surroundings of youth. I landed in New York on the 8th day of June, 1847, in my eighteenth year. There was as passenger on the same vessel in which I came, my uncle, then a confirmed invalid, and seeking by all the means at his command, to lengthen out his life. Though my uncle, I was not under his protection. I was literally alone. I knew not a mortal in the whole extent of that city; the agent of this relative came on board the vessel, and by his advice I went to the same boarding house with my uncle. I had never before been in a city, and of course everything struck me with all the force of entire novelty. The shipping along the wharves, the steamers plying the ferries, the tug-boats and river boats, the noise and seeming confusion, the beautiful green of the hills opposite the city, all quite absorbed my attention. Yet scarcely had I landed when the first object that made a fixed and definite impression on my mind, was a coffin borne by two men. I know the reflection instantly arose, ‘here too, men die, amid all this life, and provision for life, is death.’ Object after object hurried by. The crowds of people, the streams of vehicles, the continuous lines of omnibuses on Broadway, the city park with its fountains, the Astor House, Museum, and City Hall, all left me in anything but a clear understanding as to where I was, when at length I arrived at my boarding house on Beekman street. Nothing could content me in

the house, and against all remonstrances, all predictions of my getting lost, out I went.

"I remembered Beekman street and the church in it, and the number of my boarding house, and I trusted to my knowledge of the English language to find my way back again. Where I went I do not remember, I got back in time to find out that New York was very different from home, for when tea time was past, nothing more was to be had to eat. For several days this rage for sight-seeing continued, but after the first day, I had found a companion. Of course I supposed all the world to be as honest as myself, which belief came very near costing me dearly.

"My new companion was a fellow-boarder and roommate; he was very kind, knew all about New York, especially about the theatres and places which the virtuous do not frequent. I soon began to learn the value of money; I had, after paying my passage, over sixty dollars. I told this fellow how much I had, and he knew what was not in my pocket must be in my trunk. One of the first things which struck me was the cheapness of everything. The idea of riding as far as I chose for six cents! A good plate of oysters for a York shilling! But I soon found that though everything was cheap, it at last took money away much faster than I had it to spend; that with paying for myself and '*my friend*,' I had to go to my trunk very often. Sunday, however, came and what with riding all day, going to the theater as night, and eating everything that came in my way, and sleeping little, I found myself in the morning very tired and nearly sick. I went to church, the sound of the old liturgy—a few alterations of course—carried my thoughts across the seas to the old home. I began to be a little homesick, I knew my poor mother was thinking of me, and I felt that after all, New York may be a grand place, but it was a place of danger. I went home and wrote a letter to my mother. That evening I formed a resolution to go no more to the theatre; fascinating as its scenes were, I felt

they were in their effects anything but good for me. Wicked as I had been, I felt that this was wickedness refined; I went to bed somewhat saddened.

“On Monday morning as I was getting ready to go out, the idea struck me, what am I to do for clean clothes; just then, a woman knocked and reported herself as the washer-woman. For the first time in my life I counted out and made a list of clothes to be washed. When the woman went out I sat down on my trunk, and had one of the heartiest cries of my life. That trunk had been packed by my mother, it was now fairly unpacked, and as one little thing after another came out to tell me of her love and care, all my love for her came back to me. Not only so, but the idea pressed upon me that I had now no home. I was where money alone was of any account. Go only as far as you can pay, I thought, and roused myself at length to try and see what I could find to do. By the kindness of my uncle’s agent, I found my way to the reading room of the Merchant’s Exchange. I looked over the advertisements, found nothing, and went back homesick to my room. My companion was there in bed reading. I found upon trial, I could not open my trunk, perceived clearly that somebody had been trying to break the lock. He took it all coolly, said something about the dishonesty of servants, and how careful I ought to be. The idea never entered my head that he was a thief. That night my uncle proposed to me that as he was lonely, I should go to Saratoga with him, *he defraying my expenses*; I agreed, and off we went. After about a week I began to think that my uncle’s offer to pay my expenses with him, did not help me towards getting something to do for myself; I told him so, and thanked him for his kindness and went back to New York. It was fortunate for me that I did so, I say fortunate, I mean God directed me. The very next morning, I went to the reading room, saw an advertisement, which I answered, and that night received a call from a gentleman who asked me

to wait on him next morning. I did so, and the result was an engagement at \$250 a year, as shipping clerk and assistant book-keeper in a wholesale crockery establishment. On going home one evening I found the landlady in a great state of excitement at the loss of some money from her own desk in her bed-room. Some circumstances had caused her to suspect this room-mate of mine, and when I told her my experience she concluded to have him arrested, but on looking about to find him, discovered that he had absconded. Fortunately for me he had not succeeded in opening my trunk, and fortunately again I was relieved of his company. All this experience caused me to form another resolution, somewhat rash perhaps, but an adherence to which had a great influence upon my future destiny, this was, to admit nobody to my acquaintance until I had some reason to believe it would be an advantage to me.

“For many weeks I was absorbed in my new duties. I was engaged all day. This new resolution kept me much by myself in the evening. Although there were many ladies and gentlemen in the house, I could add nothing to their society. I had no money; what I brought with me soon evaporated, and what I worked for just paid my board and found me necessary clothes. Hardly that, for my uncle I think, at the solicitation of his agent, who had taken a kindly interest in me, gave me some warm winter clothing. I used to loiter much about the streets in the evening, making observations here and there, chiefly, however, to get away from home, for I had no books, I had no room to myself, I had no friend. The evenings in the parlor were spent in playing cards, with music and dancing.

“I have said I was little there, yet necessarily I had sometimes to be there, and had become a great adept at the game of draughts. As the winter came on I could not walk so much in the evening. This set me to looking about for free lecture rooms and all places of entertainment to which I could go without that almost inevitable “quarter.”

“I used to look very wistfully at the ‘Mercantile Library’ rooms, and other similar places, but they were closed to me; the Cooper Institute and many other free institutions of the city did not exist.

“Being so much alone I used to *think* incessantly. It delighted me to go along the street in a ‘brown study;’ I entered upon subjects that were too high for me. I listened to lectures and sermons like a philosopher, I used to think, even then, some men were not over wise. I thought much about the object of life. What object was the highest and best? What was becoming to an immortal being? At first I had no idea but that of being rich; I longed for money, chiefly that I might take care of my mother and sister at home, but also that I might be a power in the world. I saw the influence of money, and craved that influence.

“I believe my employer was as honest as the generality of men in trade. I began to question the virtue of the means to the end, at length to question the desirableness of even the end itself. Although much of the city was so grand, I saw also a great deal of vice and real wretchedness. I questioned whether the pursuit of the grand did not, of itself, promote this very wretchedness, just as forcing the air through a tube condenses it at one end but produces a vacuum on the other. I feel thankful now, in looking back upon my life, that I have done the best I could. When I worked for another, I did so as if it were for my own interests. Even amid my daily duties, serious reflections sometimes pressed home upon me. My whole life was one of thought. In a great city I was wholly alone. The clerks in the store were all older, and there was little sympathy between us. For a long time I was in a very unsettled state of mind, I went over my reasonings again and again; I listened to lectures and sermons, many of them amounting to nothing, many of them I could not understand. In the mean time I read everything that came in my way. I

secured an old copy of Comstock's Philosophy, and to my surprise found it very interesting. During the dull season of business I carried it to the store. I never shall forget the surprise depicted on the countenance of my employer on once taking up the book when he thought I was not near him.

"I read the Bible very much, a Bible my sister had purchased, because it was sold cheap by a Methodist missionary, and which she had presented to me when I left home. I still, however, kept up a correspondence with my old friend in Bermuda. About this time he sent to me to procure a copy of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." Before sending it to him I read it myself, and the effect on me was good, for I remember to have thought it a very silly affair. I could not conceive how a man should be so foolish as to write such a book. I could account for it only upon the principle 'Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.' I sent it, however, and with it a letter, the exact tenor of which I do not now remember, but it caused quite a damper upon our correspondence.

"The truth is, already a great change had passed upon me. My friend and I were two very different beings. Our former affinities had passed away. Though I was not yet a new man, I was in many respects a changed man. By this time the first year of my city life had revolved to the Lenten season. To one of the extra services held by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng in old St. George's, I went one evening. The discourses upon these occasions, were more simple, less upon the scale of human eloquence and greatness, than his Sunday sermons, and I found them attractive.

"At length one night he touched upon the subject of prayer; I felt that prayer was what I needed. I had long been thinking of mental and spiritual good, but I had not exactly thought of God and the Saviour. Much as I had *said* my prayers, I really had never *prayed*. The idea of communing with God, pouring out my soul to Him, entreat-

ing His help, and the light of His Spirit, at first quite shocked me. Yet all the while I found myself drawn towards the duty and privilege. If I mistake not, my first *prayer* was uttered in the street. While I was running about with bank notes and bills of lading, my mind was on things in their nature infinitely different. At length, one night I kneeled down, and though in great fear and trembling, I prayed; God heard me, how long I prayed I do not know, I only know when I ceased I was exhausted, but I was a new man in Christ Jesus. I had found the pearl of great price. Now, not only was I a new creature, but everything was new to me. The Bible, the world, my duties, my hopes were all new. To me, success in business upon any plan of this world, was from that hour an impossibility. I longed only for an utter and eternal consecration to God. I thought only of being useful to my fellow-men, and of glorifying the Saviour. No soul had I to confide in, even to my mother I could not write it, though from my letters she perceived some change had come over me. Of a morning now, I was frequently late at the store, because prayer to me had become so much of a delight, I was in it quite unconscious of any lapse of time. Blissful now were all my days, even in crucifying the flesh, with its evil and corrupt affections, I found only joy and peace. A feeling of unutterable unworthiness had seized me and yet I felt myself a child of God. Night after night did I pore over my Bible. In my own mind, and in the margin I had made a sort of concordance, for my Bible was not a reference Bible, nor did I know there was such a book in existence as a concordance. Even along the street I seemed to be with Christ, for all day long would His words linger with me, and even to this day, I cannot pass through those streets without remembering that to me they were the gate of heaven; but I had great foes to encounter, and desperate sometimes were my struggles. God was good to me and I

was girded with a Saviour's strength, even earlier than I found it, and in a degree sweeter and more powerful.

"During that summer I joined the Sunday school of old St George's as a teacher. I had a class of seven little boys and I believe, by God's blessing, I did them good. I know I derived good from them. I thought much of them, and prayed much for them, and they gave me their attention through the entire hour. One of the little fellows once came to me, with a very doleful countenance, to confess some fault, or disobedience to his mother; he grieved much about it, said he tried to help it, and wanted to know if God would forgive him. I was very much pleased with this instance of an impression made upon his young heart. Another little boy grieved for several weeks because his parents were to move up town, and he would not be able to come back to Sunday school. Since I left that school, I have never seen one of those children, nor do I know what one of them turned out to be; but they used to listen to me too attentively for every thing to have been lost. I was myself intensely in earnest, I did not think of it at the time, but from the way some of the teachers used to look at me, and from the questions they sometimes asked me, I am reminded of it now. Indeed, I thank God I have always been in earnest, my only grief now being that the soul within me has consumed the body without, and now I faint, where once I would only have been beginning.

"During that summer too, I was confirmed by Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, the Bishop of New York being then suspended; I partook of my first communion in St. George's church at the hand of Dr. Tyng, with whom, and that old church in Beekman street, are connected many of my most precious memories.

"In this way my acquaintance to some extent was enlarged. I found a member of the same church at my new boarding place. He, however, had many friends in town, and so was seldom at home. There were many more young

men at this boarding house, but I had very little to do with them as they appeared to me a very wild set, and they gave *me* up as a strange and hopeless case. Yet I remember well how wise they assumed to be. The man who owned the house was a merchant, and worth \$150,000. His children were all grown, and he was contemplating a visit to Europe and a removal up town. He had in consequence rented this house, and himself and family only boarded. He was of course in that house an oracle. It so happened that the Astronomer, Mitchell, the Federal General in the recent civil war, at that time a young man and quite unknown, was a boarder too. He was then pursuing those studies which made him subsequently known. He used to get up at all hours of the night and go upon the housetop to observe the heavenly bodies. One Sunday afternoon all were in the parlor. Some question arose about the French revolution, at that time the universal talk. Poor Mitchell made a remark and Oracle called it in question; Mitchell was laughed at, and Oracle was applauded. At length Mitchell made a proposition which to him and to any man who had an understanding, was self-evident. The truth of it could not be seen, and poor Mitchell struggling hard to maintain his equanimity, was completely overrun. When at length he left the room, he was unanimously voted a fool. I sat by, a silent spectator, but I could not help thinking how completely that scene was the whole world upon a small scale. How have the virtuous and wise of all ages been trodden down by ignorance and folly. When gold and jewels sink, straws and bubbles float. But the wise and good win at the last. The Oracle had his way, and in about a year from that he died. What became of his family, I do not know. Two of those boarders I saw on a steamboat in the Sound, several years afterwards. They did not recognize me, but were running about the boat, in a conspicuous and annoying manner, the same bubbles they ever were. Mitchell in the mean time had been going his way

and was now fast emerging from obscurity. He was known as an astronomical discoverer and a lecturer of great ability. More recently he has given proof of being an able general, and died in the service of his country.

“By this time the spring of 1849 had come, and with it I had reached a degree of impatience with my present pursuit which I could hardly restrain. A something urged me to devote my life wholly and exclusively to the spread of the Gospel. I thought first of becoming a colporteur. I knew I was ignorant, but I thought I could carry Bibles and tracts to out of the way places. I went one day to the rooms of the Tract Society to make inquiries about colporturing. Nobody was there but a clerk, I had nobody to introduce me, and I was very awkward at introducing myself. I could not, from my extreme shyness, clearly explain what I wanted. The young man did not act very gentlemanly, I suppose owing to my peculiar manners. I know I went away considerably disappointed. That was the first shock my converted soul had met. Up to this time and for some time afterwards, I supposed every soul of the outwardly Christian man, had experiences just like my own. I used to rejoice in the thought of that fullness of joy which went up constantly to God, as incense from believing hearts, albeit they were yet here in a world of sin, a world in which that incense was unseen. I have lived, alas! to find out that there is much even in the so-called Christian, which deceives, though thank God, I have lived to know that from the altar of many hearts a real incense does go up, and that in those hearts God truly rules. Where He rules, there is real love, and joy, and peace, such as he only who feels it knows. I could not rally courage enough to go back to that Tract Society room, though I tried long and hard; I could not give up the idea of colporturing, for it was the only means left to me, by which to devote my life exclusively to the service of the Saviour. I was very much worried. I had no friend to advise me, no experience or

knowledge of my own from which to draw direction. The idea of my ever entering the ministry seemed to me presumptuous. During the summer I had more than usual leisure. It was the summer in which cholera raged so fearfully in New York, everybody had gone out of the city who could go. My employer and all the other clerks were gone, and I was left in charge, with the porter. Nobody came to buy goods, and except a little custom-house business, receiving goods which arrived from England, I had nothing to do. I read and thought as usual, but only became the more perplexed. One evening on going home to tea, I found at the table a new boarder; I was introduced to him as the Rev. Mr. —, and was informed that for a few days he would be my room-mate. He was awaiting in the city the departure of a vessel which was to carry him to North Carolina, where he intended to enter upon his ministry. Now, I thought, surely there is a providence in this, and so there was, though not exactly as I had hoped, as we shall hereafter see. I looked up to him as a superior being, I envied him his privileges, I thought if I could only be in his place! I expected from him some sympathy, some advice—expected impossible things. I had a little while before been present at a meeting for prayer and conversation in which a man arose and confessed his faith in the Saviour. While he was speaking and telling of his hopes, I could scarcely restrain myself for joy. I had to go and talk with him afterwards, and looking as he did like a poor man, I could not rest till I knew whether he had the Bible he wanted, or whether there was anything I could do to help him on his way to heaven. I expected a similar interest in me from this reverend gentleman, but to my utter disappointment he only looked at me as if he thought me unduly excited. Not a single echo beyond this broke upon my soul. I could not help thinking what a strange Christian minister this is. Yet, I thought, it is my awkwardness and shyness, the man cannot break through that. Still I was left in the same

uncertainty and disquietude. One day, however, after having pondered all the morning upon the subject, I went home to my room, and made it a special subject of prayer. I remember now my chief petition was that God would use me for His glory. I entreated that He would drive me into that course which He desired me to follow. I can never forget that day nor that prayer. It was now getting late in summer, and the cholera began to abate. Merchants came home to make preparation for the fall trade. Along with our book-keeper came his younger brother, and not a week had gone before I saw that my place was intended for him. Nothing was said to me, but I saw that just as soon as this young man had learned all about the business that I could teach him, I should be told I was not wanted. However, I had grace to teach him all I could, most cheerfully, though some of the clerks said "what a fool you are," for they did not like the book-keeper, nor the way I was treated. But, my children, never fail to *do what is right*. Never allow a single animosity to grow in your hearts. Be the causes for it what they may, never let Satan prevail. Have hearts only full of love. Let it overflow only with love, and by *no possibility* can you lose the reward God has for you. That reward will come when those who have injured you have been forgotten or have repented. It may be they will know nothing about it, but come it will. I thought at the time, God is hearing my prayer. All is right. One day I happened to think that possibly not all the money which my father had belonging to us, was swallowed up. By the English law, a part of the property my deceased sister died possessed of, came to us. My father should have had it ready for us as we came of age; I feared it was all gone, I thought, however, I would make a trial. I wrote to my father, and to my surprise I found he could send me \$200. Whether this was my money or not, I never knew. I applied myself at once to find out where a good cheap school could be found. Through a

gentleman at my boarding house, I learned of one at Amenia, in Dutchess county, New York, near Poughkeepsie, where I thought I could get at least one year's schooling for \$200. I wrote immediately for the money. I gave my employer notice of my intention to leave him, and made my preparations accordingly. When I spoke of leaving I could see that the proposition was a relief to all. When I told him where I was going, he and all shook their heads. I never told how much money I had, nor did I say what my ultimate intentions were. Indeed I hardly had any intentions. Everything was very indefinite. I thought the schooling would do me good, and make me better prepared for the work of a colporteur. But, all in that store were of the earth, earthy. Not one of them had an idea beyond money, so that spending my money as I proposed, they thought I was likely to come to nothing. The truth is, they had no conception of the value of knowledge. They could perceive nothing of spiritual things. They could not see that even one pearl of thought was worth more than \$200. To such men, learning is valuable only so far as it procures a man a living. Any profession is estimated according to the income it procures. If they are thus with respect to earthly things, what must they be in heavenly things. It is a sad reflection, that millions of the human species never have the first true conception of religion. They perceive not even in the dimmest outlines, the glory of the spiritual. They are called men, but are really only as the beasts which perish.

“In process of time, my money came, and at the opening of the fall term I was enrolled among the students of Amenia Seminary. I believe the day I left New York, I was the happiest being in the world. Many things conspired to make me happy. I had not been out of New York for more than two years. The sight of the trees, the brooks, the fields, the mountains and the birds, sent a thrill of joy to my soul. The very noise of the crickets and

katy-dids at night to me was delightful. Then the fruition of a great hope was beginning. I was thus far along toward a consummation, the prospect of which filled every throb of my heart. I must not forget however, that by the time I left New York my \$200 had already dwindled down to \$175. A few months previously there had come to my boarding house, as a boarder, a gentleman who was a music teacher. He was a pious man, very much of an invalid, and in consequence of this, barely able to support himself. He took from the first, some interest in me, and I believe in some respects his acquaintance was an advantage. He found out I had this money, and immediately wanted a suit of clothes, towards the getting of which I *lent* him \$25, and that was the *last* of it. I know he intended to pay me, but I suppose misfortune prevented. He never was able. I never saw him again though we corresponded for two or three years. Thus with \$175 I set out to be a student.

“Now, my dear children, before I pass to another chapter, I must pause for a moment here. First of all, to utter a caution. You see me under the power of a quenchless impulse going out scarcely knowing whither I went. If I tell you I went in faith you will readily believe it, though you will hardly understand what that expression means. I trust the rehearsal of the future will open to you my meaning. And while I would have you in all your ways acknowledge God, and in all things lean only upon Him, not simply *say* you do, but *actually* do it. I would not have you do anything which is rash or generally unreasonable. God governs no two souls alike, and what was right perhaps for me to do from impulse, might be right for you to do only under clearest demonstration. To me impulse was demonstration. I had lived for two years with my own heart and with God. I cannot explain to you all the elements which made up my impulse. I can only say, as a general rule, it is wiser to act under the influence of other

elements of life, such, for example, as the advice of friends. In my case I had no friends, or if I had, they were beyond my reach. If, in the light of God's word and communion with His spirit, you will think *intensely for two years* on any step, then I shall not fear any rashness. If you at any time think of my acting from impulse, as your example, I wish you to think also of those two years of patient study. I believed then, and whatever it may appear to you or others, the providence of God toward me has since confirmed my belief that this impulse of which I have spoken was the divine voice calling me to the ministry. I longed to be the instrument of saving one soul. God told me to go, I obeyed and went.

“Though I have lived in New York city since, and under circumstances different from any under which you have thus far seen me, and so shall have to refer to city life again, yet here, now that I think of it, let me express the hope that you will never go to New York or any other large city to live. All city life from necessity is artificial, and however pleasing it may be, is unnatural. A wax bouquet if executed with nice art, will often attract more attention than the loveliest rose. A well-executed statue will be more admired than a real human being. That is, there will be more talk about it, and you would think that one could desire all the world to be wax bouquets, and stone statues. But city life is to real life, or proper country life, what a wax flower is to a real lily, or a stone statue to the real man, the divine work of God. I do not say that *all* country life is wise or beautiful or in any way worthy of man, or at all superior to common city life. Many unwise live in the country, but I am supposing a being with a real soul. In the city all is of man—nothing is of God. You can know a flower only as you also think of money, you must buy it. The very cattle coming in to be slaughtered, come with foam at their mouths, and their eyes staring out of their heads. The chickens are all dead and picked, the hares are

hung up by the feet. You can frolic and parade, and dress : *provided*, and it is this, 'provided' which sinks millions of souls into folly and crime ; the one struggle is how to live. Much time is spent in simply trying to kill time, the great fear is that some hour will be filled with ennui. There is no opportunity for deep, patient, far-reaching culture. Everywhere is only flimsy sentimentality and brazen vacuity ; untold things are contrived simply because the contrivers must live, and partly because they have nothing else to do but contrive. Thus, untold wants are created ; the rich are able to get what distinguishes them certainly, but what makes them no happier in getting ; and the poorer are left wretched, because they are not able to get. All life is a useless race, and meaningless rivalry. They talk about the comforts of city life, their having this thing and that, but look a little at all their belongings. See what they cost ; see the struggle to get them and then to keep them ; what they amount to when they have them.

" Thus there is misery at both ends of life, and thus you have city life, all unnatural, a banishment of truth, the substitutes of a great lie, and this lie permeates and corrodes imperceptibly all truth. Familiarity with folly makes men fools, and city men are often as much men as stuffed lions are *lions*. Even modesty, which I believe natural to woman, from various contingencies, declines, and a lady will expose herself without a blush, when an angel would sink into the earth for shame.

" In the country all is of God, except that which is imported from town. Nature everywhere spreads out in sweetest revealings for all who have ears to hear. The bees that hum and the birds that sing all have a melody for the soul. The breeze that lingers amid the vines which curl at your doorway bring incense to man. The cattle upon the hills, the ploughman in the fields, and the little hut reposing in the shadow of the trees, tell us of God's goodness in giving much, while man really needs so little. From

the brooks that murmur over the pebbles, up to the hills that stand so still and so solemn, and thence up to the orbs that roll in space, there is one voice speaking at once of earth and heaven, joining time and eternity, sending the soul inwardly to commune with itself, and longingly upward to have fellowship with the great spirit of all love and goodness and truth. I do not say in the country you cannot be clownish and insensible to the heavenly voices whispering around you, but I say; if you are, it is your fault, not your misfortune. If you are a clod there, it is because you are not fit for a universe of thought and soul. The thought might suggest itself that all books come from the city, but remember, they are not written there. No inspiration comes from cobble-stones ranged in file, and human forms turned into clothes-horses—there may be exceptions, but this is the rule. They can work in cities, they *must* work, and every book that is sent you, or every book you buy, sends to some hand a pittance which helps to eke out a friendless and joyless life. You may reflect that some of the most cultivated people you ever saw came from cities; so they did, but who were their fathers before them, or where were they born; and what have been their surroundings and belongings? You will find it is because they are really not city people, that they are the best; their parents were people of culture, they spend the greater part of their life away from the city, and have travelled extensively, or even when in the city they are still above it. The sweetest and holiest characters I have known were resident in the city, but they were sweetest and holiest because they were anything but conformed to their surroundings, and their early culture was not a city culture. All extremes are bad, but for that culture, the riches of which survive the grave, I would rather choose the wilderness than the city. The point equally distant from both, is the happy middle for man. Now, I do not say that from this you are to affect to despise what you know nothing about; it may not be your

privilege to choose a residence in life, but wherever your lot is cast, try to avoid its dangers on the one hand, and avail yourself of its facilities on the other. Remember it adds nothing to your joys to disparage those of others. If other people are happier and better off than you, rejoice in it, at the same time find out the sweetness of your own cup and be thankful. Whatever your lot, never be sighing and wishing for another. If you are worthy of another, God will give it to you, and no worthiness can be derived from constant dissatisfaction and repining. Never allow that thought, which is working at the basis of all society, to deceive you—the thought that eminence is excellence.

“I do not say that if you should state this proposition philosophically, men would admit it, still it acts the more powerfully for all that, and will comfort you at every turn of your life. The struggle to appear to be, is killing countless multitudes. Your friends will applaud you when you make a show, and they would rather have you with half your virtue in some prominent place, than with twice that virtue in obscurity. David says, ‘When thou doest well to thyself,’ that is, what the world calls well—‘men will speak well of thee.’ Strive after holiness, search for wisdom as for hid treasure, and when you think you have found it—if you ever should—try rather to hide it than to expose it. Give yourself to God, He ever sees you; live for your fellow-men in all long suffering and labors of love. Never abuse the world. Eat the manna God gives you, and drink rejoicingly from the fountain of salvation. A saved soul will see much in the world to avoid, much to mourn over, much to do for the Saviour’s sake, but it will have no time to grumble. Angels never grumble—they execute their missions of love, and go on their way in joy. The Saviour held up a light for them that were in darkness. In that light, out of a world that is evil, many have been saved. Rejoice in that light, be like the Saviour. I have no greater longing for you than this, for this my prayers constantly go

up, that you may know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. If your soul can only be filled with the fullness of this knowledge, then your life, wherever it may be spent, shall be a life of joy for you, and of blessing for many.

“One other little thought in passing. I have spoken of a Bible my sister gave me; that Bible was the greatest treasure I ever had. Never lose a chance for a little kind act of this sort. If you have only a little money, spend a little now and then in spreading the Word of God. If you have much, how blessed then to spend in many ways for Jesus sake. Devote your life, all you have to the cross—your works will follow you.”

AMENIA SEMINARY.

We have now to enter upon a new sphere, to see a true man struggling against the ills of adversity :

“Now commences my life of trial. Much humiliation seems necessary before I can know the fullness of a Saviour’s strength. Up to this time, although I had been exposed to many *temptations*, yet I had known but few *real trials*. Out of a wilderness, I was to long for God. My own wisdom and strength are to be proved worthless, and divine grace alone is to triumph.

“When I left New York I was very healthy, as my duties there were well calculated to keep my body in tone. I never thought of health, nor supposed I could break down. When I reached the Seminary in Amenia, I found it a larger establishment than I had expected. It consisted of three large buildings, very pleasantly situated, and contained nearly 300 students, male and female, about equal in number. The year consisted of three terms, and the charges per term were \$30 for board, \$10 for tuition, with fuel, lights, and washing, extra. Of course upon such prices nothing very grand could be afforded. My room was very small, and furniture all of the most common kind, still, I should have been pleased with anything. I was a little surprised, in a day or two, to find that my room, small as it was, had been designed for two, and I was expected to take a “*chum*.” This was a decided damper to my feelings. For various reasons I did not wish a room-mate, and protested loudly against it, and was, in consequence, told that I might, for a time, room alone. It took me some time get used to the fare, but in everything pertaining

to study, the school was excellent. There were plenty of teachers, and all, without exception, good. The recitation rooms were large and comfortable, and they gave us the chapel for all "society" purposes, debates, &c. I went into study with my whole soul, and divided my days into regular portions, allotting only eight hours, I think, to recreation and sleep. I attended to every duty religiously, I studied on Saturdays as well as other days, and had a book ready for every spare moment. I mingled at first very little with the students, I think they thought me a queer genius. I had begun at the very beginning of everything; Latin, Greek, Chemistry, English Composition, and Algebra. I troubled myself very little about school requirements, and did not know for a whole term that a daily record was kept of the performances of each student. I thought only that time was flying, and with it my \$175. I wished to get all I could for that money. About the middle of the first term I left my Latin class, and went into another more advanced. At the end of that term I also left this, and went into the Virgil class. It was a delight to me to study. I composed while I was walking, and then, when I went to my room, wrote my compositions. I was active in all debates, timid as I was, and found out by degrees that I had the reputation of being the best talker in school. To my great surprise at the end of the term, when all our merits and demerits were read off, to the whole school assembled in the chapel, I found I stood the highest for scholarship and good conduct. It took me so much by surprise, that I could not conceal my blushes. I had been so much in the habit of acting from principle, and of being a law to myself, that I had never dreamed of any other motive for action. I began to see that I had gained something by my two years in New York, nor have I ever ceased to thank God for those two years. A sad disappointment, however, was now added to my experience, of which I had not thought. Before going to school, I

spent much time over my Bible, and on my knees whole evenings were spent in prayer, and meditation; so secluded was my life, without interruption, my whole soul seemed absorbed in religion. Now at school I could not well control my time. The demands of school regulations, and the greater demands made by the liberties of students, broke up all my plans. We had to rise very early to attend prayers in the chapel; immediately after prayers we went to breakfast, and by this time in winter it was still dark. My room had to be arranged, the ashes taken up, and then a little walk. If, upon returning, I spent my usual time in prayer and meditation, it was recitation hour before I had a chance to prepare the lesson, and thus my devotions were shortened in the morning. I studied very late at night, sometimes till two or three o'clock, and by this time I felt weary; in consequence, I determined to devote the hour about dusk to prayer. At first, this afforded me great gratification, but when I had become more extensively acquainted with the students, I was subject to frequent interruptions, for among them this is the very time, and almost the only time, for friendly intercourse. At this hour, too, a prayer meeting was proposed, and I did not like to be absent from that; for students, other than those professing religion, often attended, and I believed some good might be done by my presence. Many of the students already regarded me as a very queer fellow, and somehow, though I could resist the ungodly youth of New York, I could not face the prospect of an unpopularity at school. I cannot help thinking how foolish I was at this time, and what my folly cost me. Plainly, I should have maintained my former individuality, odd or not odd. I should have kept my door closed, and have allowed them to think I was selfish if they chose; instead of that, however, I opened my door, and whole hours went in talk, which should have been spent in prayer and sweet communion with myself and God. Indeed, this was not the only

way in which I was foolish, for I compromised my own self respect by following the customs of others. I was guilty of so many weaknesses, I dare hardly go over them in my own mind. Yet, I have since not doubted that God was with me, he was teaching me in this way, what it falls to the lot of many to learn through the advice and care of parents and friends. My life had been too secluded, and if I was ever to occupy a public position, which was then only known to God, I needed to know more of the world and mankind, and especially I needed to know more of myself. On the ocean-life of New York, with only the storm-winds of sin to contend with, I was comparatively safe, but in the milder waters, with rocks all around me, I was an unskillful navigator. God, however, was with me, and in His own good time rescued me. My varied experience often caused me to reflect that no dangers or trials to which a Christian is subject are greater than those incident to school or college life. As a result, many of those unspeakable joys of prayer were prospectively and actually decreasing. It seemed as if the very visible heavens closed in around me. No longer did my thoughts dwell beyond the clouds. In my walks I would entreat God to have mercy upon me, and cause, as formerly, the light of his countenance to shine upon me. Nothing, my dear children, nothing can ever make up to you the loss of prayer. If I can impress only this thought upon you, my labor shall not be in vain. Long, sweet communion with God, is the highest and purest joy this earth has ever seen. Never have I come back, except at intervals, to those blessed hours which I enjoyed before I was a student. The guiding star of my life, has been an unflickering trust in a certain providence. My aim has been to choose nothing in life, but what God was pleased to give, satisfied that what he gave not, I wanted not, and what he sent was just what I needed, and that which was in every way best for me; but the craving I have had for solitude and retirement was not that I should

have nothing to do, but that in a quiet way I could tell of God, having in that way learned of Him.

“If such were my experiences for one term, what might be expected of a second, especially now, when added to my other trials, the greatest of all, I had an ungodly room-mate. I wish not to dwell too much any where, or to tire you with the rehearsal of little things, though these little things are, when viewed in their combinations often most instructive. I went on in the same old way of study, worked early and late, frequently sat up at night, till my room-mate got up in the morning, for he went to bed very early, and was up very early. I pressed ahead of my classes. In everything I excelled, excepting in Greek. In this, though I went ahead of the class in which I started, I did not come up to my aim. Debating societies were all attended to, I never hesitated to speak when called upon, and never failed to prepare when regularly appointed. One difficulty I have always found, and I began to observe it then, that of never being able to do much, when much was expected. If ever I have tried to please people I have always failed, failed ignominiously. I never could declaim, and this was the only duty from which-I begged off. There was always about it such a hollowness and unrealty, it looked to me like the climax of silliness. I was satisfied I could never learn in that way the art of elocution. I have always contended the heart alone could make a preacher, and that in whatever way the real soul manifests itself, that manifestation would be eloquence. To talk of manufacturing grace and eloquence by the study of elocution is quite as idle to my mind as to talk of doing so by the study of theatricals. Nothing but soul can affect soul. I may be affected by what is not felt, but I must believe it is felt; make-believe cannot succeed long in any art, it soon discloses its emptiness. However, be all this as it may, I had an extreme disgust for all declamation, and never got over it, not even in college. I, however, wrote much, all

sorts of compositions and letters. Toward the end of the second term I was caught in a very unlucky scrape. Our fare at the table had for some time been very bad, in fact not wholesome. One day, after a very poor dinner, somebody proposed that we should hold an indignation meeting. The idea took instantly, and in a few moments the chapel was full. A chairman was appointed; speech after speech was made, and among the rest, I made a very inflammatory attack against the steward, and urged resolutions of remonstrance. The truth is, it mattered very little to me, what we had to eat, for I often ate no dinner at all, nor had I one thought against the steward or any other man. In reality, I did not think this meeting anything more than sport, but I found it was becoming a real thing, and I had helped to make it so. The meeting broke up to meet again next day, to hear the report of the committee who were to carry the resolutions to the principal and steward; in the meantime our speeches had been heard by the latter, a very worthy man, and also by the ladies, for their building was near our chapel. They did not take our side, and that afternoon, being in the office, who should come in but the steward with some ladies. By a rule of the school the ladies and gentlemen were not allowed to converse, or even to speak to each other, excepting by special permission. They, however, began to accuse me of various inconsistencies, and among other things, of pretending to be a friend of the steward, while really I was his enemy. At this period of my life, as I have said, I was exceedingly bashful in the presence of ladies. For the time being I was confused, and stammered out a denial of everything. This aggravated some of the students present, because it looked as if I were deserting them, and unwilling to face the opinion I had once asserted. The fact is, there was right and wrong on both sides; I had been unjust to the steward, and I had not been altogether in earnest at the meeting. How to get out of it now, I saw not; and the truth was, a little blight

had been left on my character, viewed from either side. I mention this to show you how important it is to be on your guard against surprises, and being drawn into difficulties by others. How important it is to define yourself at every step; to know where you are, and what you are doing. In any such case the best way is to be perfectly frank, and confess yourself wrong if you feel guilty.

“This mingling of both sexes at seminaries I do not approve. At village schools it may do very well, but when boys and girls are sent away from home, every circumstance is unfavorable enough, where there is only one sex, but the disadvantages multiply where the two sexes mingle. Great numbers of our students spent much time in planning meetings with the ladies. Many of us did very foolish things which we would never have thought of had they not been there. Their presence did not make us more manly, but more effeminate. I had as little to do with them as anyone, but I am certain they did me no good. From my observation of those who had much to do with them, I could mention many evils which occurred, nor can I balance these evils with the memory of any good. If we could mingle as ladies and gentlemen in society, everything would be different, but this, in the very nature of a school is impossible. Time wore on, my money wore away, and so did my body. A friend of mine, at the end of the second term, did not know me, or was alarmed when he saw me, I had grown so thin and pale. Only one more term, however, remained, and that was the spring and summer term, extending to the middle of July. I pressed on as usual, reading, studying, thinking, leaving future plans to be developed when I came to the time for needing a plan. About the middle of the term, however, I found that some of those who were going to college that fall, had no more money than I had, they expected to teach school during winter—the school system of New England, affording them this opportunity, and while teaching, keep up with their

classes in college, and pass examinations at the regular times; thus being in college two terms of a year, and out of college one term, but in this one working for money enough to pay the expenses of the other two. I had no reason to doubt that I was as well prepared for college as they, and concluded to go too, leaving the selection of the proper place to the future, and I proceeded to get ready. I had accomplished in one year what they had done in two years and a half, although I afterwards found it had nearly killed me. For weeks together I used to go without my dinner, in order to be clearer headed, and also secure more time for study. Of course no human body could be sustained long, under that treatment; I slept very little, and by the time the end of the term came I was almost a shadow, and hardly retained mental vigor enough to prepare a piece for the exhibition, which always took place at the close of the year. I have often wondered since, why the men who had charge of the institution, did not protest against my excessive confinement and study. Yet they did not, and I had to take the consequences.

“From the time the school closed, to the beginning of the college year, there was an interval of two months. I began to inquire diligently about colleges; remaining at the same time at school, as board was cheap there, studying to make up my deficiencies in Latin and Greek. The other students who were going to college, went to a Methodist institution at Middletown, Connecticut; I wished to go to an Episcopal college, and decided to enter Trinity, at Hartford, Connecticut.

Here commenced a series of providences which overwhelm me with gratitude to God for His wonderful care and goodness toward me. My \$175 had diminished down to a very small item. When my board was paid I could scarcely pay my way through New York to Hartford. With my little trunk, however, holding all I had in the world, books, clothes and everything, I went to New York, called to see

my old landlady, who kindly invited me to make her house my home while in the city. I was very glad of this, as I wished to stay a day or two. My old employer had gone to the country, and I went to see my friend, the agent of my uncle, who had always taken an interest in me. He was a godly man, to him I have since become greatly indebted, and have ever found him a true friend, whose name you have often heard—he was a merchant of New York, with a residence in Brooklyn. He listened to my plans and said nothing, but as he was a silent man I did not suppose he deemed them extravagant. In a day or two I went on board the steamboat, and paid out almost my last dollar for a ticket to Hartford.

“Now there are one or two reflections occasioned by this chapter, and I wish you to remember that I solemnly enjoin them upon your observance. I am not expecting to live to mould your future years, and I wish you to know something of your father. I wish also to leave some record of my care for you, and that you may show how much you treasure my memory by observing the precepts I leave with you.

“First, then, act always from principle, make this your constant habit; be a judge to yourselves daily, and tremble at the very thought of detecting yourselves in inconsistency, levity, or folly. You see I can hardly suggest even the thought that you will be delinquent to any virtue or truth. I exhort you to take God for your guide, and live by faith in the Saviour. Sit constantly at the feet of Jesus to learn of him; not as many do, to learn what he says and then neglect every precept. Grow in grace, and seek constantly, by absorbing the divine law, to become a law to yourself. Ask for no other master, and remember you are what you make yourselves. No agency, human or divine, can make that head or heart wise, which is bent only on folly. Solomon says ‘though you bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his folly depart from him.’ Life will thus be to you what you make it.

If your life is hid with Christ in God, you shall have peace and joy. You may be like a rose in a bed of nettles, but you shall be a rose. The nettles themselves shall not hurt you, but only enhance your joys. Have an hour, many hours, for self-communion, for communion with God, for the study of God's word. If the lisplings of prayer shall be to you the sweetest of experiences, I shall fear nothing for you. If ever you attain to this, let nothing rob you of your treasure. Have no fear of the world or anything, but cherish it as your life, and especially remember, whatever your lot or wherever it may be, that no man ever had more or better friends than I have had, apart from the considerations, growing out of the circumstances of my childhood. I have never been able to repay one of them, and never shall be able. They were God's gifts to me. If ever you hear the name of Thomas D. Middleton, be kind to the being who bears the name. If ever you hear the names of any other friends of mine, as you shall become acquainted with these names hereafter, be kind to each and all who bear them. Lest you should escape one such friend, view a Middleton in every human being, and be kind to every human creature. You will never pay my debt. In every lonely soul, in every friendless one, in every child of want, see a being toward whom you can radiate a blessing. All that you have, give to Jesus, by giving to those who want. Be in life, not a mere drift, be an angel of mercy, be like your Master, be actively and passively useful. I mean do all the good you can, and when you are not doing good consciously, have that disposition; be so tinctured with holiness that you shall still radiate good. Be meek, poor in spirit, and a peace-maker. Hunger and thirst after God. One more thing, remember it is trial which is to prove you. Never be dismayed by difficulties; I do not say start out for impossible ends, but upon mature deliberation, concluding a thing to be attainable and worth the costs, then pay the costs. Perseverance will triumph. 'Faith will remove

mountains.' And more than this, have a plan in life, an object in living—only those having such are fit to live. They will have more to do in consequence, meet more difficulty, but they alone are worthy of an exalted destiny. For this reason the Christian is blessed, he has his object, a great one, the possession of his soul; the keeping himself from the world, and preparing for the enjoyment of the saints in light, learning well the song of the redeemed, 'set your affections on things above,' and 'press toward the mark.'"

TRINITY COLLEGE.

As a story of college life the following pages cannot but be read with intense interest and profit. He continues :—

“ I awoke at the dock in Hartford on the next morning, not that I slept over soundly, for I slept on the floor of the cabin. I took my trunk ashore and after breakfast went out to find the college. It being vacation, there were very few of its officers there, but after a while I found a professor who advised me to bring my trunk up, and he would give me a room. Of course the room was empty. This professor very kindly took me about to find a boarding house. Somehow, I did not wish much to find one, as I had no money to pay for board ; but the good man acted so unsuspectingly, I could not confess to him my circumstances, and was passively led just where he directed. After a while we found a place with a very kind lady, whom I shall have occasion to mention again. She was a widow, with a large family, to whom my soul took a liking as soon as I saw her ; but being very shy and awkward and conscious of not being able to pay for my board, I know I appeared to her a very undesirable addition to her family. In my diffidence I would sometimes use expressions that seemed rude, and were so, except in their intention. The fare here was very good and what I very much needed, for, exercising my body as I had done recently, gave me a good appetite and for some time I had been a stranger to anything very inviting. The place at which I stopped in New York was an excellent one, but I had been scarcely there even to dinner, being otherwise engaged, and in truth not caring to meet any of the old boarders.

“That first day after dinner, I set about to furnish my room in the college. My prospects were anything but bright. I however, bought a cot, a straw mattress, two sheets, which I did not get for two or three days, one pillow, a very cheap coverlid, a table, washbowl and pitcher. When night came I found I had no light, so I went down town and bought a lamp, and had just one half dime left, with this I went to get oil, and in a very unconcerned manner asked the man behind the counter to fill it. ‘How much is it?’ said I. He replied, ‘four-pence’—so I threw down my half dime expecting a cent back, but he said, ‘no matter this will do,’ so he very coolly put it in the drawer. I turned away thinking what the man could mean, and it shortly occurred to me that a New York six-pence was a Yankee four-pence, and that in reality I owed the man a cent, instead of his owing me one.

“On I went to college, begged a few matches, struck a light, and having no chair I drew up my trunk and took a seat. My feelings I shall not undertake to describe. If I had just left home I suppose I should say I was homesick. That I felt not over-cheerful I am certain, and I somehow thought of the old room at school. I felt unutterably lonely. I was not sure of being able to pass my examination for entering college. Still, I never thought whether it was wrong in me to set up to be a student. It did not seem to me that I was undergoing any hardship, or that my prospects promised anything of the kind. I felt the love of God, and thought that some day I should preach the Gospel.

“After a while I opened my trunk, got out my Bible, and, after committing my way to the Lord, went to bed, and slept very comfortably all night. Next morning I was awakened by the singing of the birds. The college is very beautifully situated, surrounded by trees, and had I been in any other circumstances, I should probably have perceived the beauty everywhere about me. I went down to

breakfast, and afterward made the acquaintance of one or two students who were spending their vacation at the college, their homes being far distant.

"I went back to my room very soon, not being prepared for the society of the jolly-headed students. Moreover, I could see that they thought me very uncouth, for though I was considerably so, yet circumstances conspired to make me more so. My clothes were not fashionable, my spirits not jubilant, and their merriment only made me more sad.

"I had a few books, and went to studying Greek, Latin, and Algebra, to prepare for my examinations. In a day or two the new students began to come in, and among them I found one or two whom I felt certain did not know more than I did, and this encouraged me. They felt confident of getting through, and consequently I thought I could. In a day or two more there came along one who was as poor as myself; though coming from the West, and bringing letters from a Bishop, he found friends and assistance.

"When my lamp had burned out, there came another trouble. I would take a walk and then go to bed, but being left to my reflections, did not much enjoy the evenings, and I needed the time for additional study. I thought I would write to my friend, the New York "agent," and ask him to lend me \$5, which I did, and soon received a letter containing the money. I then purchased more oil and went on with my studies. When three weeks had gone by, I began to feel that my board bill was increasing, and there was no prospect of paying it, and being in debt to a widow quite alarmed me, so I thought I would begin at once to board myself, and after telling the lady of my decision, and promising to pay her as soon as I was able, I left her.

"The college term was about to begin, and the day came for examination. In Algebra I passed very well, and also in Latin, but in Greek I was caught. I supposed that not

to pass in a study, was not to be able to get into college, so I was very much disheartened.

“The Professor had requested me to come to him the next morning and he would tell me what I was to do. He called me after prayers in the chapel, and said, that having learned of the very excellent examinations I had passed in my other studies, he had concluded to admit me, though upon condition of passing an extra examination at the end of the term. That was all I wanted, and was greatly rejoiced, for I had vanity enough to believe I could study as well as any of them, if I got the chance.

“At first, after leaving my boarding house, I ate bread and cheese, and drank cold water, for breakfast, took a cheap dinner at an eating house down town, and had no supper. I found after a while that my \$5. began to look very small, so I gave up my dinner, and changed from white bread to brown. At last I gave up the cheese, then had to get trusted for my bread, and for many weeks lived on bread and water alone. I studied very hard all this time, and was at last so weak that I could not distinguish objects across the street, though my eyesight had always been good. Sometimes the trees would seem to be inverted, and everything would assume a shadowy appearance. The nights, too, began to grow cold, and my scanty supply of bed clothes did not keep me warm.

“I went now to put my plan in execution of getting a school. They were making winter arrangements in the county districts, but somehow I could not succeed, some places were supplied, and I suppose my youthful and sickly appearance made the school committees afraid of me. I walked some Saturdays without success, until I had nearly fainted. My baker got tired of letting me have bread, and what to do I did not know. I saw nothing before me but the prospect of giving up all hope of getting an education and very sadly thought of something else to do. I had not however, trusted enough to God. I had thought too much

of helping myself, of human agencies, and now when help could come from God only, He undertook for me, and my way was plain.

"I had written to my New York friend asking for an additional loan of a few dollars, he wrote back sending me \$36, but at the same time telling me not to stint myself, to go on and study, and for what money I wanted to send to him; if I was ever able to pay him well and good, if not he would never ask it. What a relief that letter was to me! My soul burst out in tears of thanksgiving. I could hardly believe my own senses.

"Although I have lived to pay that friend every cent I ever borrowed, and though the money with which I paid him was given to me, yet I have ever regarded that act as the greatest kindness I ever received. It is in connection with him and this money, that God's providence has been to me most wonderfully marked, and while not forgetful of the human agents, to God I give all the praise.

"With this money I paid my bills, got a few more bed-clothes, and on the strength of the promise of my friend, went back to the good widow to board. In beginning to eat again, I nearly killed myself, for I ate what my system was too weak to assimilate. However, after this I was very comfortable and God manifested his goodness to me in another manner, in a trust of which I proved unworthy.

"There was in my class a young man who had lost his father, and was his mother's idol. She had come to college with him, and made his room very comfortable; he had everything a student could wish. He was good-hearted, but very wild; the dissipated students in the college got around him, taught him to drink, to go into bad company, and neglect his studies; in short, bid fair to make a wreck of him, soul and body. The president of the college took more than an ordinary interest in him, and became satisfied that he would be ruined if he went on in this way, and con-

cluded to place him under the care of a steady, reliable student, who would act as a check upon his excesses.

“Partly because he knew that I was in want of many things which this boy had in abundance, and seeing that I was constantly at study, and never out of my room at nights, he selected me to go and room with this youth.

“The proposition was made to me under pretence of wanting the room I had, and though thinking the proposition a strange one, I went. For about three weeks everything progressed very well. He would read his mother’s letters, weep over them, and go to bed sobbing. How I longed for just such letters, but my poor mother was far away, and knew nothing of my wants or my trials. I used to talk to him, and he listened to me with a strange interest. He had been brought up a strict Episcopalian, and considered me half a Methodist, but still had a kind of affection for me. He would not study; poor boy, flattered, caressed, and indulged, he had never seen a day of care in his life. It was with the greatest difficulty I could get him to sit still long enough for me to get over a lesson, he was ever impatient for me to read it to him. In the recitation room all my mistakes he would repeat, and think himself justified if he could say I told him so. His former boon companions could not get into *his* room, for I would not let them in, and so he went off to their’s. He would stay out late, and come home frequently intoxicated. Of course my peace was destroyed, but not knowing just why I was placed with him, I did not restrain him as much as I might; did not bear with him, and speak to him as tenderly as I might have done. I told him if he did not put a stop to his habits I would leave, and poor fellow, he looked at me with despair. I saw he thought he would have to leave college, and feared the anguish, such a result would cause his mother. Her influence had this power over him; he would not go to bed without saying his prayers, no matter what his condition was, and often had to be taken from his knees, poor boy,

when he had fallen asleep, and be put to bed. Yet, in illustration of the vanity of an influence based in the mere artificialities of life, he would, with his *friends*, sneer at the very religion his mother had taught him. She had crammed the church into him, but it had not pressed him any nearer to God. Religion at home must have been a sentiment, a part of its refinement, a worldly grace to adorn the circle to which he belonged. I left him, and at the end of the term the poor fellow was sent home, and I have never heard what became of him.

“During the progress of the first term I began to get much dissatisfied, although I had now reason to content myself. I was then, as I have ever been in everything, deeply in earnest.

“I made a visit to Middletown, Connecticut, the seat of the Wesleyan University, in which were many of my old school companions, and they urged me to join them. The Rev. Dr. Olin was then President of the Institution, a man of great intellect and very fervent piety, and with all, a sort of father to the students. I attended their chapel services and heard one of his fatherly addresses. Then, too, they had their long vacation in winter, especially for those students who had to go out and teach. I half decided to leave Trinity and go to Middletown, and after consulting my New York friend, in the spring of 1851, I was entered a student in the Wesleyan University. Here, as I expected, I found much more earnestness, there was more heart and soul in the work; but it was very evident that Dr. Olin was the balance wheel of the institution. Shortly after going there, I somehow lost my ability to study, my mind would not work; for upwards of two years it had been on one constant stretch of exertion and anxiety, and I was broken down; not knowing what ailed me, and not having it in my power to obtain the rest and recreation I needed, I was very much mortified at my appearance in the classes. I could not endure the idea of being censured by the pro-

fessors, and once or twice I had to go before Dr. Olin and give an account of my delinquencies, and he did not know what ailed me, nor could he have helped me if he had known. I was very much rejoiced when, in summer, I passed my examination of the Freshman year, and found myself with a vacation of four weeks before me.

“During this vacation I made some acquaintances in town, through the kindness of some ladies at my boarding house, and among others was that of a blind lady. She was a person who had been blind about ten years, and was first afflicted at the age of fifteen. Her acquaintance became to me a valuable acquisition, as she was deeply pious, and it was such piety as I had been longing to find. She seemed to live as in the presence of God; her soul was ever flooded with divine peace and joy, and her little darkened room was always to me the gate of heaven.

“For some reason or other she took a special fancy to me, and so I was often there, reading to, and praying with her, and with similar attentions from other friends, she had gone over a very large range of reading, and had acquired a vast amount of information. In addition to this, she had very refined sensibilities and tastes. I regarded it a great privilege to read to her, and loved to go there; there was no formality; not a moment was spent in trifling, and I felt blessed while I was there, and the blessing lingers with me to this day. Other students had been blessed in a similar way, and have gone out to radiate many a blessing, which, but for her, they would never have had. Thus her prayer has been answered. She was ever longing to be for God’s glory; thus the soul that is given to Christ, be its earthly contingencies what they may, shall not be barren or unfruitful; but, being like the Saviour, shall be a blessing to many. Such souls are even to this world of more value than the greatest princes. They are children of God.

I made another valued friend in a Presbyterian lady, possessed of considerable means, and desirous of doing all the

good she could. One evening I told her I was going to Farmington to teach school. She inquired why I went, and I had to tell her. I saw she seemed to pause and dwell on what I said, though she made no further remark about it. That woman, before I finished my college course, had entered into rest, though not without frequently reminding me that she did not forget my circumstances. I often received money through the post office, which I knew came from her, though there was not a word said or written about it, and often when I had been in want of money, I had gone and found a ten dollar bill sent by her, a double gift to me, from her and from the Lord.

May her works richly follow her; I have ever tried to be kind to the poor and needy, and my prayer is, that all my works may be added as part of theirs who helped me.

In the fall of this year, 1851, I went to Farmington, I had there a school of thirty, at \$22 a month and board. I cannot say I excessively enjoyed it. I did not know enough about the ways of the people, to enter fully into sympathy with them, and I was very glad when my four months were up, so that I could return to college. My eighty-odd dollars, however, I was very glad to have, but it did not greatly diminish the demands upon my friend, and I began to despair of ever being able to repay him.

“Although I had studied hard all the winter, besides teaching, seldom going to bed before two or three o’clock in the morning, yet my health was somewhat improved. The very change had done me good, and my mind had more of its old vigor, and while looking as if far gone in consumption, I still possessed great energy and rejoiced in the old proverb, that ‘it takes a lean horse for a long race.’ At the college however, I found considerable change in everything and not for the better.

“Dr. Olin had died late in the previous summer and the students began to scatter, and nearly half my class had gone. Religious excitements were introduced in the college,

and I could not bring myself to like them. After looking around and making inquiries I concluded to go back to Trinity, as I knew the best and the worst of that institution, and had learned my first lesson in the uselessness of making changes. I went back resolved to make the best use of my time, let the college irregularities be what they might. I accordingly entered the sophomore, or second, year in Trinity.

“ Things were carried on as ever, but I was now prepared for them, and found out at last that every man must depend upon his own resources. Through this term I pressed on studying night and day, never thinking that my constitution must give way under such treatment. I mingled very little with the other students, and went not at all into society. I read constantly, wrote much, and cannot reproach myself with having lost an hour except by my folly in over doing my strength.

“ During this term an uncle of mine, the husband of my father’s sister, unexpectedly died, and left me by will the sum of \$400. This was a very timely gift to me, as it more than paid my friend and left a balance to my credit. Thus God already began to manifest his care of me and formed another link in that wonderful chain of providences, which placed me at last in the ministry free of debt. As my summer vacation approached I received a letter from my brother, who traded between Bermuda and Baltimore, making me an offer of a free passage home and back if I would spend the vacation at home. I gladly accepted the offer and went to spend eight weeks with my mother.

“ This was in 1852, it being five years since we had met. I had, of course, greatly changed, my own mother would not have known me; but people at home had changed too; the young looked no longer young, and the old had grown older, and things at our own home went on pretty much as ever. At last my vacation ended, and I had to bid a sad farewell. From that day to this I have never seen the

place that gave me birth. My mother rests from all her works, trials, and sufferings, in the arms of the Saviour, there, in God's good time, I trust to meet her, no more to part, forever to rejoice in the love that gave us each to the other, and the love that saved us both. * * *

"During my junior course I confined myself ardently to my books, not exclusively to text books, but to reading, writing, and close study; indeed, so much of my time did I devote to general subjects, that I incurred the suspicion of the professors. I went to the recitation room as seldom as possible, finding it a mere place for sleep or play, or a repetition of what was in the books. As our standing in college depended upon the regularity with which the general routine was observed, of course I lost caste; my rank sunk to nowhere. The mere struggle for college honors reduced the entire course to child's play, and I was from year to year less desirous for those honors, as I saw who were the successful competitors. I do not pretend to say I was right, but having no one to advise me, I adopted the most profitable course, and, in my estimation, the wisest. No college honor can make a man a student, any more than a diploma can make a man wise. In hard study and seclusion the year wore away. As usual, I had a class in the Sunday school, and always attended the college missionary society, and did all I could to contribute to its efficiency. Some merriment was begotten in college by a certain charity fund which I originated and carried into successful operation. * * * * I call your attention to this incident, my dear children, in order to lend the assurance of my own experience to the great truth 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Believe it always, and always act upon it. I ask you to take the more notice of this, because I shall in the future pass by all similar incidents in my life, of which you may easily imagine my ministry would furnish me with frequent opportunity, bearing in mind that the object of this writing is not to give you a history of

any apparent good works I have done, but only to furnish you with that general outline, which, from the fact of its connection with me, might make some principles the more impressive. If I repeat what I have often expressed before, it is only because I feel it to be one of the prime privileges of our mortality to '*have pity upon the poor, not idle sentiment, but substantial sympathy.*'

"Toward the close of this year I began to look around me for some way of spending the approaching vacation; some way at once profitable to me and useful to others. Whilst this was revolving in my mind, an agent of the American Sunday School Union visited our college, looking for young men to serve as agents in the field, in the way of aiding old schools, organizing new ones, and selling books; in short, doing all the good they could. The idea took with me at once, and as I had some desire to visit Canada, I chose that field. One other student, a classmate, was induced to join me. The agreement was for three and a half dollars per week, and one-fifth or twenty per-cent on all received for books; but to pay our own expenses, excepting to the field and back again, that is, all expenses during the period of actual labor.

"The morning after our examination closed we started. My friend lived in Boston, and wanted to go home for a day or two and took me with him; all the ups and downs of this trip it is impossible for me to describe; I learned more in two months, than in any similar period of my life. Boston was an historic city to me, I had read of it in my childhood, and felt exquisite pleasure in tramping over the common, ascending Bunker Hill Monument, standing in Faneuil Hall, and viewing this scene and that. The father of my friend was a very aged gentleman and could remember the battle of Bunker Hill, which he witnessed, and took as much delight in telling me of it, as I did in his rehearsals. He could point to various localities, and the many changes which had occurred in the intervening years.

After a day or two, we retraced our way to Springfield, thence to Burlington, by Lake Champlain to Rouse's Point, and so into Canada. We took it leisurely, visiting all points of interest, walking everywhere that we could then reach. The scenery of the Green Mountains enchanted me more than the Hudson Highlands or the Catskill range. We arrived at Montreal on Friday and spent Saturday and Sunday there. From breakfast time until dark we were on the go, visiting churches, and the suburbs, and climbing the mountain which overlooks the river and the town. My friend was even more delighted than I, as he had never seen anything but Boston, and his presence in a foreign country was new to him. To me, the sight of the old British flag had something in it exceedingly pleasing, the English soldiers reminded me of my boyhood; the Scotch Highlanders, the pride of the British Army, I had seen before in the Bermudas; and though they had not for me the interest of novelty, yet I doubt not my own emotions were more delightful than those of my friend, because my mind could supply associations, which to him were impossible.

“The monasteries and different classes of nuns, together with the general bloom of Roman Catholicism, greatly interested us; neither of us had ever seen so much of the genuine article before, for in the United States, this denomination had nowhere reached the same degree of development. The city of Montreal had, however, nothing in it very attractive to us. The poorer classes seemed not only poor, but ignorant. The great lethargy of the English church was quite as apparent here as in the West Indies; this struck my friend as very strange, for he was so thoroughly churchly, he had supposed the English establishment the very acme of excellence. Our field of labor lay about fifty miles from the city, and on Monday afternoon we took the stage for Waterloo. Next evening we separated for our different missions, and I think that night was one

of the most lonely I ever experienced. However, I realized I was upon a working trip, and not a pleasure excursion, so after resting on Wednesday, and being excessively fatigued from the stage ride, I went to work. I had sent my books, &c., on before, by stage, and I found a kind person in whose care I could leave them during my journeys into the adjacent country. My plan was to have a centre from which to radiate. In some places there were no schools, and I had to visit people to induce them to organize them. I called out old Sunday schools, to address them, stopped at every door, and had a word with the women and children, and entered harvest fields and workshops, talking and leaving a tract or book other than those I sold. The work was very arduous, demanding exposure to all weather; but I found the people very hospitable, and glad at any time to entertain me. I spent seven weeks in the country, and very rarely had to pay for anything to eat, or a place in which to sleep. To be sure, I was not particular, and I slept in all sorts of places; one night in as neat and clean a spare room as could be found in any house, the next night some young lady would vacate her bed room for my accommodation, and again, I would climb a ladder to some loft in which was laid a comfortable bed for any weary man. I lived chiefly on bacon and corn bread, preferring it to the white, which was generally heavy.

“On Sundays I usually addressed the people in a school-house, or meeting-house, and this I found was not always easy to do, the difference between college debates and talking for the purpose of doing others good, being very great. I found a kind-hearted people, and piously inclined, though much troubled with ‘isms,’ and some notions which I thought had been dead for ages, still had a ‘local habitation’ among them.

“I communicated occasionally with my friend. He had his home constantly at the house of a wealthy and pious widow, so that his labors did not compare with mine, for

her son always went with him in a little wagon, carrying him and his books. I, however, sold most books, though nearly at the sacrifice of my life. At one place I was taken sick, but a kind Providence provided for me. At that house I found every comfort and attention, and in a few days was able to go on my way. After a while the time approached for our return, and I held a consultation with my friend, and we decided to go by way of St. John's, on the St. Francis river, and so by rail to Montreal. In order to get to St. John's we travelled through the French country on foot, walking, on one day, upwards of thirty miles, having once lost our way. We found the people uninteresting, ignorant, and apparently wretched. One little village seemed full of cripples and idiots. Upon arriving at Montreal, and comparing notes, we found we had made and saved money enough to travel a little, and we resolved to take a trip to Quebec. This city interested me very much, as it was the only walled city I had ever seen. Apart from this, the natural features of the adjacent country, and the historic incidents connected with the place, made it well worth the visit. After a few days of sight-seeing and consequent fatigue, for we walked everywhere, we went back to Montreal, thence to the White Mountains, when we climbed up Mount Washington, and had the pleasure of dining on the top with an English lord. This day's work was the hardest that I ever did. We rose at dawn, walked up the mountain and down again, and then nine miles to the station-house, where we took the cars for Portland, Maine, arriving at midnight. We went from there to Boston, where I left my friend, and returned to Hartford. After visiting the World's Fair in New York, I returned to college, having been absent, altogether, about two months and a half. I had seen more of the world and human nature, had parted with many prejudices, and had gained a facility in addressing men, having a higher view of life and of mankind, combined with an additional interest in the race generally. The

whole trip was of immense value and benefit to me, excepting that it did my general health no good.

“My senior year, however, was not an arduous one, and I had time to recover. This term was pleasant enough, but rather monotonous, though some of the studies were of the most entertaining kind. I pursued my usual quiet way, and the months soon rolled round; examination day arrived, and the class passed very respectably. The honors were all awarded, of which I got none; did not expect any, and was fully as well satisfied. Some who did receive them could not prepare their own orations; and one of them, a few years after, though in the ministry, could not write a sermon. I, however, got my diploma, which I have hardly seen from that day to this, and it has been of very little use to me.

“I had intended to pass my vacation at the college, and then go to the Theological Seminary in New York, but just before I graduated, the President of Racine College, in Wisconsin, gave me an offer to become a tutor there, to teach two hours a day, and help in the general administration of college rules; he was to help me in my theological studies, and give me \$225 for the collegiate year. I accepted the offer, thinking that by this means I could pay my way, study very nearly as much, and enter the seminary in New York, in the middle year, and be just as far along.”

Some reflections which follow the foregoing in the original record are necessarily omitted for want of space.

EARLY PARISH EXPERIENCES.

We now come to a summary of life from the time of leaving college, to his acceptance of a call to a country parish at Bridgeport, Pennsylvania.

“ After graduating at college I went to Racine, taught in the college and pursued my studies, working hard for one year.

“ While there, my children, I first met your mother, she was then going to school, I saw her for the first time in the college chapel. * * *

“ At the expiration of a year, in 1855, I went back to New York, passed my examinations for middle year, in the General Theological Seminary. Besides my studies there I had to teach an hour each day for five days in the week, and for this I was paid one dollar an hour. I was thus enabled to meet my expenses, and now and then buy a book.

“ In addition to this, I had the charge of a mission work. This employed me on Saturdays and Sundays. Up early on Sunday morning, I was at the school before nine o'clock with 500 children to look after, and had my hands full ; and very often at half-past ten I had to begin service, yes, almost always, for the missionary was an aged man, and not able to do the work and therefore left it to me. Then, after reading service, I had to lecture very often without any preparation whatever, other than the thinking I was able to do as the day advanced. After dinner I returned to an additional service, and a talk of half an hour to the school. Many and many a Sunday night after getting to the Seminary, which was two miles from the mission, walking all

the way, I was too weary to rise from my lounge to go and get my supper, the refreshment of which I greatly needed.

“ After going through the middle year, and reaching the long vacation—the last one I was ever to see in this world—instead of going away to rest, I was persuaded to visit Long Island, and enter upon a mission work there, and when five weeks had passed in exposure to the sun by day, and to the discomfort of a heated loft or attic by night, I was prostrated by an attack of sickness. The water was not good, and the fare was very indifferent, but I got back to my room at the seminary, and there grew worse and worse, with nobody to help me. When I was too ill to move, my kind landlady sent for me, and had me conveyed to her residence. One night I supposed that I would die, and resigned myself into the hands of God, and in order to relieve me of my pains, I took the laudanum bottle, and without measuring a dose, almost unconsciously turned it up to my lips and drank; it put me into a sound sleep, and I did not wake until late in the morning. Somehow, I felt better, and from that day did get better, but by the time the term began, I could hardly walk. Yet, I had no money to go away with, so as to rest and recruit, and I went to work again not feeling like myself at all. As Christmas came on, I endeavored to get up a festival for the mission children. This involved a great deal of extra labor. On the night before Christmas, I had been over to the mission room till quite late. I walked home through a snow storm and went to bed. Next morning I was so ill that I could not lift my head from the pillow, and I have never seen a really well day since. Indeed, when I review this part of my life, I wonder that I am alive. * * * *

“ However, I dragged through the year, passed my examinations, and was ordained by Bishop Potter, in Trinity Church, New York, in June, 1857. Then, *under the advice of my friends*, I must do another foolish thing. My temperament and disposition all superinduced in me a tendency to

over-work. What I needed was rest, comfort, good food, and cheerful society, to build me up. Instead of this, my advisers said 'Frontier life is the thing for you, go to the west, go to Kansas, be a missionary for a while, &c.'

"At this time the political troubles of the country had greatly increased, slavery had made its aggressions till the nation was roused, and Kansas was applying for admission into the Union. The South said she must be a slave State, the North said a free State, and so trouble began. In fact *the war* began in Kansas. Meanwhile both political parties wrote very inflammable articles about Kansas, for the newspapers, and among other things they told of the human thousands who were pouring in, to settle there. This roused the church, party spirit ran high in the church, too, I mean that curse, that unchristian and irreligious spirit of high and low church. Volunteers were called for, to go and preach to the destitute and perishing people of Kansas. I, among others, threw myself into the work, and went to Kansas immediately. When I got there I found it very difficult to tell in what part to settle; I think there is no exaggeration in saying that every quarter section in Eastern Kansas, had a town laid out on it, upon the maps, and each town was, beyond a doubt, to be the future metropolis. In the meantime, excepting Leavenworth and Lawrence, there was no real town. At these two places there were ministers, and so I went to a place called Quindaro, near Kansas City, in Missouri. At this little place I have preached to four ministers in the congregation at one time, and I found I had been deceived. The need of ministers was not so great as had been represented. The houses were only shells, indeed some people slept out of doors; the food was horrible, and my health grew worse. I did not know what to do, prices were very high, and at such hotels and boarding places as there were I had to mingle with vile people, even to sleep with them, and I was almost in despair. I did not like to retreat and say I could not stand it, for

such was the fanaticism of the church at this moment, that such a step would have branded me as a coward. Letters I received reminded me that I 'must endure hardship as a good soldier.'

"Yes, I did endure hardships, and I resolved in my mind all sorts of plans for relief. At last I thought I would build a shanty, and go to housekeeping. There would be more comfort in it, and my money would not be so rapidly stolen from me, and I could more easily do my work.

"I had for some time been engaged to be married, and I wrote, explaining my plans, to your mother, and she agreed with me. Although sick at the time I made a bargain for a shanty, and went back to Wisconsin. After waiting there about three weeks, until I became better, I was married, and returned to Kansas.* When I arrived in Kansas, I could not get the shanty I had engaged, and we had to board,—and such a life! The winter came on, I grew worse and worse, and in the spring, I hardly had strength to get back to New York. Still, I got there, though completely shattered. Being now married, having no means, and nobody to help me, but one particular friend, I had to be at work, and took a parish in Brooklyn, a half-dead parish.†

"The Church of the Messiah was then a mere name. I went to work; prosperity set in; the church filled up; we enlarged, and again got full. Spring came, and by this time I was nearly dead. I began somewhat to realize my situation, and saw that I had no constitution left. I was quite unequal to the work involved in the ministry, at any

* He was married at Racine, on the 15th of October, 1856, in St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Roswell Park, President of Racine College, to Miss Amy E. Sheldon, then residing in Racine, but a native of Glenn's Falls, New York.

† The particular friend here mentioned was Thomas D. Middleton, who left his own church, where he had long been a vestryman, and joined the church of the young clergyman for the purpose of helping him, and he again became a vestryman.

rate, in a large parish, and I resolved, if possible, to go into some small one in a milder climate.

“An offer was made me from Mt. Savage, Alleghany county, Maryland, and there I went. I began to get better; the air was good, the place being in the mountains, and the house we had was comfortable. The people were very kind to us, and I very much enjoyed this new life, and there was plenty of work too. Two years and a half slipped by, and May and Lucy were born there. When the war broke out, the people were scattered, and I, in the excitement, went back to New York, and took a church on Lexington Avenue. My health failed again, and I was called to Cumberland, very near Mt. Savage, where Nellie was born. I stayed there through the war, until my health broke down, and I went back to Mt. Savage, and there got better again. Our little boy, Frank, who was born in New York, died, and at Mt. Savage, Tilghman was born. As my family had increased, and as the war had raised the costs of living to three times what they had been, my income was not sufficient to support us, so I had to look about for another parish.

“Before leaving this passage of my life, I ought to dwell upon both the happiness and misery we endured in that region. The scenery was on all sides grand. Our little parsonage at Mt. Savage looked directly upon Savage Mountain, one of the highest of the Alleghanies; a picture of it, copied from a photograph, painted by Mr. Lanman, hangs in our house. The little garden afforded me constant enjoyment, the people were kind and considerate, my salary was at that time \$500 and a house,* and we wanted for

*It is but just to say, for the inadequacy of this salary, Mr. Perinchief was himself responsible. After he had been settled a few months at Cumberland, his ministry grew to be so acceptable to the congregation, the vestry voluntarily proposed to raise his salary to \$1200. He refused to accept their offer, alleging they could not afford it—that their first duty was to extinguish the debt of the church. The same self-sacrificing spirit influenced every act of his life.

nothing. Among our experiences at Cumberland during the war, at times we had little either to eat or to wear, my salary was \$800, out of which I paid \$100 the first year, and afterwards \$200 for a house.

“The church prospered, and filled up with military people and others, for the town grew during the war. Our church income was greatly increased, until the debt of three or four thousand dollars was paid, and something laid by for a parsonage. I spent much time in hospitals, and had an extemporized hospital of my own. The enemy captured the town two or three times, and we heard the sounds of cannon in battle. But, to tell more than this would take more time than I have to spare.

“When we left that country, we went to Georgetown, District of Columbia. Here my salary was \$1,800, but with the expense of premiums on my life insurance policies, and house rent, my income was reduced to less than \$100 a month.

“Everything at this time was fearfully high, but I struggled along as best I could. My parish was not too large, and was composed of an excellent people. I liked the parish, the climate, and the place, but I could not live upon the salary. The church was so full we could not receive any more, and were about to enlarge it, and the parish was more prosperous than it had ever been, but I knew that many of my people were as much straightened as I was, and I would not ask for an increase of salary.

“At this time I was offered a position as Secretary of the Evangelical Education Society, a position I did not like, and ought not to have accepted. It came to me, however, at a time, and under such circumstances, that I did accept. And as soon as I resigned, my people said, ‘You must not go, we will raise your salary to \$2,500.’ But it was now too late; though I am truly sorry I did not reconsider my engagement with the Society and stay in Georgetown. I

ought never to have left there, but the step seemed imperative.

“But now I must say a word about your mother. When we were married she was in perfect health, and supposed she was able, and certainly was willing, to undertake the life demanded of her as the wife of a minister. But neither she nor I knew what such a life involved. She bore the privations of Kansas life bravely. In Brooklyn she began to taste other elements; sewing circles, charity societies, social demands, and unreasonable expectations. By temperament and disposition she was fitted for retirement, and for close intimacy with a few friends. In her position she could have no intimate friends, no real society, but was the property of the parish. She had to be as intimate with one as another, no matter whether congenial or not. At Mt. Savage she was relieved of this, and found her social relations were very pleasant, because there were about half a dozen families, officers of the companies with their wives and children—persons of culture and Christian consideration; and the great mass of the people were operatives in the mining region. These, taken all for all, were the best people, and had more *religion* than any among whom our lot had fallen; though, in other places, we had found individuals and single families in all respects their equal.

“But there, at Mt. Savage, your mother began to fail in health, and the cares of her family were very great; and no tongue can tell the pain of sleepless nights, the anxious days, the weary, ceaseless labor, of morning, noon, and night, of summer and winter, which she endured for her children.

“At Georgetown, she craved more than ever that repose and retirement which is possible to the wife of any man but a clergyman. She felt more keenly the pinching of narrow circumstances, and we both longed for some quiet spot where we could educate the children, free from excite-

ment. Hence, I was induced to try the Secretaryship of that Society. That position, however, relieved your mother, but was the worst possible thing for me. It kept me away from home, exposed to all sorts of weather, and I lost heart in it, and was compelled to go back into a parish.

"I then had a call to Baltimore, and went there. This was a nice parish, with pleasant people, and we were comfortable there, but your mother's ill-health increased, and I found the work more than I could carry, and we soon sought relief in the country parish of Bridgeport.

"Let the future be to you what it may, of one thing you can always be certain. Your mother and I have done for you the very best we could. Under all circumstances and conditions we have made every sacrifice for your good. Giving you at all times the greatest advantages our situation could afford. I write these things trusting they may cause you to reflect, and be the means of keeping your feet in the path of wisdom, virtue, piety and affection, and of being a blessing to you when your father and mother are both at rest."

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The journal from which we are now to make some extracts bears the simple title of "*Gen. Sem.*, 1856." It is indeed a kind of episode, and aside from additional glimpses of life at the seminary, it contains the record of two vacation tours made into the interior of New York and Long Island.

It will be observed that in the beginning he makes some remarks upon the high and low church parties, and this may seem somewhat a contradiction to his avowed principles later in life; yet, through all, he is evidently animated by that spirit of justice which is at the foundation of all his arguments, and reaches toward his inevitable desire to seek out the best criterion for a holy life; and which finally develops into a liberal view of the Christian religion, which formed the topic of his daily study, and in the practice of which he sets an example of true zeal and fidelity.

"EPISCOPAL GEN. THEO'L. SEMINARY, N. Y.,

"October 1st, 1855.

"This day commences the term, to me it is one of satisfaction. I have succeeded in passing all the examinations necessary for entering the middle class, and have embarked on seminary life in good earnest. Through a year, I have plodded along by myself, and have been all the time apprehensive that I should not succeed.

"JANUARY 3, 1856.

"My last term was rich in labor, and I hope in profit. Apart from my seminary duties, I had the care of a mission under the auspices of St. George's church, which necessarily occupied much of my time, and became to me a tax. I

have deemed it expedient to abandon part of my labors their, thinking it my duty to attend rather to my studies, than to any foreign matters, these studies being my prime business here. I shall, therefore, no longer preach there, but merely attend to my Sunday school.

* * * * *

“During the latter part of the term, I found I must do something towards increasing my income. A man cannot live in New York without money. I, therefore, devoted two hours each day to teaching, which brought me twenty-five dollars per month. I would have preferred to have all my time to myself. ‘Time is money’ sometimes, but time is knowledge too. Two hours per day are a great accession to one’s time for study. I have, however, little reason to complain—I succeeded well—I was treated well—I had my health—I esteemed it a privilege to be obliged to work. I see very many young men fairly rusting out; I have no reason to believe I should be unlike them, were I not driven to effort. Now I think a minister of the Gospel should be something more than an orator and a scholar. Unless he exemplify the great doctrines of patience and humility, unless he preach by example as by precept, I care very little for his profession. The high churchman may place his reliance on forms and ceremonies, as he is accused of doing, he may talk much of the church, and fathers, and prayer-book, but if low-church principles are to excite a sneer for everything which does not coincide with them; if they are to eat out the heart of Christian love; if they are to bring up their votaries, in conceited ignorance, as to the plainest truths of scripture, then may I be delivered from being a low churchman. There is very much talk about moderation, and brotherly love, and making concessions to our ‘Christian brethren,’ and all this may sound very well to those who do not define the expressions, but I am not able to see that churchmen are any more tenacious of their opinions than other men. I don’t see that we are any more

opposed to the dissenters than they are to us, if the difference between us be anything at all it is worth contending for; if it be nothing, then we are as well off as they. Let them claim to be based on the Bible. They surely ought not to quarrel with us, if we claim to do the same. The Bible is a blessed book, and all ought to read it. But is no authority to be attached to those who have, in all ages, expounded it, and to that church which has been its guardian? I more and more value my prayer-book; I see its utility, I appreciate its support. I have seen many low churchmen, I have been a low churchman, and I am still regarded as such by many. I know not one who is not harsh in his judgment of others. I know not a low church congregation who understand the scriptures, much as they talk about it. I mean by understanding them, reading them with anything like a system, so that one part may throw light on another. I mean, who understand them any other-wise than that they have begun at Genesis and ended at Revelation, very piously reading a chapter each day. I have this day met with gross ignorance and misunderstanding, and do meet with it, every time I am thrown in certain company. I am aware all this may be said against high church as well as low church. I wish only to say the low church is no better off.

“I have been trying to introduce the catechism into the Sunday School, but even this measure has been opposed. Alas! that men are so easily charmed by a name! We hear very much said about missions and charitable institutions, &c. I may be unwise, but I believe the world would be quite as well off with half of them. The mere name of society, the sound of philanthropy takes all vitality from *Christian love*. Much money is expended, much is given merely for keeping up a show. Men comfort themselves that they have done God service, when they have only done that which they were ashamed to leave undone.

“But after all, this seems like a very poor way to com-

mence the year, and to begin my journal. It seems very unkind, yet I am not unkind. I do not feel so. I feel rather sad than otherwise. I have met with so much, even this day, which palls on my sensibilities, shocks my expectations, sends me back to my heart, to ask if deceit is the universal cloak of man! Are all alike? Is one man no better than another? Is our system no better than another system? Good and bad are in this world together. Pretensions are worthless. I am more and more convinced every day, that all this talk about peculiar sanctity is simply all talk. There have always been individuals who wished to be considered a little better than their neighbors, and various devices have been employed to accomplish this end. In our age, seclusion, self-denial, monastic discipline have been the means. In another, peculiar zeal against infidels; in another, puritanism and methodism. No doubt each of these originated in pure motives, or at least many of them did, but alas! how soon perverted. Wesley was a good man; would that all his so-called followers had more closely imitated him! In our time much is said about high church and low church, and I have yet to learn that the low church manifests any greater zeal except in talk, (and self-recommendation is no characteristic of real excellence;) I have yet to find one quality in which low church is superior to high church. The more I see of man's ignorance, the more I understand the emptiness of names. The more I inquire into motives, so much the more cautious am I, against a self-constituted righteousness. It was my fortune to be born in the Church of England. It has been my fortune to live much, among the Methodists and Presbyterians, not as belonging to either, but as a low churchman. I have nowhere found greater ignorance and more boasting than among the Methodists; I have nowhere found a higher degree of self-conceit and stubborn tenacity or bigotry than among the Presbyterians; and, now, from my connection with the headquarters of low churchmen, I am constrained to con-

fess, I have nowhere, seen so much uncharitableness, self-conceit, misunderstanding of others, and ignorance of the church to which they pretend to belong—Low Church is neither one thing nor another, except *Low Church*. Not enough for the church, too much for a Presbyterian, it amounts to nothing. Still, believing as I do, in the all-pervading providence of God, I believe all will yet be overruled for good.

“Many sincere high-toned Christians, have cast their lot among the several denominations—many are with high church, many with low church. In this world we cannot arrive at certainty. All are liable to be deceived. Oh that we could all be more charitable! Could we have more love, and less talk, I am sure we should be happier than we are. The better I become acquainted with the human heart, the more disposed am I to look kindly on all. I cannot believe that one man is by nature much worse than another. For the positively vicious and unruly, we have jails and state prisons. For the morally good, such are the discrepancies of language, I cannot believe that one is much better than another. Of the truly pious, I cannot readily place most confidence in him who urges his pretensions most loudly. May God give me grace to examine my own heart, to purify my own motives. May his sanctifying and preventing grace, ever preside over me, and in my weakness become my strength; in my folly become my wisdom; and so lead me through the chances and changes of this mortal life as that I fail not to attain to life everlasting.

“I embark in the new year with gratitude to God for his boundless mercy during the past. Rich and various has been the experience of the year now closed. Many have been its joys, many have been its cares. May God forgive all that I have wrongfully done, and pardon all who have done wrong to me. For the last six months I have seemed quite alone in the world. I have had no mortal ear into which I might pour my confidence. I have had no friend

from whose heart was heard the echo of a single sympathy. I don't know that I understand what a home feeling is. I cannot remember it, only from the mazes of my childhood. I know it only through my imagination. I feel, however, less restraint at this place, and from the general sympathy and kindness which I meet I feel comparatively happy. I have seen the lights and shades of bachelor life. There is little in it to make us happy, there is little in it to make us loved. I have with my friends recently talked much about the propriety and expediency of single life to a clergyman. I have seldom expressed my convictions, no one longs more for a home; no one feels more the superiority of a married life.

“JANUARY 6, 1856.

“I have had very little to do to-day, inasmuch as but few children could get out to Sunday School. The attendance was about seventy-five, and this is so small a proportion, that it gives me scarcely any trouble, so that I am not weary this evening. It is a great blessing to have our energies taxed I know, because we can grow strong only in proportion as we use our strength, but really it is a great privilege to have a holiday once in a while, when the spirit may throw off all restraint, and entertain not a care. I have enjoyed the service of this day very much, and I would like to have my Sundays in which to *hear* sermons, and remain quiet; but if I had my Sundays entirely to myself, I should not improve them more wisely than most Christians do who have them. We never know the value of things until we have been deprived of them, and as most Christians have ever enjoyed the uninterrupted privileges of the Lord's day, so they fail, from their very frequency, to set on them a proper estimate. Would that we were more mindful of the blessings which a benign Father has lavished upon us.

“JANUARY 9, 1856.

“Seldom have the citizens of New York seen so much snow, or such good sleighing, and much do they seem to enjoy it. Horses and sleighs have been in such demand, that one could not be hired for less than ten dollars, and many being let at fifteen and twenty. In Boston, and all New England cities, sleighs are let for two dollars and a half. The difference, however, is here: in Boston they have sleighing all winter, and people use the sleighs for all purposes, and have plenty of them; in New York they seldom have more than two or three weeks sleighing, and then everybody wishes to ride. There are few sleighs in proportion to the number of riders. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Broadway presented a most agreeable scene. Sleighs with six and eight horses, carrying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty persons, were mingled with sleighs of all sizes, down to that with a single horse. In these sleighs were the working classes, who cannot get a chance to ride in the day time, boys and girls, men and women, singing and playing, until Broadway seemed one stream of song and happiness. In some sleighs were organ grinders, pouring out their music amid all the confusion, with the complacency known only to Dutchmen. Some of the men were blowing horns, and the boys were making noises with penny bugles. Once in a while some barefaced woman would be seen driving, and doing it too, to the admiration of the crowd. The liveliness of the streets, with the glitter of a thousand lamps, the merry tinkling of the bells, produced an effect most pleasing, such as I have never before seen equalled. There is probably no city in the world better lighted than New York. The lamps burn all night, whether the moon shines or not. From such a picture of happiness, it was sad to turn to the contemplation of vice and misery, as it would meet one at almost every corner. Children half clad and half starved, gazing in pitiful silence, on joys they could not taste; men reeling

with dissipation to their homes of want. What a vortex is this metropolis! Death stalks side by side with bustling life, and biting poverty treads on the heels of pompous wealth. The last degree of feminine degradation stares at the delicacy and loveliness of female innocence, and the sons of piety are hourly confronted by the children of darkness. The divine joggles the pick-pocket, and manly vigor stumbles over suffering infirmity. Surely this is the confluence of human extremes. Nor is the diversity greater in the physical than in the mental and moral. A thousand lanes lead to the shrines of folly, while the avenues to virtue, piety, and knowledge are deserted, or little frequented.

“JANUARY 10, 1856.

“This has been a profitable and pleasant day to me. I have worked hard, and am really quite weary, but I am happy. I have enjoyed this day, an unusual flow of Christian joy, a sort of consolation, happiness, desire after deeper holiness, consciousness of my own unworthiness, more ardent desire to accomplish some good, a greater renunciation of self, a higher devotion to the service of my Lord. I pray for humility, for sincerity, for charity towards my neighbor, and conduct consistent with my profession. My tongue is apt to lead me into discussion. I am not sufficiently careful of the feelings of others. The light of thy Spirit, O Lord! can alone lead me to the perception of truth! I go out very little, I keep very closely to my books, I believe it is better. No student can spend too little time in common talk or general company. In social gatherings, (New York gatherings,) there is sometimes that which is soothing and refining—there is oftener much which is trivial, and even silly. I keep at work all the time, though I don't seem to accomplish much. When I look back on a day's work, I am constrained to admit it seems small. When I improve the days, I can see at the

close of the week that some progress has been made. I find that my teaching an hour and a half a day makes a hole in my time for study. This teaching, however, does me much good, and beside all that, brings twenty-five dollars per month to my pocket, which I very much need. I have spent nearly two hundred dollars during the last three months—I don't know but more than that amount. However, I don't throw it away. If I don't get something to eat for it, I get books, and they are good things.

“JANUARY 15, 1856.

“Our systems of education are sadly deficient. We content ourselves with talking too much about the improvements of the age, and go on making changes, supposing change to be improvement. We teach girls much which they will never need, and which, therefore, can do them very little good, while we leave them in darkness as to many things which even to common sense seem almost indispensable. We have no great men in the world. When are we to have any? The mother makes the man, and who, in our times, are making the mothers? Our girls are absolutely unfitted physically and mentally for performing all the functions of a woman. Their bodies are weakened by fashion, and their minds are blurred by the follies of a so-called education. It is astonishing to see the ignorance of many of the ladies of this city. Ceremony and love of display have eaten all sincerity from their hearts, and silly etiquette supplies the place of common sense. The books they read are the merest trash, while to speak to them of standard literature is to speak of something they know nothing about, and to introduce a subject foreign to the common fooleries of the day is a mark of ill-breeding. I may be rather severe, though I think not. I must confess, however, that I go comparatively little into society. I can get no good by going, why should I go? Whenever I do go, I come back disgusted and dissatisfied. All is hollow

compliment, and real friendship is an empty name. It may be my taste is vitiated, perchance perverted; if so, I am thankful. I can see young men who go 'into society,' and what are they worth? I have a classmate who was once a good student, but now having grown fashionable, he is, to my certain knowledge, a student only in name. He does not read in one week as much as he should read every day; nay, I know not that he does in a month. What on earth does he know? He knows how to talk about *the church*, and how to advocate the practice of going to *dancing parties*, especially when given by *Christians*. Alas! for our church when her pretended friends are her deadliest foes. Infidels may sneer, and ungodly men may look in vain for evidence of apostolicity. Beneath the sanctity of her immaculate purity lurks the hand which spills her blood. Degenerate indeed are the times; but, alas, how degenerate, when the heralds of the cross are themselves most deeply infected! If my taste for society is perverted there is then much profit in perversion, for I learn vastly more by keeping away than I can possibly by mingling with it. I am not so polished in my manners it may be, still I find access to 'good society' when I choose. By disposition I am taciturn, stoical, seclusive. It may be I have not charity enough for those whose dispositions are different, perhaps better; still, if 'polish' and 'refinement' are to make a man a fool, then I would prefer being a 'bore.' I need society, too; sometimes I feel lonely and sad; I sit and think, I read and write, I walk and work, I pray and sing, I eat and sleep; this forms my continual round. In all this vast city I have not a friend to whom I can open my soul, nor have I in the world. In this seminary I know of no two who are intimate. No one has a bosom companion. I have never seen a number of students together before among whom there was so little in common. We never meet together except at prayer time, and then we say nothing to each other. There are students whom I have known to be students only

from sometimes seeing them with others. A prayer meeting was never heard of, and if it ever was, it has long since been forgotten. The very idea of a missionary meeting would frighten half of them, and he who should propose such a thing, would be considered a heretic.

“JANUARY 27, 1856.

“It excites my sympathies very much to go into my Sunday school, and see there so many of the poor, needy, and outcast. Doubtless many come there simply for the clothes with which we furnish them, and not for any love for Christ and His religion; still it is well they come, we are willing to give them all we can, and this affords a degree of access not attainable by any other means, and the truths they hear might sink into their hearts, and bring forth in them the fruits of good living when we are dead. I am not sure that all my teachers are exactly what Sunday school teachers should be. Many young persons become teachers in Sunday schools from a sort of consciousness that they ought to be doing something, and when they have connected themselves with some class, think this to be meeting all their duty. They lack that zeal, love, interest, and sympathy, without which no Sunday school teacher may hope to be successful. Without a real Christian heart themselves, how can they expect in the hearts of their children to infuse a love for the Gospel? These half Christian teachers are often worse than none. They come only when it is convenient, they come *early* only when it suits them. They are poor workers, and often entail not a little trouble on others who do their own work better. Some teachers, too, act from other motives. People are too much pleased with names, and persons who are destitute of piety, still like to be considered pious. A Sunday school opens up the way for a reputation. I am unwilling to impeach the motive of any man, but actions will speak louder than words. In my school I have many pious, self-denying, faithful teachers.

I would they were all so. I would not complain. I am happy that so many come from whatever motive, but for their own sake I would they were all Christians indeed.

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“WAVERLY, N. Y., *April* 23, 1855.

“Weary and lonely, in a solitary place, I sit down to review briefly the events of this day. After a whole day of travel and excitement one feels very little like concentrating his mind, but rather inclined to seek repose. At present, however, my couch is not very inviting, and the good people of this little town retire so early it is a wonder they can sleep till morning. I arose this morning at five, hurried down town, took breakfast, purchased my ticket, and took the cars at seven. The Erie road, as everybody knows, is not the best in the world, nor is the class of passengers with which one here meets, the most refined. Borne, however, from the dusty din of a great city, a man takes pleasure in gazing on the beauties of nature and wrapping himself in the mantle of his own thoughts. Naturally taciturn and cold, fond of seclusion, and the panoramas of my own imagination, I never fail to enjoy a long ride on the cars. With me were travelers far less happy than I. On faces pensive and care-worn could be read the thoughts which were sending their vibrations to the heart, and an occasional tear told of tender memories, and a sorrow with which no stranger may intermeddle. The voices of dear ones left behind, were ringing in retentive ears, and the vicissitudes of untried and far western homes were sending their shadows long before, to thicken the gloom which had already gathered around anxious minds. I saw one lady who wept nearly the whole day. With many others, were thoughts only of joys—from trips of pleasure they were returning to homes of comfort. In their busy imaginations arms of love were already extended to receive them. What to them were all the woes of the world beside? Why

should they borrow heaviness because others could not share their bliss? In man there is always a natural tendency to compare himself with whatever he sees in others; I therefore thought of my own situation. I looked backward and forward, how different the prospect! Perchance, among all the hundreds then collected on that train, the circumstances of no other were like mine. No eye had that day recognized me. No voice had that day bid me 'God speed.' Not a heart would be less happy at my absence, nor would a single sigh awake in any heart for my return. When I reached my destination no face would grow glad in greeting me, in no spirit should I kindle a kind and genial sympathy. I roam along, 'the world's weary denizen, with none who bless me, few whom I may bless.' Without a home, to throw around me its benign and soothing influence; without a friend, to regard me with a real affection—how can I be otherwise than cold, and from long habits of self-reliance, why should I not be considered selfish? Like the rafts on yonder river I float along on the bosom of contingency, and had I not a high and sacred purpose to guide me, did not the Spirit of a beneficent God sustain me, were I not buoyed up by the hope of achieving some good in the world—how had I long ago been swept upon the shallows of vice and folly, and become a hideous wreck! How careful and charitable we should be, in forming our estimate of individual merit! How little do we know of antecedents! One human heart is not much worse than another. Many a spirit born for nobleness, has by unkindness been chilled into obscurity or ignominy, because left alone to buffet a blind and relentless world. Not every man is endowed with that force of will which teaches him to laugh at petty obstacles, and nerves him to grapple with great and real difficulty. None who look on me as reckless and lukewarm know aught of the long train of trial which has driven me into myself, and brought home to my heart the ever present consciousness that I am

indeed alone. Yet how much better is my situation than that of many by whom I am surrounded. Alone it may be; but in my loneliness, even, there is inspiration.

“From cogitations such as these, I turned to observe the characters of those with whom I journeyed, so far as those characters were written in their features, and alternately to the works of nature spread before me, in bounding streams, mountains still capped with the drifted snow, and valleys vocal with the voice of the ploughman and the song of early birds. Beside me was a little sharp-nosed junk-bottle sort of a man from Ohio. With him, I exchanged many remarks, and found him not deficient in general intelligence. Like all Ohio men, he was a good advocate for schools where both sexes mingle, and had a great many opinions, which he could not very well define. Like Ohio men, too, he was kind in his disposition, and was always in a good humor. That poor woman still kept crying, though she evidently tried to stop. About half-past one, fifteen minutes were given us in which to get dinner. It is rather astonishing how fast a man can eat, when he has paid his fifty cents, and expects every minute to hear the engine bell. After a severe shaking, for this road is extremely rough, I got out at Waverly about four o'clock.

“After supper I took a short walk, saw several wood-piles, and very modest damsels, returned to the bar-room, and took a seat by the fire, just like all the *other* loafers. Here, I tried to adapt myself to the company. I have often found that some useful things can be gathered from men such as usually haunt a country tavern, that is, when there is no drinking. These men are rude, 'tis true, but in them are genuine, honest hearts, and one gains by conversing with them, a facility for approaching this class of men, which every one does not possess, and an acquaintance with every phase of human nature is desirable. A person may find many opportunities for imparting instruction, and throwing out useful hints, provided it be done naturally,

and in no patronizing air, for these men are peculiarly sensitive. I know it requires a certain tact to do this, and I am persuaded that clergymen often lose chances for imparting religious knowledge because they know not how to approach men. The only way by which this tact may be acquired is by throwing one's self right among them, which a clergyman cannot do, and unless he gain it while young, he is not likely to gain it at all. I observed a sort of shyness when I entered. My appearance probably indicated my calling. Of their fears I soon disarmed them. Among them was a young man of uncommon intelligence, on his way to the West, to practice law. Soon the conversation was confined to us, and all the rest sat quietly, for an hour or more, and listened. At first I talked about horses, cows, and hogs with them, until I secured their attention to something better. Thus the evening has worn away.

“TOWANDA, SUNDAY, *April 27, 1856.*

“This has been a tranquil country Sabbath. There is something sweet in the ringing of the church bell. I often call to mind the language of those poetic minds, which passed away before the coming of our generation. Shennstone, Cowper, Young, and others, into whose spirits the bell which called them to prayer, sent a thrill of reverential joy. Our morning services were not very largely attended, though the congregation seemed intelligent and refined. In the afternoon I was invited to address the Sunday School. This school is a credit to the church. In it are upwards of one hundred children, and these children have contributed to missions and other works of love, during the year, nearly fifty dollars. The school seems to be in excellent order. It is the result of long and patient labor on the part of one man, and he is a layman. What beauty and excellency there is in Christian consistency! How many of us more gifted than this man, still come far short of him in devotion and piety! How much good he has done me, even

within these few days! Oh! that every clergyman had such a Christian to hold up his hands! I am told by those who know, and my own observation informs me, that he not only gives of his worldly goods, but gives much and often, where his left hand knows not what his right hand does. I cannot express my admiration for such a character. How much one man can do! What an example have we here of that fortitude which dignifies and ennobles man! Here by his instrumentality were young men and women, studying the word of God, who, without him, would have been lolling at home, lounging about the hotel, or, perchance, engaged in amusements at once unmanly and degenerating. In my address to the children I endeavored to hold up such a character, of course without reference to him. I spoke to them more earnestly, because my own soul was stirred by thoughts of him. Behold the reciprocal influence of any good or evil. Is there not in this an argument for doing the most good one can to himself, with whatever facilities Providence has placed in his hands, irrespective of his independent and collateral duty to his neighbor?

“‘There is no place like home.’ Even with my little retreat, which I call a home, I can feel it were good to be there. To be sure I am happy where I am, and to me, why should one spot of this little orb be more happy than another? Yet, when weary and pensive, the spirit sighs for the familiar haunts; and though at my solitary *home* in New York not a heart would be there to radiate a sympathy, nor a voice to respond even a whisper of love, yet there would be some relief in simply looking on the well-known place, and resting on my own couch. Thankful for all the mercies of God, rejoicing that I may do something for His glory, praying that I may be sustained by His grace, and made obedient to His will, I commit myself to His keeping.

“APRIL 28, 1856.

“I started early this morning in company with Rev. Mr. D. We journeyed along, stopping at every house, conversing with the inmates, selling books whenever we could. Our road lay along the mountains, sometimes for miles on the very brink of precipices, down which, to have fallen would have been instant death. These roads are very poorly constructed, they are so narrow that in many places they will scarcely accommodate a single wagon. They are not protected at the side at all. With such a horse as we had, our necks were certainly not safe. I have been rather amused since at the coolness with which I allowed Mr. D. to take care of that horse, while I went to throwing stones and amusing myself with the scenery, which was very grand, especially the mountains. We sold books to the amount of two dollars and a half, not enough to pay for the horse. Occasionally there would be a place of some refinement and intelligence. About noon, a very kind lady observing that I was quite weary, insisted on my taking some dinner, for which she would not take a penny, but made many excuses for having nothing better.

“GREENWOOD, *April 29th.*

“I left the sweet little home of Mr. — early this morning. Happy indeed ought that man to be. His wife seems to me to be exactly what a minister's wife ought to be. The influence of such a wife is cheering to her husband, and vastly beneficial to the flock over which he presides. Such a position is one from which much good may radiate, and a woman of true piety, and high spirit, must rejoice in the opportunities thus placed at her command.

“Much talk is made in certain quarters, about the poor pay of the clergy, and poor clergymen are loudest in their complaints. According to my observation, which has not been very limited, I have found the pay of clergymen, with one or two exceptions, equal to their deserts. It is a law

of nature, that man should be rewarded according to what he does, not according to what he might do. God has made few men of very extraordinary calibre, and few men do as much as their abilities would demand. If we say that some men with small salaries, do vastly more than some with very good salaries, I think it will be found that those on the one hand are not underpaid so much as those on the other are overpaid. We must either pay men for what they never perform, or else pay them according to their respective merits, and who is to judge as to their merits? The Bishop cannot hire out his clergy, as men hire out machines, according to their horse-power, for the one-horse machine would not stand it. There is but one alternative, and that is for the people who hire them to pronounce how much they are worth. That there is a seeming unfairness is palpable, but we are all commanded to count the cost. Should we pay them for what they never perform, we should be under such a system as that existing in England, under which men revel in luxurious living, who, thrown on their own resources could scarcely earn a subsistence. Under such a system as ours, many men will get small salaries. Under the one system, men destitute of real piety, resort thither for a gentlemanly profession, and these men cannot be efficient ministers of the Gospel. Under the other, the church will need men, but such as she has, will be likely to be what they should be. It is true, under this system, unworthy men find an entrance, at the same time they are dependent on their own merits. Nor is it true that ministers are worse paid than men of other professions. There are hundreds of physicians who depend on their friends for bread, or go without it; and hundreds of lawyers, who are tilling the soil, or practicing respectable fraud. Should all our ministers receive large salaries, our church would be filled with the merest parasites and the people of our country would be complaining, as the people of England now complain. Let the English church sever her connec-

tion with the State, and that event will be the harbinger of rich prosperity. Some men may not be paid as they deserve, but this is even as it should be. The Church of Christ is not all loaves and fishes, and her best recommendation is the self-denial of the clergy. Men at best are reluctant to attend to their spiritual interests, and not unfrequently do we find the selfishness of the clergy an excuse for their negligence. I believe the state of things at present existing, is that to which the church has been guided by her Omnipotent Head, and she is vastly better off as she is. It may be that the faith of these latter days is to be tested, as was that of the primitive Christians. Their ordeal was severe. Ours may be more severe still. We have the accumulated experience of eighteen hundred years; we have, therefore, more light. In the midst of a wicked and perverse generation like our own, there is need that the Church of Christ be made more prominent, separate, and peculiar. It is true some of our ministers are poorly paid, but it is equally true some of them are very indifferent men. These same men, in any other vocation, would be no better off, and many of them not half so comfortably situated. In some of them, the mechanic arts have sustained a loss, and many an honest cobbler is officiating in canonicals. We may pity these poor men, but I am afraid, with all our pity, we cannot relieve. Yet what is a clergyman without a wife? What would this friend be without his? Surely, he ought to be a happy man, and no doubt he is. He has much over which to rejoice. I left his home this morning with a very kind and gentle horse to take me into the country. I stopped at every house as I journeyed, having something to say to all whom I met. I found the children more intelligent than their parents, but the parents very inferior beings. My experience this day corroborates my remark upon yesterday, that it were better to save the money expended in sending colporteurs to purchase books for gratuitous distribution, which books could easily be distributed, by the

clergy, as they pass along from place to place; thus the tastes of the young would be cultivated. I journeyed all day without selling a book. I used all the persuasion of which I was capable, but to no purpose. I was never so deeply impressed with the evil of universalism as now. What encouragement is there to any man striving for their good? I am gaining an experience which is fully worth all I am paying for it. It requires self-denial and decision to work in this way, but how much do I owe to my efforts in this direction for that knowledge of human nature which so often gives me the advantage over my companions in years? What vicissitudes have I not seen? Where is the man who has worked harder? At present my arms and legs pain me, and my whole body feels stiff. I took a severe cold yesterday, and I am now so hoarse I can hardly speak. I am at the house of a lady, in a very retired, though beautiful spot. A railroad is in process of construction near this place, and this lady keeps boarders. With her, at present, boards the chief engineer—a man of learning and genius. Her conversation, after all the rudeness and ignorance, with which I have met to-day, brings with it a soothing and happy influence. Thus I am never without some token of God's goodness to me.

“LE ROY, *April 30th.*

“I am this morning feeling badly from the effect of excessive labor yesterday. When the bell rung for us to get up, it seemed as though I could not rise, but I managed by extra exertion, to get out of bed and dress in time for breakfast. Mrs. N. seemed kind, and I was introduced by her to several of her friends, who purchased some few books. About the middle of the forenoon I took my horse and started for Le Roy. I called along at all the houses, but could sell no books. I found the people poor and ignorant. They seem desirous of doing all they can for their children, but consider anything beyond bread and clothes

as altogether superfluous. About noon, I stopped at a house and got some dinner. I dined amid tin pans and kettles, with the noise of a saw mill rattling in my ears. I took my horse from the buggy, watered and fed him, I waited some little time resting, then harnessed him, and renewed my journey. I think I have never before taken care of a horse, nor harnessed one unassisted; I undertook to put one in a buggy once, and broke the shaft. These people will not take a cent for food or lodging or anything of the kind, provided they understand who they are entertaining. I met with no better success during the afternoon than during the morning. The roads, over which I have this day passed, are very bad indeed. Sometimes the way lay along the edge of steep cliffs; at others along the margin of the stream. Sometimes through deep ravines, where the rocks overhang to a fearful height, and through which, the waters, impatient of their narrow bed, roared and foamed in impetuous grandeur;—sometimes over large stones, from which the freshet of the spring had swept all the soil. Almost at every turn, a saw-mill greeted me. Hundreds of pine logs were collected at various stations, ready to be conveyed to the mill. The men of this region make their living chiefly by the lumber business, for their farms are neglected and all their notions of agriculture seem very limited.

“TOWANDA, *May 4th.*

“This has been a day of quiet rest. It being the first Sunday in the month, the communion was administered at the church. The impression stamped on all the exercises of this day was that of a desire to despatch them as soon as possible. No wonder many accuse us of formalism, since our sublime liturgy is so often divested of all life, and nothing appears but the distorted form. When the minister has no soul, the congregation will surely sympathize with him. Some ministers are destitute of all tact. In urging their

flock to any course of action, they drive them from it. Men must have confidence in their guide before they will easily be led. I again addressed the children of the Sunday school to-day; there is a lack of that freedom and familiarity which lends so much interest to Sunday schools. Perhaps it is a fault, common to those in the country, where there are but few children, and when there is seldom sufficient interest to keep them all wide awake. Here they have not singing enough. Singing is an important exercise; in this all the children meet on common ground, and in this they are, as to capacity, equal. The influence of singing is soothing, at the same time stimulating. I am fond of talking to children, though I feel it is not easy at all times to interest them. They will not listen when they are not entertained. They are not so indulgent as older audiences. I have endeavored to perform the duties of this day to the best of my ability. I would I could do more. Men are reckless, what can be done to awaken them to a sense of duty? Oh! that Christians would remember that they are responsible individually—not collectively!

“NEW YORK, *May 9th.*

“I have traveled nearly three hundred miles to-day, and am thankful to be once more in my own room.

“GEN. SEMINARY, *May 16th.*

“This has been a dull, rainy, day. My health will not allow me to study more than two hours at a time, nor will it allow me to repeat these two hours often. Unless I study, or do something more than walk about, I feel as though the time were wasted. Yesterday morning I went to High Bridge. It certainly is a magnificent structure, and, next to the suspension bridge at Niagara, is the greatest achievement of art to be found in the country. New York will, in a few years, be not only one of the largest cities in the world, but at the same time one of the wealth-

iest and most magnificent. Even now, in many respects, it is unrivaled. We have not the galleries of art and extensive museums which adorn so many countries of Europe, but which must be the work of centuries. We have not those grand and time-honored castles, the production of ages long since passed away; but we have no need of them, and the monuments we have, reflect vastly more honor upon the institutions of the country, and upon humanity at large. Instead of mouldering palaces, the favorite haunts of a long line of lazy leeches, who lived on the blood of the land without returning a fair equivalent, we have magnificent structures open alike to all who please to avail themselves of them. All our treasures are those of peace, and everywhere we find the pledge of a common love, light, and liberty. We do not depreciate other countries because we appreciate our own. We do not suppose our country to have attained perfection. We do not assert that all other countries have sunk to darkness and slavery. We can see very many sad deficiencies, and desire much to see many more refinements. The deficiencies can be rectified only by time, and refinements are every day deepening and multiplying. We are not anxious to follow the advice of every ignorant foreigner who chooses to visit us. When men object to things because they are different from those of their own country, they only render themselves ridiculous; and we should peruse many books of modern objections to this country before we found a better reason. The follies of certain classes are palpable, and yet they are perfectly natural. When a man becomes suddenly rich he cannot be expected to appreciate his wealth, or rather, he knows not how to use it. To the vast majority, wealth is desirable only on account of its glitter. To the human eye the fascinations of external pomp have ever been most attractive. Having, therefore, little notion of the importance or responsibility connected with great gain, they indulge in vanities which, to a philosopher, are ridiculous, and which,

to men long used to opulence, seem vulgar. The result is only *that* for which we should have been prepared. Our country is in a transition state. Society is not yet established on any permanent basis, and long centuries must yet roll away before the moral and domestic phases of American life will be fixed. Hundreds of men are daily leaping from obscurity and poverty to influence and fortune. Dazzled by their own success they must needs prove that they know not what to do with their money. Large houses stored with books and works of art, which they know nothing more about than that they paid great prices for them; elegant chariots with splendid horses, servants in livery, and personal decorations—these are all of which they have any notion. The moneyed classes are by no means our refined and educated classes. Perchance this will account for the misrepresentations which have been so frequently made of the American people. Visitors from European countries are totally unable to divest themselves of themselves when they cross the water. Each, from whatever country he may come, reduces at once everything to that standard to which the chance of birth has reduced him. He has ever seen the moneyed classes and the educated classes identical; and more than that, has always looked for the money first. He is ignorant of the fact that here the rule is inverted, nor does he care to be enlightened; but wrapping himself in his ignorance is admired only by those as ignorant as he. The educated of this country can smile at the foolishness of the wealthy, as well as foreigners, and we do not care to have them telling us continually what we have long since known. I believe that many of them find themselves in better company than that to which they have been accustomed, and not unfrequently do they draw from their imagination instead of their experience. When the present generation has passed away a vast improvement will be palpable. Thousands will have become accustomed to their wealth. They who

have built our palaces, and they who are still building them, have no time for acquiring knowledge, but to their children's children will come results of which we have few conceptions. It cannot be charged upon the American people that they are ignorant. As a people not one in the world can surpass them in general intelligence. It is admitted by the English that many of the first scholars of the age belong to the United States. No department of literature has produced more eminent men, during the present century, than those produced in America. In history, philosophy and poetry, we certainly are not behind England, and in some of the arts we are superior. American energy has secured to New York city the finest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world, and the researches of Abbott in Egypt, equal those of Layard at Ninevah. It is much to be regretted that our Government, as a Government, takes so little interest in matters scientific. Yet from this fact flows additional credit to our country. Any man will work when he is well paid for it, or spend his money when he is sure of receiving a fair equivalent in return. Layard could not have done otherwise, having the Treasury of the British nation to sustain him. It is a wonder that Abbott worked at all, having simply the resources of a private fortune. Our galleries of art are not the offerings of selfish potentates to conciliate the favor of a pillaged people, nor have we had the recesses of centuries, from which to draw rich accessions. These galleries are the willing contributions of private generosity, and future munificence, combining with the revolutions of ages, may yet deposit here the spoils of the Louvre and the treasures of British museums.

“JUNE 16th.

“I have to-day paid Messrs. M. & Co., fifty dollars. This reduces my debt to them one hundred. The money which Mrs B. gave me on Saturday, she expected I would

spend in enjoying my vacation. She gave it for this purpose, but with a debt hanging over a man, he can't always feel like taking things easy, so I prefer to pay fifty dollars toward reducing my debt, and keep forty to put with some that Dr. T. will give me for vacation.

“SMITHTOWN, L. I., *July 11, 1856.*

“How quickly do our days revolve! Morning, noon, night—how rapid the succession! Every day a step nearer the arena of life, nearer the end of our pilgrimage below! With how little care are many of these days improved, and with how little immortal good are many of them fraught! Such were some of the reflections with which I returned to my resting place last evening. During the day I had taken a long journey. I went with religious tracts and books for gratuitous distribution among the scattered poor of this parish. I took a lonely route; I did not feel well during the morning, and but for the loneliness and extreme monotony of my boarding place, had not ventured from home; I conversed freely with the people in their retired homes, and everywhere was kindly received. Towards noon I found myself very weary, and was still far from home. In stopping at a certain place, I inquired as usual if there were any destitute families in the vicinity. In reply to my inquiries I was informed that there was a family resident about a mile and a half from them, ‘the last house out on the beach.’ I shrunk from the thought, for this would add three miles more to my journey, and I already wished myself at rest. I never turn from any prospect of doing good, or from any part of an undertaking while I have any strength. ‘The last house on the beach’ I repeated to myself. I must go there. I turned away from the woman in the direction she pointed. There was not exactly a road, but a sort of lane, and I followed it. As I walked along I revolved that text in my mind which says ‘there remaineth a rest for the people of God.’ I

remembered ‘He *went about* continually doing good,’ and the inward consciousness that I was desirous of following my Master, whether I succeeded or not, brought to my heart a peculiar joy. I did not feel so weary. Just then I turned my eye and beheld under a tree, in one of the recesses of a zig-zag fence, a very aged man. At first I was a little startled. I paused and addressed him, I soon took a seat beside him as he began to tell me his story. He was very poor, and was then engaged in mending an old coat. He was more than eighty years of age, and for five years had not been able to work. He now lived with his son who was poor, but made out to get along by means of his farm. He spoke of the kindness of his neighbors, but he was now so old he did not like to trouble them. He was then watching some cattle which he had driven up the lane to pasture, and was waiting till it should be time to drive them home. There was much in the old man’s manner and tone which affected me. He spoke of heaven, his home; how he longed to be there; how willing he was to wait until God took him. I made many inquiries; I asked if he ever suffered for want of anything. Sometimes he did, but by saying nothing he could get along without it, ‘only that pain in his stomach.’ As my custom is, I carried a small bottle of medicine in my pocket. From what the old man told me I thought there could be nothing better for him, and I gave it to him. I told him how to use it. I gave him a little money. I can never forget the blessing of the poor old man. He said he was too unworthy. He was sure I was no man from that part of the country, God had sent me there to relieve him. How should I be rewarded? He spoke of Jesus and the cup of cold water. He told me that morning and evening he would pray for me; he gave me his blessing, and called me the ‘poor man’s friend.’ Ten thousand pens could not record my joy. Many a poor man’s blessing I have received, but never aught like this. We spoke still of our Saviour and the

mansions of the blessed, and while he still blessed me I departed. Oh! thought I, as I turned, so much blessedness purchased by a walk and a few shillings, surely God had that day directed my steps. How rich, how deep, how full was my happiness! How often have I spent ten times that amount of money in endeavoring to give pleasure to some one much respected or dearly loved, for which effort I have received a simple acknowledgment, in which was pleasure but leaving the heart not satisfied; which won a smile, not a prayer; which, a single day, a frown, a little slight, might forever annihilate. But here is a pleasure not contingent, not transient, speaking of Jesus and reaching heavenward. I can still hear the old man's question 'who will reward you?' How little does he know how much I have in trust, that woe is unto me if I keep back one jot or tittle. 'To whom much is given, of him shall much be required.' 'Who will reward you?' he who giveth a cup of cold water shall not be without his reward. God might have sent me to bless the old man, but in sending me he doubly rewarded me.

"GEN. SEM., SUNDAY, *August 10th.*

"Little did I think I should be in New York to-night, where last I saw my journal. Man may appoint, God frequently disappoints. It had been my intention to start for Connecticut, to visit a friend there, and, in company with him, to visit Newport, Providence, and Boston, to return about the second week of September. Suddenly I was prostrated by a very violent attack of dysentery. For some two or three days I battled against it here in the seminary, assisted only by my physician. A friend hearing of my sickness came to visit me, and finding me extremely ill, insisted on carrying me to her house; and, perhaps to her kindness, under Providence, I am indebted for my life. For many days I continued in a very precarious condition, and one week ago to-night my friends were much alarmed

concerning me. On Monday I began to amend, and to-night I am strong enough to write a little. How much I have suffered I can never tell. How near I have been to the gates of death I do not know. God has been to me very merciful. I would I were able to express the sum of my feelings to-night! Since I was a child I have seldom been sick, and at no time till now have I been dangerously ill. I have had the care of many sick persons. I have moved among a variety of diseases, but have always escaped. I have been far from my home many times, and had I, at certain intervals, been attacked, must have suffered. But now, though the seminary is deserted, though so many of my friends are away from the city, yet has God raised me up a friend and a place in which to receive every kindness. May God evermore bless Mrs. R., and reward her according to her works. My sickness left me destitute of strength, and never before have I experienced the pain of weakness. For some days I could not move about, and now I am but barely able to walk. By degrees, however, I am gaining. To Thee, O God! the source of every blessing, let my thanks and praises ascend, and be pleased to accept, as a sacrifice to Thee, the life Thou hast so tenderly preserved.

“NEW YORK, *August 14, 1856.*

“When the heart is sad, and the spirit oppressed with a sense of its own loneliness, every employment seems insipid. There are times when the soul of itself throws off its cares, and becomes buoyant and happy. There are others, when melancholy mantles every thought, and gloom alone is made desirable. At these intervals of despondency, when a cloud obscures the future, when no voice of sympathy is near to break the spell, when the cold world, and all which time can at best offer seems worthless and unworthy the care of an immortal being, how great are the temptations to desist, to lie down with the common herd, to be satisfied with the simple gratification of the present, to have no

solicitude above the mere animal, and leave the spiritual to sink to absolute stagnation. At such a time the soul seems disarmed, surprised, helpless. Fears which had never been anticipated cast their long, deep shadows around it, and unmanly misgivings proclaim it a coward.

“ GEN. SEM., *September 17th.*

“ More than a month ago I penned the above page. Taken sick while I was writing, I was unable to proceed, and the next day went into the country, whence I have but just returned. What I was about to write I do not now remember. I suppose I was greatly depressed at the time, caused by the disordered state of my health, and was only about to give expression to some of my melancholy cogitations.

“ From New York I went to Troy. There I was met by a friend, who conveyed me to his house, where I was kindly and abundantly provided for. For about a week I continued ill, but when I did begin to grow better I rapidly recovered. I am much indebted to the good people who took care of me, and I shall endeavor not to forget it. After I had gained sufficient strength, I took frequent journeys into the country adjacent, with which I was much pleased. Troy is associated in my mind with other days and other circumstances. It was the first city, except New York, at which I stopped after my arrival in this country, now nearly ten years ago. Then I was a poor, friendless boy, without money, without employment, with no other fortune than my youth and my health. With little or no education, my prospects were anything but favorable. I was on my way to Saratoga, simply accompanying a wealthy uncle. I returned to this city alone, with my unaided energies to carve for myself a destiny. When I stood there and looked back upon the track of years, I could identify every step of my progress, though the interval had left little resemblance between the boy and the man. Varied associations came

clustering home. The uncle who then was with me has long since passed away. Slowly I have moved onward, and at no time has my course been downward. Already I am higher than my boyish anticipations had carried me, and now my prospects are not obscured.

“In one of my rambles I entered the cemetery of Albany, situated between that city and Troy. This cemetery is second only to Greenwood. I have nowhere seen such a variety of scenery, and such general good taste. Hill and dale so happily succeed each other, as in the general, to produce an effect highly pleasing. Monuments, trees, and fountains, in turn, challenge the admiration of the beholder, while the water, rushing through frequent ravines, dark and deep, sheds over the whole a rich solemnity in admirable harmony with the character of the place. * * I intended to mention before a piece of remarkable fortune which overtook me in the early part of vacation. During the past year I became acquainted with a lady who manifested a great interest in my welfare. She is now an old lady; the sister of John Jay, a distinguished statesman. This lady, during the year, learned that I had been endeavoring to educate myself, and by inquiry, found that I had incurred some debt. During the year she generously gave me more than a hundred dollars, and not long since she added to this the sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars, an amount very nearly equal to that of my indebtedness, leaving me now only about thirty dollars still to pay. I cannot express my emotions when the check was placed in my hands. I was taken quite by surprise. To say that I am thankful is to say very little. I feel grateful to her, and recognize in her the medium through whom a kind Providence has been pleased to bless me. May God bless her, and reward her according to her works.”

EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

It was in April, 1869, that Mr. Perinchief entered upon his duties in Philadelphia, as Secretary of the Evangelical Education Society. He remained there until the following November, when, because of many distasteful experiences, he resigned, and accepted a call to "The Memorial Church" in Baltimore. During his sojourn in Philadelphia, he kept the journals already mentioned in which he recorded not only his daily transactions, but many comments upon what he saw and heard as a business official of the church. From this manuscript I have culled such passages, (and they bear a small proportion to the whole,) as I thought might with propriety be published, and they will form the substance of the present chapter.

"APRIL 19, 1869.

"Entered upon my duties at 1224 Chestnut Street, to-day, imploring the divine presence with me, and blessing upon me.

"APRIL 20th.

"Had a talk relative to society matters. Young men taken too young. The boys in the preparatory department do not know their minds, have no mind in fact to know. They are easily influenced—change their opinions, and it turns out at last we educate young men for the high church party. We are allowing them to cultivate habits of extravagance, unfitting them for the work they ought to do, both immediately and remotely. I fear we are not selecting men with reference to their brain power. There is a sickly feeling among Christians that anything human is good

enough to preach, but until we get more brains in the pulpit, we must be content to see the church the arena of every folly and weakness,—impotent in herself and laughed at or let alone by the world.

“ APRIL 22*d*.

“ Had another talk about clergymen and churches and rich men. The clergy cringing and servile, selfish and obsequious. One of them writing to a rich man the other day, ‘ thanking God that he lived in the same time.’ In view of the ignorance and unculture of the church and the oppressiveness of wealth, I have often felt, and often said, it is a wonder the church lives at all. It is strange, in all our hair-splitting, we do not inquire what conversion is, or what is the value of such conversion as ours? What is the difference between our ambition and pride, and those of worldly men? We varnish ours over with a talk about the glory of God, which means in ninety-nine mouths out of a hundred, nothing at all good.

“ The fashions of this world are a sin against every law of sincerity, humility, modesty, and honesty; I know not but all virtue. In the first place, I cannot think a truly wise man can accumulate an inordinate fortune. Great wealth is as unnatural as great poverty, and far more dangerous. I would not be under the dominion of such laws as govern so-called Christian society, for a million of worlds. The servants of a rich man are his masters. But be that as it may, if a man is fool enough to be a slave, let him—but why should we call the pomps and vanities of wealth, in any sense, Christian? Why should we call the hollowness and show and costliness of affluence—civilization? Whatever ignores heart and mind, cannot be wise. We talk of Christian civilization. The thing has never been known; such a civilization is wholly a thing of the future. What righteousness would do for our race, we do not know, for we have never tried it. * * * The Saviour went to

feasts, but he brought the feasts up to his standard. He did not go down to their's. I know it is extremely difficult to draw a line between wise hospitality, and puritanical meanness; but there are extremes, and we can tell when we are out of the *via media*. * * *

“It is well, I suppose, to know this world—the stuff it is made of—but what would I not give, if I could convey my experiences and impressions to my children? When I look upon such scenes as those, to which I have alluded, I am compelled to witness sometimes families torn—husbands and fathers committing crime, or taking to drink, on account of the difficulties arising from extravagance; when I read, as we do now every day, of men and women committing suicide, I feel one side is the legitimate result of the other. Instead of money making it easier to live, it is making it harder; instead of our civilization being a blessing, it is a curse. There is no soul culture in it. Man is the cheapest thing in the world. Engines and tracks are of more value than the men who make and run them. In view of the wretchedness I see in the world, I confess that suicides and murders do not surprise me. When I contemplate the struggle I have to wage, in order to feed and shelter and clothe my little ones, I am often saddened by the thought of what they would do if I were taken away from them. If they can hardly live with me, what would they do without me? In the case of the man, here in Philadelphia, who killed his wife and children, and then drowned himself, it was in evidence that he was a good and tender-hearted man—only anxious—sometimes desponding. I can easily understand it—worn and weary, but affectionate and kind, he thought the surest way was to settle the whole question forever. If it were not for a trust in God how could I live? How do men live who do not have that filial, confiding sense of dependence? And how are men to get that sense of trust—of faith? The church ought to teach it—but does she? She teaches worldliness and

unfaith, builds churches, and buys clothes or vestments, and places a tax even upon worship. If we only knew God ourselves, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, surely it would not be so difficult to bring men to him. But it may be that more men know God than we think of. O, blessed God, I hope so; I trust more souls are fed by thee than we feed, are fed out of thine own hand, who feed not out of our troughs. It must be, Oh God, so let it be. Feed thy children, draw near to them, even to me, also, and mine. Make us to find Thee, and learn of Thee, and trust Thee. Keep us amid this wilderness; open our path; be our pillow of cloud and of fire; forsake us not, nor leave us, but bring us to that home which is heaven. We cannot go there unless we are fitted for that place. Fit us—not by any mere outward appearances, but by all inward culture and growth, for Jesus' sake.

“APRIL 23d.

“Busy the whole day making out lists of students, places at which they are studying, amounts of money paid each year, &c. Number of our beneficiaries, 105; amount paid them upward of \$30,000 yearly. Letter received to-day from a clergyman declining \$100 for his son, because the grant was not \$200. The letter said he had a right or claim because he was an Evangelical man. * * * A man who can modify his views from any outside considerations is no man for us, if he is a man at all. * * * Our object is to aid young men, not to buy them, to help; as I understand it, not wholly to support; for if we adopt the idea of an entire support it will be difficult to fix a limit, as the society is beginning to see. * * * The wonder to me is greater every day that the church stands at all. We are none of us seeking the things of Christ, even in that action which is necessary in our daily work—only our isms—evermore.

“Talked of a certain clergyman getting \$4,000 instead of

\$2,000 paid to his predecessor. Pew rents raised to a corresponding figure and the élite coming into the church a sign of prosperity, the said man being a fop and a man of pretension. His note paper of a very fancy order. Another clergyman of the same sort I met on the street; large as life, clerical to the very throat, fat, hearty, evidently 'in position,' well satisfied with himself and with the world. *

* * I feel no inspiration in my new work thus far. It seems unnatural—artificial. I have lived away from thought, and though my study kills me, I do not see how I can live out of it. A life that admits of no contemplation is no life for me, even if I should grow fat. However, God help and bless me. May I have grace to learn something, and be fitted for a work more congenial at a future day.

“SUNDAY, *April 25th.*

“Attended a clerical prayer meeting. It was not exactly that, but like a debating society. The statement was made that we were not particular enough in our prayers—specifying. We did not believe and so did not receive. Anecdotes were told of men obtaining shoes, because they asked for shoes directly. One woman had her husband returned to her. One brother said when he lost a paper, he prayed the Lord to help him find it. Another called this *childlike* faith. He did not seem to realize that it was *childish* faith, or the absence of faith. One man asked if we did not sin when we attempted to reason about such things? I confess I was a little startled at this question, to think that a middle-aged man, a man who was supposed to have received some education, could ask such a question. I have tried to think what his mind can be, or what he has where mind ought to be. What can he imagine the command to mean, where we are bidden to love God with all our mind? Happily for all of us, this stuff was resisted. One brother present could not believe that the more ignorant man, was therefore

the better man. Another brother protested against construing a mere coincidence into a law. A man might ask for potatoes, and get potatoes, but he might have gotten potatoes if he had not asked. The asking and getting in that case was a coincidence. The hour passed and the talk closed. But verily 'if the blind lead the blind how shall not both fall into the ditch.' How can our world be anything but what it is—a dark world—when so many of us are doctors of darkness and not divine teachers in any sense whatever."

One of Mr. Perinchief's leading duties was to visit the larger cities on begging tours for the society. One clergyman with total income of nearly \$30,000 invited him *cordially* to visit his magnificent church, promising to introduce him to rich men, &c., and afterwards took back the invitation, because he was going on a tour of pleasure for two months, &c., and offered him an evening in the *chapel* of his church. After commenting on this last letter, Mr. Perinchief writes as follows :

" APRIL 29th.

" Here is a shining light ! God help us ! How does the church stand ? Now this is a direct illustration of how much the church is worth. What can such lights do for the good of mankind ? What can a man in his condition, with his disposition, teach us of God—of the meek and lowly Jesus ? What could he teach to such a fashion-ridden people as his ? I have my doubts sometimes whether we ought to increase the ministry, whether the church is not a hindrance to mankind, more than a help. I do not wonder there are so few men among us—but my wonder is there are so many. It is such men who turn the heads of our youth, make the ministry a place for the worldly and selfish ; such men who build great churches, give mankind a stone, when it is asking God for bread. If this man and his letters were exceptions, it would make little matter ;

but when they are the rule, is it not time for some of us to be honest men, and come out and tell the world what humbugs we are? Ought we not to pray God to root up this concern called a church, as, indeed, He appears to be doing, and bring in something which shall be stripped of pretension and lies. However, part of my object in entering upon this work was to find out the church and learn something. I have had an inkling through many years of what we really are. May God have mercy upon me, and shield me in this day of bitter trial. I hardly know what to do—I am much distressed. * * *

“APRIL 29, 1869.

“I find frequently among the clergy a state of depression—a feeling of unrest—a consciousness that things are not right; sometimes a sense of despair. There are two classes of men perfectly satisfied, at the head of one, men who are hypocrites, with their nests well feathered! well satisfied with themselves! They do not intend always to deceive, but, like the old Scribes and Pharisees, are themselves deceived! blind guides! The other class is constituted of bipeds, without brains—men who never think—to whom a thought would be worse than the nightmare!—*goodish*, harmless, do-less creatures, who think it is a sin to think! Between these two, over and above them, is a class of honest, holy men, lying in the stalls like sheep for the slaughter; and, on the other hand, men making a play of life, and a traffic of everything sacred! O, gracious God, take pity on us, on our poor race! Keep me. Open Thou my eyes. Help me to feel Thou art not far off—Lord Jesus, come quickly. This society, and all kindred societies, are only the exertion of an expiring church to keep itself from extinction. It is artificial—a thing which the church, in its zeal and vigor, ought to make impossible. A missionary society is a noble thing; but I confess to a sense of humiliation and shame, when we have to resort to the

little children, and then, not so much to instruct and do them good, as to get ten cents out of each one. The stimulant to our youth is in the direction of money. We believe in money; manhood may go to the dogs; wisdom may die,—is dead!

“MAY 1, 1869.

“At the office, early in the morning, found young — disputing with — about money. The young man thought more money was due him, when the books showed he had much overdrawn. The young man was *fully dressed up*, and had an artificial way of talking, which is so prevalent among the clergy, that one often wonders if they any longer know the English language. My impression is, these young men have an idea we are a bank for supporting their follies. It is high time that idea be removed; though in some instances, from all appearance, it will take away the only idea that some of them have.

“MAY 7th.

“In certain places in Italy they have 365 holes for burials—one for each day of the year, and open a new one every day. The bodies are thrown in promiscuously—all naked,—lime and other substances are thrown upon them, and then they are left to dissolve. By the time the year rolls round for the same hole to be opened the various substances are absorbed by the earth. Even among the higher classes, none remain where they are first placed. The rich pay a certain price to remain in one place a year, and so in proportion, up to ten years. Beyond that, they must be removed to their final resting place, which is, nobody knows where. Only kings and princes have graves which are their own. This is *modern civilization*; “Christian civilization,” I suppose, some would call it! It is fast getting to be a misfortune to live, and certainly it is a calamity to die. Even in this country the loss of a friend is a double calamity.

The cost of a funeral is so great. You first lose your friend, and then lose your money. Very few can afford to die, however inconvenient they may find it to live. In our cities our cemeteries are becoming so expensive we shall have to dig holes before long, and do as they do in Italy. What a sin that this country should be brought to such a condition! I heard a gentlemen say that when he was in Europe a poor man stood by him when he was looking into one of these holes, and most touchingly grieved over the fact that his boy, whom he had lost, had to be thrown in there. It is the class at the bottom which has at last to pay the piper for the dances gotten up by grandeur and modern civilization. Yet in this country, by laziness, by exaction, by worthlessness, they are doing as much as any class to precipitate such a condition.

“MAY 8th.

“Scarcely a day goes by—not a day—in which I do not see men plotting for mere position, their own petty, selfish, advantage. Half of us are only making place for ourselves. This lies at the bottom of more than half our work! I am certain we have not yet learned Christ. I thank God they do strike me as strange, and I pray the Spirit of all love, that, as I perceive how hateful a spirit of self, really is, I may get rid of it more and more, and live not unto myself, but to Him who died and gave himself for me. People say I move about a great deal, very unnecessarily; I wonder if it be not because I have not learned to make a place for myself. I have made places for other men. Even so I heard of a man to-day, whose people made him a present of a house, *he is settled and done for*—and so are they.

“I think there is not so much sympathy in us now-a-days as there used to be. One man illustrates it by reference to our great charities—asylums, children’s homes, &c. I think these are one evidence of decay in themselves; that in a righteous civilization! a true Christian civilization! they

would not be needed; that some of our asylums are very questionable in their nature—which I have seen charged with being only so many accessories to sin and even to crime. Even if it were not so, yet, it certainly is true that these charities of ours, in many instances, have run into a trade; in some instances they are political in their nature; and so far then they were trades; and charges have to be preferred against their officers, as in the case of Girard College. Moreover, men are relying upon societies and various institutions to do all their charity. Some men never give money to the poor. They, doing it as a duty give it to third parties; the poor receive it as their due; both sides are made poorer. The rich man has eased his conscience, and the poor man gets every day more dependant. Heart nowhere touches heart. One man says our age is a fast age. Cities grow rapidly, so much so, that men cannot spend time in the exercise of the humbler virtues; business makes heavy demands upon time; and, in short, the whole tenor of our modern life demands that our charities should be delegated. Then, the question remains whether our civilization, after all, is a wise one—whether our tendency to large cities be not an evil in itself—whether all this we have mentioned does not prove that our age is decaying, because man is decaying? But I cannot help thinking there are men who never reflect whether they are going to the kingdom of God or not, who have not analyzed life to see what of wisdom it has in it, who have never looked into religion and Heaven, so far as to see that they do not ebb and flow, according to our civilization; who have never reflected upon the character of Christ sufficiently to perceive that He said what He said, and was what He was, for the express purpose of delivering us from all unwisdom, and making us sons of God. They do not see, that being lost, means not to have the graces and virtues that were in Christ, and that if they have not these, no matter what the cause was, they cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.

They read, but they do not understand, the words: 'My kingdom is not of this world.'"

Having recorded an account of a church where he had been invited to preach, and present the claims of this society, he writes as follows:

"After the sermon, notice was given of a collection for the family of a poor unfortunate. This man died here a week ago from poverty and overwork, leaving a family—wife and six children—in a helpless and destitute condition. He had a small life policy—but no home, no resources—and now I fear an appeal will be all in vain. The rector shed tears in talking of him, but there did not seem to be anything more than a professional interest in what he said. And this, I fear, is one effect of our charity system. The giver gives to a medium; *the medium makes a business of it*; and the receiver knows not the giver. So, at last, no real sympathy is created. The rector said our collection to-day would be about \$300 for the society. He expected to get very little for the poor widow and her children. But he said, afterwards, the people, '*for whose preservation on the great deep,*' prayers were offered, were very wealthy people; that the gentleman told him he had laid by \$20,000 for his expenses this summer abroad! No wonder the widow and the fatherless are destitute, and the pulpits lean and frivolous. By the way, this is becoming a very delicate and fashionable way of letting everybody know we are going to Europe: '*prayers of the church are desired for persons going to sea.*' If they received any good themselves, or brought home anything valuable, there would be some comfort in praying for them; but when they live at home doing no good, and go abroad for their pleasure, and come back with nothing but Parisian folly, I wonder why they should think God ought specially to preserve them. They ought to be prayed for truly, but I thought to-day: 'I wonder if

anybody here will pray for these people, or are we all just running through the common farce?' And the widow and her orphans may starve—but it matters nothing if Mr. Golddust and his family see life in Europe, and get home safe and sound.

“MAY 12th.

“My soul rejoiced under the preaching of Philip Brooks. This is the first time I have heard him, and he gave us the best sermon I have heard for years. He is the only man I have heard for a long, long time, who, in my judgment, knows how to preach. His sermon was full of rich, practical, common sense. His thoughts were philosophical, timely, and logically expressed. My soul thanked God that the church had yet a prophet! that we were not all dead or dumb. May he go on and wake up this slumbering mass of so-called Christians, till the truth is heard and God is glorified. I confess I felt much helped, but, at the same time, felt I was out of my place—for, as I was moved, more than ever I felt the great privilege of being able to move others. Indeed, every day, more and more I feel I am aside from my proper work. Serving tables, when I ought to be ‘giving myself to the ministry of the word and to prayer.’ All things work together for good, and so I strive for the best. I suppose I ought not now to repent of having taken my present position; but I feel necessity is laid upon me to get back to my own work—the work my master has given me to do—as soon as I can.

MAY 15th.

“While travelling in the cars a little incident, this day, touched me. Just before me sat a very plain looking man. His face was brown, his hands hard and dark colored. I perceived he was a sailor. He looked strong and healthy; had no appearance whatever of dissipation; had a look of happiness, of expectation, about him. In his hand he held

something, a little box, very carefully. Every now and then he would gently open it and look within to see that everything was right. Sitting behind him as I did, I perceived his box was a case of very delicate shell-work. In the centre, very exquisitely wrought in small shells, were the words, 'To my pet.' As we passed on I got into conversation with him. He was on his way home, after an absence of three years. He was anxious to see his parents, from whom he had not heard for some time. His little box was a present for his little niece, and his heart was beating in high hope. There was a manly bearing in the man. He seemed to feel he had acted like a man since he went away. Some how, my soul rejoiced in that man; I felt that the captain who was over him had a sailor he could trust in a dark night, on a lee shore, with a storm coming on. I felt a profound admiration for this manhood of ours, which, even in a common sailor, could be noble. The love of his home, his thought of that little child, made me respect him; I felt what blessings are these ties of nature; I imagined him in his night-watches, dreaming over his home associations; in his turn 'on shore' lifted above temptation by recollections of home. Verily, if we could only be wise, be what God wants us to be, what a happy world after all ours might be. Of all the faces I saw this day, none pleased me like that of this rough sailor. All the title to nobility any man can have, is that which he carries within him. It may live under a woolen shirt, and nerve a hand that is horny; but wherever it exists it is sublime—the pledge of a better world.

"I dined with a friend, and took tea, also. After tea, family prayers. It always seems strange to me, that in most families where I go, whether of clergymen or otherwise, they call on me to pray at their family altar. I never think of such a thing as asking anybody to pray for me at mine. There is nobody who ought to offer prayers at our home-

sanctuary but the head of the family, except under peculiar circumstances.

“ MAY 20th.

“I called on Mrs. —, on entering, I found three persons in the parlor, two gentlemen and one lady. I said to one of the gentlemen, I had called to see Mrs. —; he said that is Mrs. —, pointing to the lady; I bowed, told her my name and handed her a letter of introduction. While she was reading it, the gentlemen retired. When she had finished, I said, I presumed she had heard of the society, but with her permission I would like to tell her more about it. I will remark here, that Mrs. —, is a woman of great wealth, living in a large house, with every luxury, a person of supposed education and refinement, not shoddy, not petroleum. She said she had heard of the society; that her impression was, a collection had recently been taken for it in church. She said this not very pleasantly, but in about the same tone in which she would speak to a beggar at the door. I said, yes. I knew she was often called upon, and doubted not she had given something, but I wished to impress her with a sense of our situation, and to solicit her additional aid. But she did not believe in educational societies; ‘young men made them a stepping stone to social position.’ Here she brought this great crime against the clergy again, the crime of aspiring to be equal to her. Here the pride of that fearful condition of wealth stuck out again—the scorn for the poor. She said she thought it desirable that talent should be brought into the church; but there was the very point—‘talent would always take care of itself. All the self-made men get along without society aid.’ I admitted that to a certain extent, what she said was true, but there were many considerations she had left out. When we looked around us, we could see many deserving men who had helped themselves, but who was left to speak for those who had died in the attempt? ‘Oh, dear,’ said she, ‘who

ever heard of such a thing?' I then told her of a class-mate of mine in college, who died the third day after graduating! died from want and exposure. I told her this was not hearsay, but I was testifying to what I had seen. This involved somewhat my own experiences, I touched upon the idea, that how, even when men survive, they are often crippled for life; that I myself broke down the last year in the seminary, and had never seen a well day since. I observed a tear; she had gotten much interested in what I had said, and her heart was touched a little. I doubt not she thought she was feeling like a Christian. Thus it is, people go even to church, and listen to the recital of others' woes and misfortunes, and even the vices and crimes of their fellow-creatures, feel touched by it, and think that is religion. Indeed the woes and vices are beginning to be a staple of entertainment in our sentimental churches. We talk so much about them, that people forget them.

"The unhappy woman replied, 'Yes; that convinces me God does not intend that we should transgress any laws; to my mind it is clear God wants us to take care of ourselves.' I replied, 'but what becomes of your plan of a young man taking care of himself?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I meant that he should lay up his money, and live well, and take plenty of exercise.' 'But how can he?—his money! what money?' 'Oh, there is always a way, if one looks for it. But,' she quickly ejaculated, 'what about your own health; are you well?' 'No, madam; I am not—never expect to be.' 'But does not your present work do you good?' 'Possibly it would if I could get to my home every night; but, being away from my home, I have to eat food not very well suited to me—have to eat at irregular times. Sometimes I get wet, even to-day I am suffering from neuralgia, arising from my getting wet yesterday.' 'You have a family, have you?' 'Yes, madam.' 'Where are they?' 'In Philadelphia.' 'Are they in want?' 'No, thank God; they have a home, and are comfortable.'

‘They pay you, then, for your work?’ ‘Yes;’ and here, for fear she would begin to think I was begging money for my own salary, I told her ‘Mr. Jay Cooke pays my salary, himself, so that I need not ask a cent, except for the young men, so that every dollar may go to the proper work of the society.’ Here, she took from her purse ten dollars, and said, ‘I have nothing now to give to the society, but’—horror of horrors—‘here are ten dollars for yourself.’ ‘Oh, madam!’ I replied, starting back, ‘how strange this would be, were I, an agent of a society, to take money for myself.’ ‘You are not offended, I hope,’ she replied, with a look of indignation and surprise. ‘I insist upon it, you must take it for yourself.’ Here was a scene brewing, I hesitated, amazed at the woman’s indelicacy, indignant at the thought of her pride, her selfish conceit. What to do, I did not know, with the ten dollars thrust into my hand. I said I cannot promise, madam, any further than to assure you I will *use* this money, meaning that I would apply it to my expenses, and so save that much to the society. I turned and came away—I own to a *new sensation*. Had I come to this? exciting sympathy to the extent of ten dollars from a millionaire, and all for myself? Is this the estimate the church has of the clergy? We are tolerated, but we ought to be crushed, kept to our places, where we can be patronized—true objects of charity! This is Christian civilization—a woman not able to see that her refinement and culture are, indeed, very filthy rags, in which she never will flourish in the kingdom of God. I thought it was high time for me to leave. I felt, verily the *tender mercies* of the wicked are cruel.

“MAY 22d.

“Preached at — Church, Boston; one of the wealthiest churches in the city. The congregation was small—about 300 persons—they of the sleepest possible order—wealthy, and very evidently *dead*. They have no rector; find it diffi-

cult to get one. I could not help feeling, as they were singing,—they, *i. e.*, the choir,—‘what a heartless formality the church is, after all.’ The music was of the operatic order; done by a paid choir of theatricals. The *Te Deum* took up about a quarter of an hour. The services were languid, and even the minister, a gentleman, *locum tenens*, seemed abstracted and hopeless. He offered the usual prayer. A prayer offered, I find, by nine out of ten of our ministers. A prayer, God seems to have heard, ‘Make *lean* our hearts within us’—lean enough they are. Possibly it is better the people do not go to church, than that we should all settle down to the level of offering to God such mockery. * * ‘But I read an article the other evening in an Episcopal paper, extolling the procession of boys, the singing, the cross and emblems, as the very essence of religion; just think of that! what the Episcopal church has reached and what it would bring us to.’ And so it is indeed, these heartless æsthetic services bring religion into contempt. In them the church is a source of harm. Talk of high and low church—the fact is, high or low! what we want is religion.

“MAY 22d.

Truly our civilization has neglected to build at the bottom of society, and now the cry for help is fearful. We have built too much of money—of wood and hay and stubble! not enough anywhere, of mind and heart and soul, of real and divine culture. We have put in earthly things till even the church is engrossed in them, and the hearts of both sides are set upon them, while spirit and truth are languishing, and with all our show, and all our work, the race is hungry and faint and dying. Our rich people are embalmed in pride, they think if they take care of themselves that is enough, that they have nothing to do with the common people; and to them, all people who have no money are common.

“JUNE 9th.

Had a talk with a man full of second Advent—strange how some men run into speculation, always dreaming over what might be, not understanding things that are. This man, evidently a good man, and a man of thought, came in with the intention of giving me a lecture; he has no idea that he can be wrong, he insists upon giving ideas. In doing that, if you ask him to define his terms, he seems never to have thought that they could need defining. A strong Calvinist, he takes for granted that his predestination is the one thing needful, and is startled if anybody calls it in question. I was much amused when he was gone, at the look of surprise on his face as he went out; and I was a little surprised at myself, for I had intended to listen, but instead, found myself giving him a lecture. We all have our hobbies; and so it is, I suppose, God keeps all truth from perishing.

“JUNE 10th.

“In looking back at the record of my visit to New York I find it extremely meagre. My experiences there were anything but delightful; my impressions anything but consoling. If Paul felt better when he got through with the beasts at Ephesus than I did when I got through with some of those men, he felt superlatively well. One experience paid him for the other. Some of our rich men are mostly animal. They are not aware of the extent to which money has eaten the soul out of them. One man, I knew ten years ago—he had then long been wealthy—was retired from business, but he had some ideas of humility, had much left of humanity. This time I had a talk with him. I discovered a sad lapse, a fearful retrogression. I talked with him as I do with others about the society. But I go off then to the study of these strange beings; I endeavor irrespective of the society, to find out what there is of the man in them. I find there too often only pride, self-arrogance;

I say too often—almost always. In many instances they are not even gentlemen; and as to generosity, I know few rich men relative to whom the word can be used. I know of no man who gives anything but what he can easily spare; anything that, when given, has touched the point where real giving, true generosity, begins. Then the giving, such as it is, ruins them—first, it places them in a condition or position from which they only patronize; when they have given, they only feel prouder than ever; they use that position from which to ventilate their ideas. Then others learn to flatter them, and they drink in flattery as if it were nectar. Thus rich men put on airs; grow really vulgar, unmanly; and so extremes meet at last, poverty and riches in the same thing, all unculture, absence of any real wisdom, and all true development. Then, the general influence of such men is extremely injurious; a peculiar atmosphere surrounds them. Put them together in churches and you concentrate nothingness. The Gospel, of necessity, dies where they are. I could not help asking myself as I turned away from — rectory—‘How is it possible for this man to preach the Gospel?’ He is but a victim of riches; a man who could take the place he occupies, must of necessity be a dead man, for two reasons—they would not call any other, and no other would go there, or suit them. They imagine they are a power, when in reality they are of no more force in the plans of God in — — than the stone sidewalk. The news-boys are a greater power. They place great value on themselves, but God corrects them not. And so all the way through, when men get to patronizing God, as so many of our churches are doing, they are a curse to themselves and others. They will not listen to truth. It cannot be presented to them; whatever good is done on earth, must be done in spite of them. They are not in the kingdom of heaven, and I fear they never will be. One great difficulty about all this is—nobody can understand it who has not a spiritual eye to see it. It is not a thing that

one intelligence can demonstrate to another. It is like beauty and the essence of anything not to be told, but to be perceived and felt. Then it is stronger than demonstration. Christ himself could only say 'how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.' That is all that can be said, all that need be said to a wise man. The only hopeful thing about the church is, that the clergy are beginning to see the moral death all around them, to feel the slavery wealth imposes, the fearful fetters all this conventional nightmare creates. Yet, they have no just conception of the real state of the case. Doctor —— spoke most plainly to me of it, but he only sees through a glass darkly. I wonder how he can be so blind as he is, though perhaps the real wonder is he should see at all. When men are in rail cars together, they look at each other and do not seem to move, or if they know they are moving, they are unconscious of their speed. Doctor —— said to me, he never knew a generous layman. I replied 'do we not teach that nobleness, unselfishness, all that is humble and generous and true, are heavenly and of the kingdom of heaven?' 'If so, how can we tell these men they are going to heaven?' It is meet' I added 'that we should be as noble and pure and unselfish and generous as possible ourselves.' *Somebody* said he could not think of New York as anything now upon the face of God's earth but the feeder of Greenwood. The Metropolis of Necropolis—the beginning and the ending—all very well, if that were the ending, and in reality 'the Metropolis, the Necropolis'—the place of the dead; the spiritually dead; and the hereafter!

"JUNE 13th.

"The rector saw me, and sent for me. I went in, put on the gown, and preached an extempore sermon on the work of the Evangelical Educational Society. I somehow feel that the minds and hearts of the people are not with the church. We have vastly more churches than are

needed; *i. e.*, vastly more than the people will use. Those who do go to church are seemingly content that the church should die. They feel no interest in its work, and care not that there should be clergy to carry it on. Possibly this apathy on the part of the people is a consequence of the apathy on the part of the clergy. I somehow felt, to-day, that there was not much of any sort of spirit in that church calculated to awake the sympathies and energies of the congregation. The deacon who read the service most certainly did not know how to read, or did not understand what he was reading, and seemed not to care to have the people understand. My friend had told me I need not come over unless I chose, that he could get more money out of his people than I could. I went over this morning on the strength of that, expecting to hear him; indeed, expecting to borrow his ideas; *i. e.*, to see his way of presenting the subject. When I arrived he told me he had nothing but an old sermon fixed over; in short, nothing; and I must address the congregation. Unprepared, I had to do it. Now that kind of spirit—nothing to say to them—will kill any church; and so much ‘Nothing to say,’ on the part of the clergy has, perhaps, done more to kill the church than any other single cause whatever. An incident occurred to-day, however, worth mentioning. There was no collection taken, but persons were invited to give, as is usual, by cards or pledges; and this afternoon the anniversary offerings of the Sunday School were to be given to us. But as I was coming out of the church with the rector, long after the congregation had gone, a young lady dressed in black came up the aisle and beckoned to Mr. —. When he reached her, she placed in his hand a ten dollar bill as her response to my appeal. This girl, he told me, was a serving girl, and this money was probably all she had. The incident greatly moved me.

“ JULY 1st.

“ Sick, but at the office, and did nothing of any account. To-day there came into the office a clergyman, who had secured, by some means, a D. D., and thought himself a great man. I remember to have heard him speak several years ago of his position in the church. Of late years he has done little or nothing in several small parishes, and yet the air of condescension and patronage he put on! An air which, in less than three months, alienated everybody from him. I was led, from his action and experience, to ask myself whether, in all probability, the man had ever attained to a conception of what it is to give oneself to the Lord. He evidently has been working all his life in pride and selfishness, *enjoying position*, and seeking place, not knowing that any place upon earth was *high* enough for God's service, and that that service, in any degree, was good enough for him, provided it was the very best and purest he could render. It comes back to what I have often thought and said before, that they whom the church is carrying are vastly more in number than they who are carrying the church! My prayer to God is, if I am one who is merely serving myself, under pretense of serving Him, I may discover it and amend. O, thou God, who knowest the secrets of all hearts, thou knowest I have desired to serve and glorify thee. Make me thy son, not one of thy hired servants.

“ AUGUST 31st.

“ Read letters, and had a long talk with Dr. Sparrow. He thinks I ought not to resign my present post, but insist upon my plan of administering the society, and stick to it, for the sake of the church. His ideas are very good so far as they go; but my chief reasons for leaving the society are just those I cannot tell him.

“ I am beginning to have a conviction, rather my impressions are growing into a conviction, that we do not need

such a society. First, I cannot see that a large proportion of the young men we are helping will ever be anything more than so much clerical rubbish, of which we have already an abundant supply; second, beyond all question we are educating young men into notions of the church and the priesthood, false, ruinous, and prejudicial to the real interests—temporal and spiritual—of the human race; third, we are taking up young men too lazy to work, and are putting them into positions which they, by pride and vanity, render contemptible; fourth, why cannot the clergy educate the young men found to their hand. I have educated two young men, both useful men now in the ministry, neither of whom asked a dollar from any society. Then, this coming in contact with rich men, this begging money, is the most humiliating work a man ever had to do upon earth. Rich men! I know few who try to redeem the character of the class. The very work is degradation. All this I could not tell the doctor, but it is all in my mind; and, to say nothing of my yearning for my regular work, the ill-health of my wife, and many other matters compel me to seek a parish with all speed. The doctor looks at things merely from the standpoint of a teacher, and if all teachers were like him we should have no trouble; but when our seminaries are filled with men below the ordinary, men of contracted and obsolete views, it gives rise to the question—Whether seminaries themselves be a blessing?

“SEPTEMBER 5th.

“Went to church to-night. I like the rector because there is something peculiarly hearty and earnest about him. Yet his address was of the uniform orthodox character—very simple. What appears to me very unsatisfactory, would be to me, certainly, very unedifying. What strikes me, when I am listening to these discourses, is, that the men do not see the truths they repeat. There is no

depth, there is no force, no practical value attaching. I can find nothing that goes down into the eternal subjects touched, and I really cannot wonder men keep out of church. What I call the great issues of life—life itself—in its multiplied relations, duties and demands, is not touched. There is nothing said that brings out the majesty of life, the fearfulness of life, the beauty of life—nothing that connects the here with the hereafter. This calling upon men to join the church, drawing distinctions between those who do and those who do not, distinctions which are merely imaginary, and are unfortunately growing less and less actual in practical fact, and can never avail in building up souls in wisdom. After all, can anything make us ministers of God, except God's own spirit? Can we see light, except in God's own light? These thoughts were deepened this evening upon the occasion of hearing —— preach; my wife and I went expressly to hear him. He had a tolerable congregation, about three hundred, with a goodly sprinkling of men. It was the number of men I observed which caused me to count them. I counted ninety-five. Now, I thought, here is a chance to generate a few life thoughts, but there was nothing of the sort; only St. Paul, the greatness of his character, and the fidelity of the man. True, by inference, it was a good lesson to us, but there is the point. Nothing of St. Paul's times was made to apply to us, and the result was a sentimental admiration for the Apostle, who, if he had been alive to-night, could not have gained access to that church, and whom these very people would probably not have listened to if he had undertaken to speak a word to them there—even a word of life. There is the trouble with our gospel; it is no gospel. Men in the pulpit, with learning and rhetoric, telling about the games of Greece. Stuffed men in the pews will do well enough for a play, but we must have something higher and broader if our world is to be better than that in which St. Paul lived. Many of our congregations, I verily believe,

would not, *could* not, give Paul, or any man like him, the patient hearing he got at the Acropolis! Talk of 'the church,' bishops, priests, and deacons—what would the world be if there were nothing in it better than these. The greatest mystery in life to me is, that the majority of the human race can be humbugged as they are with names and shows.

“SEPTEMBER 6th, 1869.

“Going into town this morning, a lady and her daughter just returned from the sea shore, amused me very much with their conversation, all about dresses, hats, balls and parties; the young lady's age not nineteen, so near to it however, as to admit of little jokes about it. Such a mess of earthiness, childishness, emptiness, heartlessness, folly; could it be possible that these were two *human* beings? The thought came to my mind, as to the possibility of reaching such people. What is there to reach? Yet this condition must have had a cause. But here we are, these are only atoms that help to swell the tide; such are our times I can see no hope of reform to any great extent. Individuals must do the best they can for themselves. I felt the force of that scripture—'save yourselves from this unto-ward generation.'

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1869.

When I see the many who are trifling with us, I question whether our society had not better die. Young men of real worth will not join us; at any rate, they are modest in what they request. As to seminaries, I have lost faith in them too. The young men there are as self-seeking as the young men in our stores, only not half so manly and independent, with now and then a noble exception. We want men to go into humble places and teach the people. These seminaries teach them all sorts of foolish dignity, and fit them for anything in the world but usefulness.

LATER PARISH EXPERIENCES.

After leaving the Evangelical Society as already mentioned, Mr. Perinchief went to Baltimore in November, 1869; thence to Bridgeport, Pa., in July 1870, and to York, Pa., in 1873, where he was at the head of a school, and also pastor of St. John's church. He went to Mount Holly, New Jersey in 1874, and finally back to Bridgeport, remaining there the rest of his life. During all these years he kept a fragmentary journal, and a few portions of it will be found in the following chapter:

“BALTIMORE, *Feb.* 10, 1870.

“I went to make a call, and just as I was coming out of the house, a question was asked reflecting on my preaching. This led to a conversation in which I endeavored to enlighten the person, at the same time trying to find out what he thought. After a talk of about two hours, extending up to half past ten o'clock at night, I found I had been absolutely talking in vain, forever coming back again to the point, which I supposed I had settled, finding that he never looked beyond the mere letter of the Scripture. As the Romanist does when he says ‘this is my body;’ that he imagined the passage which says ‘God created us in his own image,’ to mean that our bodily shapes were like those of the invisible God, who has no bodily shape. I found he always used the words wisdom and knowledge, and so understood them as precisely the same. He went on to say that in all candor, he must tell me he did not think I—and then he stopped, for I interrupted him—I think he was going to say he did not think I could preach the Gospel. From all

I could make out of his idea of the Gospel or of preaching is, that I should be forever telling the people what sinners they were, and urging them to join the church. Of course I could not sleep at all that night, nor have I yet recovered from the effect of that talk. They are the men who are always telling us the world is going to destruction, that the people no longer go to church. They alone cannot see that men of the world are wiser than they. They insist that their theology is all the theology there is worth knowing; and while the church is dying of narrowness, they, only too ignorant of its malady, true to all the instincts they have, must needs make it narrower.

“BRIDGEPORT, *Aug.* 10, 1870.

“To go back a little, I record here the peculiar circumstances under which I came here. The work of my parish in Baltimore was altogether too much for me. The ‘Memorial’ was a delightful field, so far as any ministerial field is, where a man endeavors to do his duty; but the anxiety to do my duty, the incessant labor, the thousand and one elements of my position, so wore upon me that my life was in danger.

“I looked around for a position in which I could live and do all the work that was to be done. I heard of several, and among them this one at Bridgeport.

“SEPTEMBER 27th, 1870.

“I have been invited to take part in a Sunday school convention in a neighboring town, although I have not generally felt much interest in such affairs. The debates I had thought ran low, and the topics discussed were superficial and trivial. There is generally only a sort of namby-pamby and useless talk, and nothing more. I went over, not wishing to appear indifferent to any movement set on foot for the improvement of Sunday schools. My impressions as to these gatherings generally, were deepened. The *questions*

discussed were—‘the aim of teachers’ meetings.’ ‘Ought not every Sunday school to have a Teachers’ Training Class?’ ‘How to secure a more cordial interest in our Sunday schools, on the part of our congregations.’ My part was appointed upon the question of how to interest our congregations in Sunday school work. I took a ground rather broader than that, which was, how to interest our congregations in anything good. I said the churches were taken up with their theologies and their music and church architecture—and public schools and Sunday schools, and men, as men, were neglected; that calves had a market value, but boys and girls were worth nothing, &c., &c., and closed with the idea that there was no help for us, except in each one setting to work with all his might to do what his hand found to do; that the want in our time was Christian individuality; that if we would each one of us exercise his respective gift, instead of finding fault and cutting out work for one another; if we would ask instruction of our pulpits, and not go to church to see if our Minister was sound, and stuck rigidly to what all his hearers thought they already believed we should probably not have to meet there to ask how to interest our congregations in Sunday schools. My speech excited them a good deal. When I sat down the chairman said I had gone over the period prescribed by the rules, and it was time to adjourn. One gentleman remarked, he hoped we would not adjourn, for he was *burning to say something*; I said I hoped he would be allowed to say it, especially as I could not be there in the afternoon to hear what he had to say. Upon this, ten minutes were given him, and he said, that I had pitched into the laity and into church members, and he believed that the people were ahead of the clergy; up in his county, before he went there, they had no Sunday school, now that they had one, the women were down upon all pride, came to church in their hoods. Before he had exhausted his ten minutes, he sat down without having lifted a general subject above his local

position. I came home with the same impressions and convictions relative to these gatherings, which I had when I went there. I am perfectly satisfied, as I told them, that the reason why the world is so bad, is simply that the church is not better! I am satisfied we need breadth and comprehension, both in our church members and preachers.

“OCTOBER 5, 1870.

“Coming home from church two ideas predominated in my mind. First, was not the sacrifice which Christ made for us, and our redemption, the simple fact of coming at all? Did not his sufferings strike their greatest intensity in simply being there with such a people. They were taken up with earth, with the church, with petty matters, interesting to them, merely because of their unculture. They had nothing responsive to his thought, to his sympathy. His having not where to lay his head was a much lighter burden than it would have been to be paid by the Jews for his ministry. Many, many thoughts reach down here. What love that could send a Christ to plant a seed which, although slow, should alone develop! What a progress, that some of us have so far profited by the sacrifice—that we can see, to some degree, into its nature! * * * *
I saw in a paper, a few days ago, the complaint of a man saying that he preached over the heads of his people. I thought of it, and have been thinking of it in connection with ministers. Generally, they are not wiser than their people; altogether run round and round a certain circle; no thought, no receptivity for thought. The query arises—Is not our ministry in want of a general re-organization? Is there not an absolute need of a new method of moral instruction? Has not the time come when somebody should go to the people, rather than to the church? to the “*lost sheep*,” rather than to the present folds? We laugh when we listen to negroes instructing negroes, or to a child instructing a child! but is it not the way with us all?

NOVEMBER 21, 1870.

Had a meeting of the Swedes vestry this evening. The occasion of it was a letter received on Saturday, from the clerk of the vestry, which was as follows :

“BRIDGEPORT, PA., *November 15, 1870.*

“REV'D O. PERINCHIEF—REV'D AND DEAR SIR: I am instructed to inform you of the following action taken by the vestry at its last meeting:

“*Resolved:* That a voluntary contribution of \$300 be placed in the hands of our rector, on the 15th of December, prox., in token of our appreciation of the sacrifice he has made in declining a most generous offer.

“With much respect, very truly yours,

“G. W. HOLSTEIN, *Clerk.*

“To explain the above letter, I will mention a few facts. When I came to this parish, I could, if I had chosen, have gone to New York. I preferred, all things considered, to come here. After I came here, overtures were made to me again by the same parish in New York. These, I declined. Lately, the whole matter was opened again. A call was sent, making liberal offers, which I again declined, and my people here heard of it. They expected at one time that I would go, and appeared to be relieved when they heard of my decision not to go. This explains the reference in the letter. After reflection, I concluded to decline the acceptance of the \$300, and on Sunday called this vestry meeting; I wished to give the vestry my reasons for declining, as follows: They had been at considerable expense in bringing me here in the summer. I thought \$1,800 and a house sufficient for the amount of work they had here to do. The \$1,800 was above the average income of my people, and they could scarcely afford it. They had been at great expense in fixing the church and graveyard, (some \$700,) and all this money was not yet paid. They were then think-

ing of appealing to the public, through a concert or fair, or something of that sort, and, that too, when they had, only last spring, made a similar appeal. Moreover, the parsonage needed immediate repairs, fencing, &c., necessitating an outlay of \$100 or \$150. In short, there was debt upon the church, and it was better to be just before being generous. Without any hesitation they acquiesced in all I said, and expressed their gratification at the view I took of things.

“ JANUARY 19th.

“ I had an article about half written upon the subject of ‘ The Evangelical Alliance,’ in which I intended to show that the alliance, as a council, or another society, could be of little service. Councils are played out, and a general council, with any show of *general* in it, is impossible. As another society, with aims and ends purely its own, so far from adding to the general Christian forces, it could only absorb or divide forces already existing; but if they would meet together as a conference, aim at making the church more effective, *i. e.*, if, as a body of physicians, to augment their own skill, or if, as a nation, to increase her military force, rather than to mark out a campaign, then much good might be hoped for. My object was to show that the church herself is at this moment the sickliest patient upon earth, and that what the world wants, is not a voice to tell us we are lost, but a living light to lead the way to safety. I took up Scribner’s Magazine for February, and read an article upon the ‘ Bondage of the Pulpit,’ an article which struck me as being so illogical, superficial, and unchristian, that I queried whether articles in magazines could do any good; that is, if this article, which I saw highly praised in a secular paper last night, could so strike me, how many would think otherwise of any article of mine? At best, only those derive any benefit who agree with us already. Does that pay for the trouble of writing an article? Men think as they please, at last, and the writer ignored the fact

that the times for pulpit *authority* have gone by, simply because men do think for themselves, and are as capable of doing it as the pulpit is of doing it for them. His idea is, that the prime object of the pulpit is, rebuke. He instances adultery going unrebuked. In my ministry of thirteen years, I do not know of one case of adultery, nor in any person with whom I have had anything to do, have I had good reason to suspect it. In any member of my church or congregation, according to the writer, the simple idea of Christ in the Gospel is, obedience to *Him as a master*; conformity with His instructions, as with the instructions of a teacher, is morality; compliance with His wishes, as with the wishes of a friend, is sentimentalism. What he required is, obedience to His commands, as to the commands of a master. If that is Christian! then I have spent my life in making a mistake. I have misunderstood Christ himself when He says, 'I call you no more servants, but sons;' 'I call you no more slaves, but friends.' It is true, He quotes only St. Paul, and He seems never to have thought that the distinguishing characteristic of Christ is, that he took away the old idea of the rod, and the law, and the master, and put there simply filial affection, when he taught us to call God 'our Father.' Is there any use in preaching or writing, or trying to do any good when the end is full of ruin? If I had never found Christ, certain men, like the writer alluded to, would make me an infidel. The Church, instead of being at this moment just that pure light the world wants to see, is the sure fault-finding element too often, which the writer represents, and though he may be far from knowing it or intending it, he is making infidels, and helping the devil! Is it worth while to write? In my judgment, the evil, at this moment, existing among the clergy is just what crops out here—a jealousy of each other—no brotherhood, no warm interest in each other's success; so that each one has to take care of himself, and go literally upon his own responsibility.

“JANUARY 23d.

“Had a call this morning from a young man endeavoring to sell Zell’s Encyclopedia and the Life of Dickens. He was an intelligent and gentlemanly fellow, above the average of book agents. I explained to him my inability to buy, and told him if I had the money I would take a copy of his book if only to help him along, for I realized, were it not for him and men like him, some of our people would not have a book in their houses, and I thought some good was accomplished in putting almost any of these books within their reach. He said he thought it was time somebody sold books in the country, for he had met several persons who had never heard of Charles Dickens; that people asked him questions sometimes which he took for jokes, and answered accordingly, till he found they took his replies in sober earnest. He said he met a man near Philadelphia, a respectable looking man and a merchant, who told him on Saturday that the works of Dickens were trash. He asked the man if he had read them, and he replied that he had enough of them to satisfy him; that any man in the world could write such stuff if he had a mind to do it. This young gentleman advised him to try it.

“FEBRUARY 27th.

“Last evening, in a conversation with an old gentleman, a remark was made by him characteristic and suggestive. I have often imagined that some men and women have no souls; even some called Christians appear to me to have no spirit vision. All is a gross, soiled, carnal, hard, earthy existence. Even spiritual things, like the Church, are but so many means of mortal subsistence. Even character is only a mercantile commodity, or, perhaps, at the very highest, a social passport. Speaking of a certain clergyman, the old gentleman remarked: ‘It is wonderful how successful he has been. Why, I hear his salary is very large.’ This person the old gentleman knew when a boy. I also knew

him well and intimately for many years, for we were at college and in the seminary together. He has a nature very much like that of my visitor, and has had 'great success,' his salary being four thousand dollars.

"It occurred to me that this was the way we got so much hollowness in the ministry. Parents and friends instil into the minds of theological students the idea of success, measured by a worldly standard. Being ordained, they go out with a false ambition, and 'success' must be secured whether we have any religion or not—heart and soul and mind are of no consequence. Show and make-believe are the supreme good. A young man may be willing to face the world, the flesh, and the devil, but he must be brave, indeed, if he can face *his friends*. And when the Church is made up, on its two sides, of such material, what can keep us from being the brainless, heartless, canting, and trivial things we are? It sometimes appears to me as if Christians were opposed to everything in the world but sin and folly. We pitch into mormonism, into heathenism, into poverty and vice by wholesale; but sin, Wall street, and satan we generally leave alone. We cultivate everything but pure wisdom. How seldom, even in the ministry, we meet a man above a prejudice. Our gods are dress, organs, churches, societies, office, and honors. We roam the world the most desolate things in it. We create poverty by making it impossible to live. We create vice by compelling the vain attempt to get bread, and whether, with or without bread, we have nobody to love us. Soul hath no food. Self, everywhere self, and evermore self."

The subjoined remarks were suggested by the large number of advertisements which he had noticed in one of the leading religious newspapers of the day :

"FEBRUARY 5, 1872.

"All business is now conducted upon a speculative basis. We are not set upon developing resources for human good.

Mines, railroads, and all enterprises run into stocks, and they are cards with which men every where are gambling. The prime object of trade is to create artificial wants, rather than to meet our real needs, and so to create comfort. Few men are content to make an honest livelihood. There is an element of chance, a hope of bonus, a selfish, devilish grasping after something *not earned*, till we can no longer get any thing honestly done, anything honestly represented. Men look each other in the face, if they look at all, only to smile. In the Church, too, we have put on sham as a garment. The Church has, by the world's ways, obtained the world's things. The servant has not been content to be as his Lord, and Gehazi is covered with the leprosy of Naaman. God says, 'not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit.' Where among us is the spirit of Jesus? He said, 'Do good and lend, *hoping* for nothing.' We say, 'do good, but be sure and make money by it.' If anything can do more to make infidels than this same spirit, I hope I may not live to see it. Our church buildings, our finery from Paris, our doctors of divinity, our bishops, our ministers, our world's way of running religion, have opened the sluice-gates of all mischief. Men look upon our conventions, our societies for manufacturing clergymen, our sectarian papers as so many death struggles to keep alive what the world does not need, and what God can get along without. There is an unbelief with respect to sincerity, a thing we sometimes call 'infidelity,' and the worst feature of the times we live in is this same fact.

"JANUARY 11, 1873.

"Was sent for by a gentleman of Philadelphia this week. He had an important matter to submit, and I went to see him. His important business was this: He had been commissioned by the Missionary Board of the Diocese to get me to go around among the churches simply to raise money to pay our missionaries. He said they would pay me well for

my services—enough ‘to enable me to supply my place here and have something over.’ I asked him if the pastors themselves were not able to bring out the contributions of their people. He said ‘no.’ The proposition surprised me. It appeared to me to be a confession of defeat—a reflection on our clergy. It would open one more trade in the Church—make one more specialty—raise up another beggar whom the churches would learn to hate. I declined the offer, and told the Doctor I thought such an offer ought not to be made to anybody, and I hoped he would do his best to prevent any such arrangement with any man. The Protestant Episcopal Church is committing suicide. * * I cannot wonder money is wanted, if it is criminally wasted in this way. How can it be possible for any Church to become so infatuated? If I had a million times a million of dollars, I would not give money to convert poor Presbyterians into worse Episcopalians. No wonder the Church has to drag in the way she does. No wonder Bishop Coxe thinks she is already a fossil, or has fears that she will very shortly be nothing more.

“ SATURDAY, *July 12, 1873.*

“ An event of some importance took place to day at ‘Old Swedes’ church. This was the baptism of one of the Japanese girls sent to this country to be educated. She is under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lanman, of Georgetown, D. C., and was placed there by Mr. Arinori Mori, the Japanese Minister, at Washington. While it was understood that the instruction of these girls in matters of Christian faith, was unavoidable, it was not desired that they should adopt the tenets of any particular sect. This is in harmony with a prevailing sentiment in this respect among the Japanese in the United States. This child is nearly nine years of age, and had expressed a wish to be baptised.

“ It so happens that “ Swedes Church ” as it is commonly

called, or more exactly "Christ Church, Upper Merion" is not connected with any sect whatever. It was established by the Swedes who first settled in this part of Pennsylvania, in connection with the established church of Sweden. After our American Revolution, that connection was broken, and the church stood alone with a charter and constitution of its own, free to employ ministers as it pleased. It has so remained to this day, though it has uniformly employed ministers from the Protestant Episcopal Churches, the faith, and in many respects the usages of this church, being in unison with those of the established church of Sweden.

"In consequence of this peculiarity of 'Old Swedes' known to Mr. Lanman, through his acquaintance with me, this church was chosen as the place of baptism for the child.

"The rite was performed on Saturday afternoon July, 12th, 1873, in the open church, in the presence of many witnesses. These persons were invited several days previously, the object being not to have a crowd of persons from mere curiosity, and yet not to have it without some publicity.

"It was at first proposed to use the form for infant baptism, but upon conversing with her, and examining her as to her faith, and general views of the Christian faith, and particularly of the rite of baptism itself, I thought she was fully prepared upon her own confession of faith. I think I have baptised grown persons whose convictions and views were not as well defined as hers. I thought she would not be able to read the responses, but she begged to be permitted to answer for herself; I accordingly used the form for adults as established by the Protestant Episcopal Church. I will add, concerning this child, that her mental acuteness is very remarkable, and it is by no means confined to religious subjects."

In July, 1873, for reasons that need not be given here, Mr. Perinchief decided to resign the charge of "Old Swedes'

Church," and the correspondence which ensued is excluded from this volume, with all his parish letters, as they were too numerous for its scope.

"YORK, PA., *January 10, 1874.*

"It is now four months since I came to York, and in that time my thoughts have been somewhat revolutionized; God has never permitted me to see the good I am doing, my only comfort is in doing. I got discouraged at Swedes, and scarcely had I begun my ministry here, and made the acquaintance of the clergy, when I found there were twenty-five churches to about fifteen thousand men, women and children, and about twenty-three Protestant ministers in York. The church bells are ringing all the time, and the people are always going to church, meanwhile I have not found a book store in the place.

"This week has been a week of prayer, and I find these clergy have a sort of Sanhedrim. I had not believed such a thing possible in these United States. One had the indiscretion to tell me that most of the brethren regarded this week of prayer as a good chance to get off of their regular duties, &c., a sort of holiday to listen to each other's preaching. I found I was expected to join them, even if I did not open my mouth; they said, 'you know your church is unpopular, the people are prejudiced against it,' &c. My reasons for not joining them had been that I was not able, sick, sleepless from overwork, and it was impossible. I thought that instead of thinking evil of me, they would have helped me to bear my burden; they would have remembered that God loved mercy more than sacrifice. Now, I concluded not to have anything to do with the meeting. My church, however, had been put at their service for one Wednesday night, and I had promised to preside at that meeting. Several addresses were made, and among other things the press was denounced in many particulars, and I confess I felt indignant. When it came

to my turn, instead of making the address I had intended, I undertook to tell the people that I thought the press was the mightiest agency in thought, morals, and religion, now upon earth, and that what we wanted was more brains and bigger souls, and unless we cultivated these in our schools and homes, our children must go out to take the best they could receive in the way of literature, &c. The people were surprised, many thanked me for the address afterwards; but never before had I felt the value of manly Christian preaching. God had sent me to York to give me a new call.

“My school gives me great concern; how strange my experiences! Last year, and in all my teaching up to this time, my pupils have been dearer and dearer to me every day, and teaching was a joy. I have managed children without *rules*, just as I had my household. Here came to me children from other schools, more than I can keep under my own personal influence. I seem to have no soul influence upon them. I would give more for ten souls to guide and upbuild, than a thousand in a successful boarding school. The man for such a place must be a complete machine. I have *no rest*, and I fear my own children are being neglected in real heart culture. I do not *enjoy* this teaching, or rather I do not like *rules*, watching young ladies, suspecting them, and doing all by the tap of a bell, is too mechanical, and I am out of my element, as it were. Something seems to call and say ‘Go and do *your* work.’ God seems to say ‘I want you elsewhere.’

“In coming here my *verbal* engagement was that, in school I was to have general charge, and was not to be responsible for pecuniary losses. I was to have nothing to do with the boarding department, except to see that it was right; and all seemed to be liberal, so I went on with my teaching.

“The school prospered, new boarders came in; but after

awhile complaints began to come from every direction, and I was disheartened.

“I have always known there was need of teaching and preaching. I never knew it better than I do to-night. The last few years have found me diligent in both; but it seems to me God sent me to York to learn the importance of both. I teach every day from four to five hours, and preach twice on Sunday, beside other parish duties. I know I am working too hard, and it may be I am low spirited, but God knows I do sometimes, under my observations and experiences, almost despair of our American people. I am generally hopeful, and I know men are laboring in pure love, for no man needs better proof of any such fact than his own heart; but it does seem to me that we can have no rational hope of a high Christian civilization in these United States, unless we can first get real Christian homes. When I contemplate the average school girl my heart sinks within me—giddy, tricky, characterless, destitute of all habits of study, without an exalted purpose, soulless, with no conception of a true womanhood—there is nothing to build upon. No money can pay a man to go over and merely mend the material utterly spoiled in what we call homes, by indulgent, unchristian Christian parents. With such material, schools *must* be taken up with mere drill. Hence, we have any number of people keeping school, but very few people *teaching*. Hence, the human being who has come to be a trade teacher had better be dead.

“In love for children, and for knowledge and real teaching, I would rather be in the obscurest hamlet with a dozen *souls* around me, than the builder of the largest boarding school that ever existed. Teaching is a holy art, but keeping school is the lowest of all drudgery.

“Teachers and true fathers and mothers should realize that there are children who ought not to be taken into a school. There are children who make teaching *impossible*, and the person who sends his child to school with such

children does the child a wrong. It is well enough to say that the worse a girl is the more she needs teaching, but it is wiser to reflect, the worse she is the less teaching there is for anybody.

"I think it is time to change our tactics, not to let parents feel we are glad to get their children, but give them to understand that, unless their children are fit, they cannot come to our schools. In the public schools I would have a compulsory law, then I would have a school for these unstudious pests, and send *down* all boys and girls too mean to study. Such a place would rouse the fear or the ambition of the children and make *school keeping* unnecessary.

"Our great hope is in the middling and sub-middling classes. In our 'upper classes,' so-called, there is a vast amount of ill-breeding of the worst kind. There is much more of earnest work and patient study among our common school children, than among those of our select schools. When I think of some of the rules that have to be made for grown up Christian girls, I am ashamed of my race. * * *

"I am more and more convinced that a hired ministry is a great evil. To preach honestly under such circumstances almost kills me; to preach tenderly is almost impossible. To take pay for preaching is base and unmanly; I feel it more and more every day. To be in the position of a divine teacher, and not preach according to my conscience is impossible, and so what with one thing and another, the difficulty of doing one's duty—the sense of begging or being a hireling—almost drives me out of the ministry. I ask myself, is this all that 1800 years can accomplish for man by the church and in the church? Italy could not be worse off without her church—how is it with the United States?

"That recalls to my mind some things suggested by reading the papers lately, relative to Moody and Sankey. Here

are men possibly sent of God, though the evidences of it are not abundant. But, supposing them to be sent of God, they cannot go as God sends them, but deliver themselves into the hands of men, formal committees, men in the trade, glad of some chance to magnify their office. These men run poor Moody and Sankey, as Barnum ran Jenny Lind. These men talk as if they owned the Holy Spirit, or could chain the Almighty to their ignorance and selfishness.

* * * * *

"I met a gentlemen lately who said 'the spirit of our church was one of humbug? He travelled much, and wherever he went, he found the one pervading spirit of moonshine. He spoke of the young clergy, of their hunting around for easy places, and especially those put into the church by our evangelical societies. His impression was, that kid gloves were too good for them, and they smelt like a whole drug store, and above all, knew nothing about theology. He said, also, go where he would he found dissatisfaction, and though he always tried hard to excuse and smooth things, yet in heart he felt the truth of all that was said. He spoke of some man who was in doubt about his duty to go to a certain church on account of the teachings of ritualism there, and his fear of the influence over his children. He seemed to have had the sluice gates of his soul opened, for he spoke of a certain old general in the regular army, a member of the Episcopal church, who said to him, that the spirit of the clergy would drive a man from the army, if it appeared there in the canting so manifest in the church. He said that a man could do more godly work out of the ministry than in it, and that it was impossible for a man now to teach any truth in the church, unless it happened to please the young people, or any truth at all, since no truth would please them, and truth would not keep the church full. Knowing that many ministers felt the

inconvenience of their work, he could not understand how they could remain in the church.

"I told him I wished he would go over the whole land, and as he went preach as he had talked to me. My only surprise was that plain as the truth was which he had uttered, yet being such a churchman he should be able to see it.

* * * * *

"A letter received from the bishop about W——; he cannot do anything for him. The church has no place for some of her purest souls. Yesterday I was told I must go and drum a certain family recently come to town. 'You must try and get them to our church.' This work is not a work of *Christ*—teaching mere divine things; a work of study and of prayer; it is a trade of making a church pay, keeping up receipts, rivalry in respectability, watching for and clinching to any new arrival as a spider to a fly; compassing land and sea to make one proselyte, and when he is made, &c. Right enough, if we so think and wish, but why not let men know it. The preparation for the work, to say nothing of the work itself, is so difficult. Young men in their innocence are caught and sacrificed. God will not hold us guiltless. I have worked in sincerity and truth, till I am prostrate and weary. I have pleaded with the church years and years for rest, but her ear is dead. Poor W—— must starve, though Trinity roll in wealth. All mercy is dead. God help our world. This day, Oh righteous God, let my moan come up to Thee. For 1,800 years the church has fattened on human misfortune; 1,800 years it may take to die, but in the depths of darkness more groaning Thou did'st hear, so in the depths of darkness still there are hearts that cry 'How long? Oh! Lord, how long?'"

LETTERS TO MRS. PERINCHIEF.

The letters written by Mr. Perinchief to his wife, running through a period of nearly twenty years, were very numerous ; and while they were found to be more full of charming passages than those addressed to his friends, it has been necessary to quote from them with special care, so as not to trespass upon the rules of propriety.

It will be understood that the extracts which follow are almost stolen from a mine of superior richness. They are given as specimens of those cherished treasures of thought and feeling, which were the out-flow of a heart full of love and devotion ; and show how he was always the faithful Christian husband, trusting in a higher power, even in those earlier years of manhood, when at times the way was dark, and with his failing health, everything seemed to conspire to try his faith, yet without shipwreck.

The letters to his children are introduced to show with what exquisite grace he could adapt his language to them ; and the other family letters give a glimpse into his immediate home-circle.

“ GENERAL SEMINARY,
“ NEW YORK, *February 23*, 1857.

“ My duties on the Lord’s day are very arduous. My Sunday school is somewhat large, and then having to preach beside, is sometimes a little too much for me. When I get home, I prostrate myself upon the lounge, and sometimes ‘ the fellows ’ come in and talk, but often I am alone. ‘ By the time this reaches you, we shall have advanced some distance into Lent. I would draw more near to my God. I

would know more of myself. I would give myself more devotedly to the service of my master, I would seek grace to make my life coincident with my profession, lest while I preach to others, I myself become a castaway. The commission I am soon to receive, involves many more responsibilities than at first appear. I would that nothing *selfish* may enter into my motives. I would give up all for Christ. Pray that I may. The less of this world we have in our hearts, the nearer we shall be to Christ; and the nearer to Him, the more perfectly happy. Ask for me a double portion of God's Spirit, that my faith fail not. I know how much you wish to enhance my usefulness. May God sanctify our love, and cause me ever to cherish you as one of his best and brightest gifts. May the angels of the Lord camp about thee continually.

“GENERAL SEMINARY,
“NEW YORK, *February 27, 1857.*

“So you will be eighteen, day after to-morrow! How much I would give to spend that day with you! How blessed to look out together upon a common life, common hopes, common joys, it may be common sorrows! How blessed to offer together a common prayer, a prayer of strong, far-reaching faith.

“On that day I shall think much of you; earnestly will I pray for you. May He who holds all destinies in His hands, send across your life, no more clouds than may sweeten the sunshine, no more sorrows than may teach you the love of a Heavenly Father. All which that Father shall send us, shall be for our good.

“QUINDARO, KANSAS, *July 31, 1857.*

“When I got here, such a place! I shall not begin to describe it, for you will think I am suffering. I looked around for a town and could not at first see one, but I saw the place where a town will be. I am so glad I came alone.

Had you been with me, I would have been miserable. I found a hotel, and concluded to remain there that night, expecting next morning to find some family in which I might get such accommodations as I wanted. The hotel I found to be a miserable place, and I had to take a room in which they put with me anybody, and I assure you anybody but a pleasant companion. I found several men of intelligence, and conversed with them; they all seemed very glad to see me, and gave me a hearty welcome. I heard that there was in town but one Episcopalian family. Next morning I set to work to get a boarding place for you. To my utter consternation, I found I could not get one for myself. The Episcopal family live in a log hut, good people, but yet not having a house to live in.

“You see everything here is in a state of formation, and people have not yet had time sufficient to put a shelter over their heads. Some are living in tents, some in log-cabins, very rude ones, some in the cellars over which houses are being put. I could not get a room anywhere. One lady told me her house would be soon done, and I could get a room there, but she is a woman’s rights individual, and told me she lectured once on temperance, at Racine. I could not think of going there, much less of taking you there. I came back to the hotel. Here is a medley of men, women and children, all huddled together. In the Episcopal family, of whom I spoke, is the finest woman I have seen, and I think you will like her. This hotel has about it nothing private, the walls are so thin, being only of paper, so that a thing said in one room is heard distinctly in the other. How my heart sunk within me! My first impulse was to run away; but I had more courage than that. The people have exerted themselves to find me comfortable quarters.

“Next morning, I went in saddle to Wyandotte, and there I found things in a similar condition, except that the men were not so refined nor intelligent. The site of the town is beautiful, but it will never amount to much. More

disheartened than ever, I came back to Quindaro. I then thought of hiring a part of some store, and having it fixed for a dwelling, till I could get a house; I soon found this entirely out of the question. The conviction came home more and more irresistibly, that I could not be married till I had a house of my own. I threw myself down and wept for relief. I thought of you, and I never had such a trial before. I thought how like a funeral knell it would fall upon your ear, 'perhaps not till next spring.' 'How could I live.' But this my subsequent experience has confirmed.

"I took a little room in the hotel, and Oh! such a miserable place! I can't stay here, so I have hired a cellar and intend in about two weeks to move into it. I have no place in which to put a book, no place in which to write, or do anything. I have no place except a grove in which to preach. What shall I do? I see that Quindaro is likely to become a great place; my first impressions are sustained by my observations. I came to bless the people. I cannot therefore desert them. You are my greatest concern; I have concluded you would not have me belie my nature. I have looked up, and God gives me grace to feel He will not forget my trials and labors of love. It is hard in the midst of conflict to abide in faith, hard to feel that the path of duty is that of safety.

I said I thought this would be a great place, I cannot now give you my reasons for thinking so. I must work for these people, they have given me five lots of ground for a church and parsonage. They have offered me five more for the future church of Kansas, if I will build them a church now by my influence at the east. I yesterday wrote several letters to gentlemen at the east to know what I should do. I think I shall have to go there myself; if so, I will see you on my way. I shall not be able to hear for a month, and so till the expiration of that time, I cannot tell you of my arrangements. I have told the people I must have a house,

and that I shall attend to first. Don't let this letter trouble you, I hesitated about saying anything, but I saw clearly you could not come here till I had a home for you. That home I shall lose no time in getting. Painful as is my loneliness, painful as is the thought of yours, I can still endure both better than seeing you subjected to the vicissitudes of such a life as you would have to lead here now.

“QUINDARO, KANSAS, *August 26, 1857.*

“I returned from Leavenworth Monday evening, and here I was met by your letter; I was despondent and lonely. I knew I should find the letter, and was wondering how you would meet the announcement which I had made to you.

“My happiness in finding you so resigned, so hopeful, even venturing to encourage me; so womanly, so Christian like, caused me to shed tears of gratitude before God, in that He had given me the affections of one so noble, so devoted. God bless you for your letter, for the love which prompted it. Continue your faith in the mercy of our Heavenly Father; He will never leave nor forsake us.

“My health is pretty good, so you need not give yourself any unnecessary concern. * * * I still expect to be married in the fall. They have hired a hall, yet to be completed, and I have engaged board for two, with a gentleman who is building a fine house.

“I did think of going to St. Louis for this winter, and, indeed, I do not know but I shall yet. The house is not done, nor the hall either, and, when they will be done cannot exactly be determined. I wrote to Bishop Hawks, and, if he thinks I can make myself useful in St. Louis, if too, I can there make you happy, I shall, in all probability, go there. At all events I shall leave here soon, perhaps this week, it is impossible for me to remain here as I am now situated. If I can make a definite arrangement with these people, I shall leave until the house and hall are done, and then I shall, with you, return to this wild and lonely town.

"I can bless these people if you will come to bless *me*. God will reward you for it, and I will never forget such a love.

"I will not ask you to remain many years. I will labor for Kansas, study and read; and, when I can get a man to relieve guard, I will return to the east, and try to make you happy.

"But go on with your preparations, something may yet turn up so that we can be married as we designed. If we cannot, then spend your time in reading, prayer and reflection. Be cheerful; if this be our first cross for Christ's sake, be assured He will not suffer it to lose its reward. Let us look up, and trust.

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, *April 24, 1858.*

"It is getting late; the footfalls are less and less frequent on the echoing street. I cannot retire, however, before I say a few words to you. I arrived safely on Thursday. I found Mr. and Mrs. Middleton expecting me and you, too. They were much disappointed in not seeing you. * * *

"Dr. Tyng I have not been able to see; poor man! you know he has lost his son, Dudley. He is now away, and to-morrow evening will preach his funeral sermon.

"My brother arrived here the same day that I did, from Bermuda. He is to leave for Bermuda, next Thursday, but my friends will not hear a word about my leaving New York, especially to go home.

"It is not very healthy at the south; yellow fever has been already brought from the West Indies, and my friends say I am weak, and had better stay where I am, keep still, live liberally, and so recruit. I think I will take their advice.

"I am very comfortably situated, indeed, and I am gaining gradually. My appetite continues to improve, and I get stronger every day. The doctor and my friends insist on my keeping still, except, of course, that I take an occasional

ride. I have, therefore, given up all idea of going to Bermuda, now, and intend to wait here until I am better, and then begin to look around for a parish.

"Yesterday I missed you so much. I read the service in the morning at Christ's church, Brooklyn. I had invitations to preach, but I would not. I shall probably preach in the same church next Sunday morning. My health is so much better, I feel very much recruited indeed; and, I think, all being well, in a week I shall feel really strong. I shall be very careful, however, how I exercise.

"When I shall return to Glen's Falls, don't ask me. You may depend upon it I shall return as soon as I can. I wish to look around here and see what can be done, and when my health is re-established, I will then go to work; but my friends say, keep still five or six weeks, certainly. Don't expect me then within that time.

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, *May 8, 1858.*

"For some days I have felt quite strong; how thankful I feel! Since I last wrote I have seen Dr. Tyng. He thinks I had better not stay in New York or Brooklyn; if I stay here I will grow worse instead of better, and the responsibility of a parish here would be too much for me. I partly agree with him. On the contrary, in the country I will get plenty of exercise; have very little, comparatively, to do—and, it may be, in two or three years be very strong and hearty. He did not like the idea of my being married; none of my friends like it. I have said nothing. They don't know all we know; God knows, and he will provide for us. Our wants will have to be few; we will have to exercise much self-denial. Our trust is only in God."

Written from home when his wife was on a visit to a friend in New York, for her health:

“MOUNT SAVAGE,

“SUNDAY EVENING, *June 3, 1866.*

“The old blue code of Connecticut prohibited a man from *kissing* his wife on Sunday; but I know of no law which prevents his *writing* to her. Miss —— and I have taken a sort of quiet tea, and talked our little talk. The children, baby and all, are snug in bed and fast asleep. The servants are chatting away in the kitchen; the rain is coming down out-doors, and *I feel very lonely.*

“It rained so, I did not attempt to go to Frostburg this afternoon. I read a little, and then entertained the children, and showed them pictures. We sang together; I played for them on the flute. Helen looked very wise, and tried to lead the singing. After they had their supper, we talked about you, and I told them I would tell you they had been good girls, and so they went off to bed. I miss you more and more. It is very seldom I get a leisure moment, but yesterday I visited my treasure, your old letters, and went back over the past awhile. I found they grow better and better, as they come this way.

“I look back upon our married life, now nearly ten years; there are shadows upon it; it has seemed sometimes as though our anticipations, the happiness we hoped for, had escaped us. But there is vastly more sunshine in it than shadows, when I think of you, think how every affection of my heart twines around you, how wretched I would be without you; when I think how, at home here, we live in each other and for each other, think of those precious hours of sweet, close communion, to say nothing of our little ones; just think how completely we are part of each other, one only the other's self. I feel that our anticipations are more than realized. God has blessed us beyond what we expected. My heart, like yours, runs over in gratitude, and I pray for grace that we may be more thankful still.

“Why! think of these very Sunday nights; how many of them we have spent in sweet and holy conversation; the

thought of them is a treasure in itself. We have gone out upon the world strengthened and brightened. I thank God for you, and pray to him for more of his spirit upon you, and upon me, to enable us to live closer to him in every relation of life—to *show* how thankful we are to him, that he heard our prayer in the long ago, and granted our petition.

* * * * *

“MOUNT SAVAGE, ALLEGHANY CO., MD.,

“*June 12, 1866.*

“Went over to Rose Hill Cemetery; our little grave there has been somewhat cared for this spring. The honeysuckle I planted has grown up very nicely, covered over the little frame I made for it, and now climbs upon the railing. I thought of you when I was there and prayed to God for his benediction upon us and upon our little ones, that we may be spared to them, and that they by our instrumentality might be trained in His fear and for His glory; thanked Him too for all that He had been pleased to give us, for I felt they were a blessing to us, even the one He had taken, for although that one is in Heaven, I think He blesses us as He draws our hearts thitherward.

“GIBRALTAR, OHIO, SUNDAY, *August 9, 1868.*

“I enjoyed my ride to Boston very much indeed. Old times were revived as I rode through scenes which I had not looked upon for many years, days of my poor boyhood, and struggling college days came back, days before those in which I had seen you. Then at Albany, the last time I was there you were with me. It was in our early wedded life, before cares had multiplied around us, and prospect was sanctified by reality. What an interval lies between! an interval of struggle, of some disappointment, and yet of great and continued blessing. Not all we had hoped for has been realized. It could not have been best for us that it should be. All that we had hoped for would not have been possible.

It has been best just as it is. The cup we have had to drink has been mingled by Our Father, and all His minglings are out of His love; many are the joys and blessings we have had of which we did not dream, rich and full; many are the privileges and honors in our Father's house of which we have not been worthy; but which God has compassionately given us. I felt I could not be too thankful, and I felt too, that if I had been at any time unhappy, it was because I had not counted up all my mercies, because I had selfishly asked too much. When I thought of some whose prospects had been better than mine, and asked myself where these men were now, I could not help feeling that God has led me and blessed me. Yes, my heart went up in gratitude.

"One thing greatly diminished my enjoyment, it was your absence. If I only had the means to give you a trip, to take a trip with you, up through that country and your own girlhood associations, for your health's sake, for the sake of the joy in reviewing together our little lives. Oh! it is when I get away and think over these things, that I realize what a blessing you have been to me; what a blessing we have been to each other. How could we have done without each other? And shall we not by and by, when life is all over, when we have time to review it, and see things in it that we see not now? And shall we in thanklessness and thoughtlessness put anything in it we ought not to put there; which we shall wish we had not put there?

"It is true life is very much of a struggle, but are we not where God has put us? We are right in the midst of the storm, and shall we not try to exert all our power till we get safely through? All have their woes, we must expect ours, and if they can only be sanctified, "they will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I say *gladly*, God has put us where we are. It would be the very joy of my heart to be able to do more for you. But how helpless I am. The cup my Father has given me must I not drink it? In the meantime has not God helped me in

the one desire I had to live for His glory? Have I not been trying to do the will of Him who sent me? Last night, almost as soon as I got in the house, I was told by a man whom I never saw before, and who lives a long way off, that I was doing a good work in a place where such work was needed to be done.

“We must learn to pray more earnestly, ‘Thy will be done,’ and yet while I write it, I am reminded that it is by the leisure and refreshment I enjoy to-day, that I am able to have these thoughts. And there you are without rest, without recreation! But are the thoughts any the less valuable, ought we not to try earnestly to rise up to them? Oh, may God give us grace, day by day to lay up precious treasure in heaven; to commit our way more implicitly to His guidance, never mistrusting His love. * * *

“God’s hand be over you, and His spirit with you. May God bless my little ones.

“GIBRALTAR, OHIO, *August 13, 1868.*

“As I was sitting on the lawn yesterday, and thinking of you, I took some grass that was growing beside me and wove it into a little braid, and now I send it to you, as a keepsake from Gibraltar; a sign of how our destinies are woven together, though two, yet how completely we are one. This world is not wide enough to divide us. As those two fibers fashion each other, lean each upon the other, a mutual shape and impression, so may our two lives blend and result in one holy eternity. * * * You observe that they are a little awkward, and straggling at first, but afterwards their regularity and harmony are even and continuous. The length of the thread is the only limit to their union, so were our beginnings somewhat, so will be our continuance; our souls being immortal, our union can never end. Have not they all things, who in love to God and in an abiding sense of His abiding presence, have the fullness of each others love? Let us cling more closely to

each other, and to our Father, for our own sake, for our children's sake, for the sake of the now and the hereafter.

“ GIBRALTAR, OHIO, *August 16, 1868.*

“ To-day is Sunday, and it has been a very blessed day to me. I have enjoyed it more than any Sunday for a long time. I have prayed earnestly for you and for my children, for God's blessing and guidance ; that He will be our pillar of cloud by day, and our pillar of fire by night. I went over to church this morning, and heard a very good sermon on the resurrection.

“ At dinner there were some opinions expressed relative to some of Paul's sayings. This morning for the first time, there was some theological discussion. But if all I have heard to-day, be true, then have I studied and sought to understand God's word, much in vain. I did not take any part in the discussion. I think that possibly I have not been thinking in vain, and possibly God has permitted me to put in my sermons, some thought which will be good news to some men. If I am called away from my work, try to get some of those sermons printed and published for men to read ; they may be a blessing. My sermon on the resurrection and various subjects, let them have a chance to live ; and if they are only hay and stubble, let them perish. I look to God to give me views of the real truth above, I have tried to make them gold and silver and precious stones.

“ The thought was suggested, or rather the question was asked, whether there would be any family in heaven. There was no discussion ; some thought not. We have no evidence, but I think many things indicate that there will be. At any rate, I hope so ; with all our imperfections we, you and I, want to be together. Our love, our many trials along this life, do they not make us dearer to each other. Can I, can you, find any soul we can want closer to us ? Surely no soul can now, by any possibility, be joined to us by any-

thing like the same experiences; I derive great comfort and hope from the thought that you and I shall be together. If God has ordered otherwise, then He will order that we should acquiesce in it; but my prayer is, he will order that we shall be together. My belief is, He will so order it. I may be your guiding star through circles and cycles larger than these we have below, and I think it will be given me to be a kindlier guide than I have been. We know not all God has reserved in heaven, but these things may be part of our heavenly heritage. Then, if our children can all come to us, one by one, and theirs to them, Oh! what joy and holy eternal blessedness. The cares of that world will not be like those of this world. We shall look down upon cares, as I am looking down now, from a position of rest, and as I trust you shall be able to do, in October, when you go to Cumberland. God bless you and those dear little ones; I cannot tell you how I think about them, I feel we must endeavor to place ourselves where we can do more for them than we are now able to do, may our dear Father in heaven guide us for their sake; I commend you and them to His care and His blessing.

“BOSTON, *May* 23, 1869.

“This morning I preached in an old, wealthy, and dead church. To preach to such a people, is like preaching to a field of old stumps, and about as hopeful. I took a collection, but do not know the result. ‘I do thank God, and have, every day this week, and every day more and more heartily, that we are not rich; that our lot is not, and has not been, cast with the rich. I tell you the rich can hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven, whether they be clergy or laity. May God deliver my children from ever being rich; may He bless them with bread; but, above all, with the bread of life. Let us never more crave exemption from trial, especially that kind of trial we have had. It keep us from a proud, selfish, and dead heart. If that is

our cross, and I confess it is a cross, to see our little ones want, and not have it in our power to do as we could wish, still, if that is our cross, let us *cheerfully* take it up, and bear it. God will make it a blessing to us and to them. After a hundred years we may all be together in the happy world, and that will be worth a thousand crosses, and so it will turn out that we had all we *wanted*: grace, to bring us to heaven. I cannot tell you how my heart has grieved over the dead rich people I have seen. But let us be humble and contented, and try to be Christians; let us not be merely the resultant of circumstances, but let us do everything '*willingly*,' '*heartily*, as to the Lord,' then we shall have our reward in the true riches. We are companions in the cares and anxieties of this life—may our Father keep us, that we may be companions in the joys of the life to come. If you and our dear children can only be brought to the same blessed world, and those humble holy souls that we love, with those that are already with Christ, then we shall want no more, nor hunger any more; we shall be saved; how my heart prays for that.'

"God bless you, and my dear, dear, children. Tell them, Pa loves every one, and sends a kiss to every one, and thanks every one for those flowers.

"The little buttercups were very sweet, and made me feel more homesick than ever.

"BOSTON, *May* 25, 1869.

"Another day of disappointment and 'beating the air.' This is terrible business trying to interest people in this work of ours. I called this morning on the Bishop, had a talk with him, and got him to give me a letter to a lady who was not at church on Sunday. I took the letter and called on the lady; everything magnificent as the world calls it; great brown stone house, statues, paintings, servants, '*Dives in purple and fine linen*,' but it was no use; she would not even see me. Then I went off in other directions, but men.

full of business; others again gone to Newport; one thing and another, till here I am with my foot dreadfully swollen and paining me. Were it not that I am learning much which I hope to make use of in the future, I should wish myself out of my present office. Of all things we ever do, let us never wish ourselves connected with riches. The devil is in them. I do not say this because I cannot get money from these people, but because I feel that we are all relying too much on money. Great stone churches, fine houses, large salaries, &c., which has brought the church to the level of the world; and I see the rich full of pride, taken up with vanity, soul all gone, thinking their gain is godliness, no sympathy, no true riches of any kind. My experiences have taught me something. The Scripture rings in my ears, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." It deeply impresses me, and I think what if after all my striving, my hoping, my works upon earth, I am still only after "flesh pots," only putting up with trial because I cannot help myself; if after all I have not *taken* up a cross, not known the truth, the regeneration of the spirit of Christ; not preached what God put in my soul in order that it might be preached, but have only pandered to my times and fallen in and floated with the tide. I hear men preach nonsense and smooth things, and when I ask them why they do not preach what they know the people ought to hear, they say 'the people will not stand it.' As if our office were to deceive the people.

"The Dr. lives in good style, very good, too good for a man of God. The curtains and cornices on which they hung in the room I occupied last night, cost possibly as much as all the furniture of our bedroom put together. Still I did not feel that I wanted to live that way. When I looked at the house and grounds, then at the inside, I distinctly felt I did *not* wish to live so. I do not know why or how it is, but I feel that is not the way for an ambassador of Christ to live. It does very well for the rich, but not for the poor; and I

would a thousand fold rather minister to them. I could not help feeling, as I lay in bed thinking, 'where is the cross of this life, such a life as this; what sacrifice or self-denial does it demand, even if the people *are* willing to give it.' I think it makes the receiver more indebted to the gospel than the gospel to him; since we are all so much more indebted to the gospel than the gospel to us. I may say it makes the receiver dependent on the church rather than the church dependent on him. I think I can see this very plainly in our great city, fashionable churches, a show outside, great leanness inside. I have sometimes felt that my *own* people might do more, but I see, or think I see, that some men have a way, a clerical, dignified way of asking for it, demanding it, can't get along without it; but I know you would not have me one of these any more than I would desire to be one myself. Now, if we submit to privations or narrow circumstances *because we must*—then where is the virtue of it? If we have them not—then where is the cross? What offering after all do we make to God? But if we do this thing *willingly*; then, as Paul says, we have a reward. One thing we have for our comfort, we have never gone out just to make a place for ourselves. I think we never shall. God grant we may never be 'hired servants' but faithful children of 'Our Father.'

"MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT, *May* 28, 1869.

"It is a little late and I am excessively weary, having been on the go the live-long day, yet I cannot resist the impulse to write to you. How different are the circumstances under which I am now writing, from those under which my last letter to you from this place was written. Possibly you have forgotten it, but I never can forget. What an interval lies between! I cannot tell you how my heart has been moved throughout this last twenty-four hours. I reached Hartford yesterday afternoon; that place has wonderfully grown and improved, and I think it is one of the loveliest

cities I have ever seen. Everything looks prosperous, and the people look happy. Last evening I noticed ladies, many of them, in some instances alone, walking after nine o'clock as happily as if it were noon-day, along a crowded street, in perfect security. Still there is enough of the place left as it was for me to realize it was Hartford. The old college, my old room; for, it so happened, the young man I wanted to see occupied my old quarters. Professor Brockelsby, Dr. Jackson, the walks, the trees, all seemed to whisper to me. Oh, when I thought of those old days, the loneliness, the privation; days when I was friendless, days when you would never have owned me if you had known me. When I thought how God had lifted me up, and blessed me; how our little ones can never know what I have known, how they have a place in life, a starting point. When I thought how God in his goodness had done all, my soul melted in gratitude, in thanksgiving and prayer. I felt, in looking along *our* life, that the blessing had all been greater than the cost. It seemed hardly possible I could have been there four long years. I remembered what Paul said, 'these light afflictions are but for a moment;' and when I remembered the joys we have experienced, I felt those light afflictions had worked for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' So may it be with us. Not I alone have had trouble for twelve years; you and I have had it together. There is a reward for that; our reward will be together. May it be great; that it might be, the *service* must be great. All this bears upon what I have said in some of my letters.

"I wished for you to-day. Oh, how I missed you! I thought only of you. I want you to see Hartford. It can never be to you what it is to me, but I want you to know something of it. In the upper world I shall owe so much to that place. You and I will owe so much to each other. I could wish our recollections to be as nearly iden-

tical as possible. If God wills, when I come this way again I must bring you with me.

"I called on dear Mrs. Hoadley. You remember you have heard me speak of her. I feared to ask for her lest she might have passed away. But there she was the same as ever, and her family just as it was, with one or two exceptions. They were glad to see me, but of course not so glad as I was to see them. Dear old lady, she did not know, does not know now, what a service she did me. I wanted to stay there a week. This afternoon I took the boat and came down the river as I have often done in times gone by.— Beautiful country! I came here to Middletown, where I find things just as they were; the town has been fixed up, trees have grown, things look neat and comfortable, but the city itself is not much larger. I went over to the Berkeley divinity school, and saw the young man I wanted to see; the bishop was not at home. Found one or two old acquaintances; went up round the college, and now I am writing to you. My soul feels full. How I would that I could give my children the benefit of all my experiences; that I could impress upon them all that life is. I must try for that. How I wish that I could make them feel the blessings they have received of the Almighty, that they might walk worthy of their privileges! We must try to teach them. To-night I thank God more than I can tell you. You, too, must join in thanking him. I thank him for you. Whatever crosses we have had to carry, you have been a good wife to me. God gave us love for each other, and in giving that, gave us all things beside. Our life has been a happy one, and might have been happier, had our worthiness been greater. Let us only live and be thankful, and take up our cross in love to God and love to man, in devotion to that Saviour who took up the cross for us both. Let us accept and acquiesce in what our Father sends. Let us do our best for those dear ones God has given us. Let us seek to train them that they may be worthier than ourselves;

then, as the joys even here below are solid and great, the joys and rewards of the world above will be 'beyond all that has entered into our hearts to conceive.'

"GAMBIER, OHIO, *October 1, 1869.*

"Another morning dawns upon me in health. I had a very hard day yesterday; out at nine o'clock, and talking the live-long day, 'till half-past ten at night. I had students and professors to see—some pleasant cases, and some ugly ones. I was excessively weary last night, and felt very much as I have often done after preaching all day. I slept well, however, and this morning feel a little of what I call "Mondayish." I get so weary sometimes, I do not know what to do with myself; stopping in private families is all very well, and every body is very kind, but there is a measure of restraint about it, and, really, I only *rest* when I get to a hotel.

"Gambier is a lovely place just now. The weather is of that delicious kind, peculiar, I think, somewhat, to the west, though, very delightful everywhere. This country all through is still rough as compared with ours. The larger towns are very pretty, and some of the farm houses are very neat, and have every appearance of comfort. One cannot see any of the large barns so common in Pennsylvania, nor do the houses have the appearance of age, that we sometimes connect with long prosperity; but things look thrifty. The people on the train which brought me here impressed me. They were chiefly people of that sort which go out to settle new countries. Some of them were talking of St. Louis, and parts beyond that; one man had his family—his wife, a strong fat woman, two daughters—one married, and had a baby with her, and some five or six *boys*; three of them heavy six-footers, just the kind of stuff to subdue prairie land, pull down forests, and make way for civilization—types of a real nobility, that truly heroic stuff, brave

enough to grapple with the hardest possible life, and make their posterity and all the future their debtors.

“I could not help feeling, yesterday, in looking upon the people of the congregation, of the contrast between them and our people east; that is, between the best people this way and that. I suppose there were men who, if singled out, and compared with given individuals in the east, would have marked no great difference, but, taken in the aggregate, the interval was great. Time does tell, refinement comes after awhile; culture has a better chance in the Atlantic States, and possibly just at present our eastern cities furnish the best possible opportunities, a happy mean, between our west and the over-polished, artificial society of Europe; many little elements, which money cannot buy, are furnished from a refined and cultured atmosphere.

“COLUMBUS, OHIO, *October 2, 1869.*

“On Monday, November 1st, I start for home, *i. e.*, you and the dear ‘wee things’ with you. I do not forget that to-day is my birthday; I have not often hitherto remembered it when it came; some how, this one has been in my mind several times. I am to-day, you recollect, just *forty*; by some means or other, that period of life is regarded as a solemn one. It is the half of four-score, the period beyond which few lives extend. To me this birthday is doubtless far over half of all I shall ever see, probably over the two-thirds, *possibly not.*

“Forty years! I have seen many a day in which I had not the remotest expectation of seeing this day. Most wonderful and merciful have been the dealings of God with me; almost beyond my own ability to believe. From the first twenty years no human being could have predicted the second twenty. God has led me in a way I knew not, and, in both twenties, I think it is very plain to me that *He* has led me. Certainly, in this second twenty, I have committed my way to Him, and my heart gave out to-day in

far-reaching prayer that He will still guide me. It is a comfort to me that your prayers are joined to mine. You know something of these last twenty, with all their troubles, how full of blessing. You have been joined to them, not the smallest, not the least item in them; that one item which to-day makes my heart overflow with gratitude to God, that element which smoothed the years, and filled them full of contentment, and made possible whatever of usefulness I have been able to accomplish.

“Though when cares have come and hours have been overclouded, I have felt the burden of life; it is in days like these when I stand and solemnly look back, I feel without a wife I could not have lived; I feel with a wife other than the one I have I could not have been blessed as I am; when I look at my children, at all my belongings, I feel you have been a blessing to me, and I thank God that in all his giving He gave you.

“These thoughts have been running through my mind to-day, seeing before me as I do, not very distant the anniversary of our union, the recurrence of the day on which you and I blended our destinies and set out on *our* eternal journey.

“God bless you; * * * my life is your life, your life is my life; now, come what will we are forever joined, and henceforth every year is a unit to us both. What we look upon to-day as our life, has been by your struggle as well as by mine. Who can tell but God has twenty years more for each of us here together, to make this life a full and perfect unit. It may be so; there may be, beyond all doubt will be, trials and sacrifices for us. We have not reached the promised rest, but there may also be much of happy fruition. I feel now that life has a more definite shape to me than ever; that I can do, and ought to do, a better work than ever; that much of the past has been to us both the season of sowing.

“Our little ones begin to rise into rich and blessed prom-

ise. My ministry has risen to a point of partial recognition and God manifests to us that we have a work yet to do, in its nature greater, yet in its nature easier too ; as the finishing of a structure is always nicer, but yet filled with a richer satisfaction.

“ Let us pray to God for his presence with us still. We have tried—you know how we have tried—to walk in truth and righteousness. God will bless us, God has blessed us ; the past is His pledge, He will not forsake us. Let it be our pledge, we will still walk as we have tried to walk, in all fidelity and humility ; in love and sincerity—having the one object before us of doing good to our fellow-men and so serving God. Let us pray for our precious children that God will give them divine peace and wisdom, and that we may be to them divine guides. Love and kisses to you and to them, and may God’s blessing be upon us all.

“ LOGANSPOUT, INDIANA, *October 15, 1869.*

“ I wrote you about an hour ago a very hasty line, at the hotel, supposing that by this time I should be on my way to Chicago. Upon coming here I find the train an hour or two behind time, and consequently I am doomed to wait. The waiting I would not mind so much, if I only had a decent place to wait in—but such a depot, and such a set of people ! I will not describe the stove now in this room, nor the floor. The people here at present are beyond description. Many countenances are expressive of an acquaintance with ‘ old rye,’ of perhaps not the very best quality. Some look anxious and heavy-hearted ; some are just the fellows for tearing up roots and getting ground ready for culture. A party has just come in, a wagon load ; three men, and two women, father and son and son-in-law, mother and daughter. The younger pair just married, possibly ; the bridal presents appear to be confined to apples, of very large size, the choicest bestowments of the fall. I thought, as I observed them, that the young man whom I took to be the brother

of the bride, manifested a great amount of genuine affection, as he handed out the red corpulent emblems of his good wishes, a pleasure and affection often wanting to more pretending offerings on similar occasions. By the way, in the journey yesterday from Columbus, we had two newly-married couples. One was certainly married yesterday morning, for the friends came to the cars to see them off, and I heard a description of all the scenes, from the younger sister's getting out of bed at day-light, down to the last kiss at parting. This was a couple of some refinement, and the whole scene was very agreeable. The other couple was of humbler station, but evidently respectable, belonging, I judge, to the farmer class. Of the brides, I must say I thought the humbler one the healthier and handsomer. She had a very simple way with her, very charming in itself, making up in innocent naturalness what the other bride had in social culture. I queried in my mind whether one were much happier than the other. Both seemed as happy as they could be; both sights were beautiful; no shadow rested upon either. I could not help reflecting how absolutely both cast themselves upon the man of their choice, and how absolutely both husbands accepted and recognized and rejoiced in the responsibility. I thought that, reason as we will about society, man's place and woman's place, God knows best, and nature, in her normal laws, is our best and highest guide.

"The road on which we were all travelling was one of the roughest it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. It was very dangerous to be on it, and I reflected that, whether man or woman, husband or wife, higher sphere or lower, life is a dangerous experiment, and the jolting and pitching are alike impartial and equal, and that with plenty of love we don't mind it much, and get along very happily in spite of contingencies, absorbed in that we have all things else. This last reflection brought me back, of course, to you and our joint pilgrimage together. My experience,

you see, added force to my cogitations. We have, now and then, had a hard jolt, which has drawn our eyes from each other's faces, and set them to looking wildly out upon nothing; but the magnetic power inside has brought us back to each other, and the jolts themselves forgotten. This is not fun I am making, it is sober earnest. Verily our journey has been full of blessing.

"I write now on the train, which has made up time, or perhaps writing the above has caused the time to slip less heavily away, and I have been unconscious of its progress. This morning, almost the first thing that greeted me on getting out of bed, was the writing upon the white part of the paper on the wall: 'O, what sorrow I have endured!!'

"I could not make out whether it were the wail of some wronged, despairing soul, or some exclamation of relief at having gotten safely out of such a bed; but the train is off, and it shakes so, I cannot write.

"CHICAGO, 5 o'clock p. m.

"You see I have arrived safely at this Western Babel, just one thousand miles away from you, 'at each remove dragging a lengthening chain.' I think that is what Goldsmith says, only I don't feel very poetic just now. I have eaten the first dinner here that I have had since leaving you. I don't know whether I ate with the more appetite because of old associations.

"CHICAGO, October 16, 1869.

"How strange that I should be here in this same house which you entered just twelve years ago as a bride. Twelve years! What have they not done for us? Twelve years, and we together, one in purpose, in hope.

"It is all well enough to feel we are not worthy of each other. We felt so just twelve years ago, and if time has only impressed it more deeply upon us, it is one of the best.

evidences we could have, that we have not been disappointed.

“Twelve years of struggle and suffering, and yet twelve years of unspeakable blessing. When I look upon life, with its show and glitter, and perhaps its comforts, and realize that we have been to a great degree cut off from them, I feel that you at least know why we have not sought them. We have not worked for money, nor for self. You know our sincerity, our singleness of eye, and I assure you I would rather have that consciousness, now, than thousands of gold and silver. I believe you would, too. Is it not in itself great reward? Has it not hope, transcendent hope, in it, both for this world and that which is to come? When I think of what you have gone through for me, or at any rate, with me, my heart holds you, as it holds nothing else upon earth. When I see how God works for those who love him, I go out to another and a better world; and then I carry you with me. Oh, I think our day of rejoicing is before us, forever and forever.

“This fading, perishing, outer world is not the only one you live in with me. We live in thought, in purpose, in love—in a world above this world. The providence which has brought us together, will keep us together; the road has been one, the home will be one. The thought fills my heart to-day with joy, as I doubt not it does yours, too. You are all I have on earth except those precious children, which are yours and mine together. Oh, let us lift our hearts to God in thanksgiving. His way is better than ours. He has proved it to us; let us commit our way to Him more devotedly than ever. He will grant us *years* yet upon earth, years 'till our work is done. Hereafter let our thankfulness every day drown out our complaints; and may our journey be one of song, of peace, of faith, and holy, pious serving; then every day will be sweeter than the last, and eternity full of the fruition of time. My prayer to-day is for His Spirit to be over me, and so may it indeed be over us both.

“YORK, PA., *April 18, 1874.*

“Your letter from Georgetown, I enjoyed very much. I am very thankful to the people there for the kind reception they gave you; I trust the trip will do you good.

“I received to-day a very kind letter from Mr. Risdon, of Mount Holly. He says the people are delighted at our coming, and will do all in their power to make us comfortable.

“I have sent in my resignation here. They all say they are very sorry, and the vestry appointed a committee to confer with me to obtain, if possible, a withdrawal of the resignation. This I could not do, and upon the whole, think we have done well, in doing what we have.

“SUNDAY EVENING.

“I have had an easy day of it, so far as preaching is concerned. I have not been out at all this afternoon; I have had a dreadful pain in my right lung, and it has been hanging there for more than a week. Fischer was glad to preach, and I let him do so.

“MOUNT HOLLY, *July 3, 1874.*

“I will take time just to write a few lines to you. My heart is with you, and in my work and fixing here, I have the hope that you will truly enjoy it. I cannot tell you how much I like Mount Holly. I have this morning been off horseback riding with my neighbor, Mr. Brown, and a very pleasant ride I had.

“You have not seen the half of the charms of the place, and I cannot describe them if I try. I think though that you and I will enjoy some of these walks together. Yes, all of them, when you are not tired, when walking will do you good. Up the road past the mountain it is lovely, and yet it is scarcely a step from our house. * * * *

“I am counting so much on your happiness here that it makes me happy to think of it.

"I now go to dinner, a lonely sort of an affair, but things are getting to rights considerably, and we will be ready for you long before you are ready to come.

" MOUNT HOLLY, *July 8, 1874.*

"Your letter of Monday is received this morning. I am very glad to hear from you, to know you have not been ill for any length of time. I was very much afraid that excessive heat had been too much for you. Yesterday and the day before were most exquisite days, just cool enough, no dust, the air clear, everything beautiful. In my walks I could not help a feeling of thankfulness that our steps had been guided to a spot in all respects so agreeable, some of the walks are just perfection, so peaceful, and yesterday I discovered that the boating up the river is delightful. You can go up any distance, through meadows and under trees. Boats are kept for hire, not over beautiful I judge, but large and safe.

"For the two days of this week I have been out making calls. I find the people all of one sort, nice, cultivated people, but without any pretensions; kind and hospitable. I think you will like them. I see nothing here to make us unhappy except the smallness of our means, but apart from that, we will have what money cannot buy. The children, too, all seem well behaved, not dressy, but modest, quiet, both boys and girls.

" AT THE CEDARS, BARNEGAT, *July 20, 1875.*

"Mr. Levis brought me your note yesterday. Dr. Stratton came down last night, and through both I hear you are all getting along splendidly. Down here we are enjoying ourselves. On Sunday I had an absolute *rest*. I did nothing whatever. The salt water bath I took on Saturday night put me to sleep and I have not been so truly sleepy for years. There are not many people here, and that gives us the better chance. The fare is good, plenty of fish and oysters. We

have been out fishing several times and have been very successful. Mr. Sprigg is the champion fisherman so far.

"I am writing now early in the morning; we are going off to-day for a whole day's fishing, taking our dinner with us. Mr. Sprigg has just gone by and says 'give my love to everybody,' though he don't want to write to or hear from anybody. I have just asked him when they think of going home, and Mr. Sprigg says 'don't tell them anything about it, we don't want to go home for *several weeks*,' but the probability is we will take the morning train next Saturday, but I shall not stay over this week.

"Mr. Levis is writing to his wife, and in his letter he has enclosed a photograph of me, taken as I appeared at the wharf when I went down to meet him.

"God bless you, love and kisses to the children."

A letter to his Eldest Daughter.

"BALTIMORE, MD., May 19, 1870.

"MY PRECIOUS LITTLE MAY: We had all hoped to get a letter from Cumberland this morning, but the postman did not come. We suppose Mrs. Tilghman has been too busy to write. We hope you both got safely along on Monday, and that by this time you are both rested from your journey. I came home on Monday evening from Philadelphia, and it seemed very strange not to find you here. We miss you every day, very much. Mamma and Lucy, and Nelly and Tilly, often talk about you. It is quite cool here this morning, and mamma was afraid you would need a warmer sack, but we knew you were in good hands, and that something would be found to keep you warm.

"The children have gone out in the yard, to see if they can find a violet for you; they cannot find a violet, and so they put in all the flowers our little garden has in it. They have been very much taken up with some crabs mamma got for dinner. The man brought them just now, and they were

alive, and Mary put them in a kettle to boil them, and they looked so odd, the children were very much amused. Mamma is busy with her sewing, but she sends you many kisses, and a great deal of love. After the children got the flowers, they each one put a kiss in for you, and told papa to tell you that they love you a great deal.

"Papa expects to go away to New York to-morrow morning, and he will not be back before next Monday or Tuesday; he will write to you again when he gets home. Papa hopes you will not forget to be a good girl, and to mind all Mrs. Tilghman and Miss Fannie tell you. It was very kind in Mrs. Tilghman to take you home with her, and you must try and not make any trouble for them. Don't forget to read a little every day, and by and by write a little letter to us all. Tell us how you like the dear little baby; Tilly was talking about little Martha until he fell asleep, last night; he said how glad he would be to see her; you must kiss little Martha for us all, and give our love to Mrs. Tilghman and Miss Fannie, Mr. and Mrs. Frisbie Tilghman, and all the dear good people who ask you about papa and mamma.

"And now, my dear child, papa prays God to take care of you, and to make all the kind things that are done for you, a blessing to you.

"Hoping to get a letter to-morrow morning, before I go,
I am your own affectionate, PAPA."

Letter to his Children.

"GIBRALTAR, OHIO, August 15, 1868.

"MY DEAR LITTLE PETS: Papa is a long way from home, upon a pretty little island in lake Erie.

"A lake is a great deal of water in one place, with land all around it. An island is a piece of land with water all around it. There are many islands in lake Erie. The island on which I am, is called Gibraltar; it is a pretty place, and very pleasant. It belongs to Mr. Jay Cooke, a brother of

the Mr. Cooke whom you know. If you see Mr. Cooke, you can tell him where papa is.

"There are many clergymen here, and I enjoy being here very much; I go out every day in a boat. Papa often wishes you girls and mamma were here with him; he would take you all out in a boat with him. Papa thinks of his dear children and mamma nearly all the time. I hope you have been good girls, and that Tilly has been a good boy. You are good children sometimes, but papa hopes you will be very good children now, while he is away from home. Try and save mamma all the trouble you can.

"I write this to May and Lucy, because I hope they will be able to read it to Nelly and Tilly. Papa sends much love and many kisses to you all. Tell Nellie I often wonder how she can go to sleep without papa to kiss her good night.

"I cannot tell you exactly when I shall be at home, but I hope before many days.

"Papa prays God to bless you all, and dear mamma, and to take care of us all.

"Yours, in great love,

PAPA."

Letter to Mr. Middleton from Mr. Perinchief's Mother.

"BERMUDA, July 28, 1857.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of 29th ult., arrived safely to hand, and allow me to return you my sincere thanks for the past as well as the present interest which you have taken in my son. I have learned long since that you were his friend, and thrice happy am I to learn from you that you think yourself repaid.

"Octavius has, I believe, made it a part of his study to make every one his friend with whom he has been acquainted, and by very many I believe he is beloved. I have not been able to do much to aid him in his pursuits, but the Almighty has guided and protected him in sickness and

health, and through Him I pray he will ever be befriended. I have nothing now left to bring joy and gladness to my heart, nothing to strengthen my weak frame; I may say, nothing to desire to live for but my dear children; and although we have been separated for a long time, yet they have been the comfort of my life and joy of my later years. Never be weary in well doing, for surely you will reap a reward. You will notice this is not in my handwriting, as my eyesight is so very bad I can scarcely sign my name. Please forward any letters to or from my children which may come under your notice, and believe me, your sincere friend,
MARTHA PERINCHIEF."

From his Brother, Josephus Perinchief.

"BERMUDA, Sept. 19, 1862.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: Your welcome letter of August 5th to dear mother arrived safely, and happy were we in again hearing from you, for it had been so very, very long since we heard, that we were afraid you were so situated as not to be able to get a letter to us; and it was the greatest desire of mother to hear from you again before she died, as she was under the impression that something very serious had happened to you.

"The arrival of your letter gave her great satisfaction; she thanks God for his blessing, in keeping her alive to hear from you, and to know you are comfortable; sympathizes with you in the death of your dear boy; and is looking forward to that happy day when you will meet her in the arms of Jesus.

"Poor mother had been sick for a long time, and not being able to take the food which nature required, she became worse, and her complaint (consumption) increased rapidly on her, but she would get up, and dress lightly, and move from one room to another at pleasure, resigning herself to the will of God, knowing that her stay among us was but short, and that her work was nearly finished.

"On the 27th of August, she was so weak as not to be able to get out of bed; and she had taken a dislike to all the little preparations which were made ready for her, so that from that time up to the day of her death she took very little of anything.

* * * "She still retained more strength than we would suppose, and her reason was good as long as life lasted.

"On the 8th of September, we found she was sinking fast, and on the eve of that day her spirit returned to God, who gave it. She died without a groan, in the sure trust of bliss eternal through the Saviour. On the following day, her remains were placed with those of her father and mother, in Port Royal church-yard, by her request. Her funeral was attended with the greatest respect by both relatives and friends, far and near."

Extract from a Letter written to Mrs. Perinchief, after the Death of her Husband, by his brother, Josephus Perinchief.

"BERMUDA.

"I feel sadly grieved at the departure of my dear brother, and your sad bereavement; yet why should I grieve, it is far better for him to be with Christ, but although we feel this assurance, our poor nature will give way to sorrow at the death of dear friends, and weep for them too.

"I thank God for His love and mercy to you in that great trial, in granting you health and strength to nurse him and attend to his wants. What a comfort it must have been to him and to you. My heart pours forth its sympathy for you. I know you must feel lonely, but cheer up, he cannot come to you, you must go to him. God grant you strength to bear up under your burden of affliction. Cast your care on Jesus, He has promised to care for you, look to the great work to which you are now called, the oversight of those dear children. See what a responsibility devolves on you.

I know this great work has not been left till now for you to begin alone, for Octavius has been walking with God from his youth, and you must have been doing the same, or he would not have chosen you for a companion through this life's journey. * * * * *

“Octavius was one of those men, with whom even enemies are at peace.

“His first great object in life was to make God his friend, then all joined, or seemed to have a special regard for him.

“What an honor I feel it to be to have had such a brother, and so must those feel who have been in any way connected with him.

Extract from a letter to Mrs. Perinchief from Adeltah Perinchief, during the last illness of his brother.

“BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

“Poor Octavius! My heart yearns to be with him to render him what little assistance I might be able. I am sorry he felt so badly when he found I was gone. It seems as though an over-ruling providence had so controlled our lives as to cause us to be separated all through life, (perhaps more than they might have been if we had directed them otherwise,) and at the close of life to have been able to comfort him at all, is a great comfort to me.

“God will truly bless you abundantly for your earnest, and self-sacrificing devotion to him through his entire sickness; such devotion can never go unrewarded, and in this hour of great affliction I earnestly pray that I may utter some word that shall cheer you. May you be kept from all evil, though all may seem to us dark and unpropitious.

LETTERS TO THOMAS D. MIDDLETON.

In a former chapter of this volume, the reader has probably observed a striking allusion by Mr. Perinchief, to a warm personal friend, named Thomas D. Middleton. That gentleman was a native of Bermuda, and having come to this country at an early day, was for many years a prominent merchant in New York city, but residing in Brooklyn. Having known something of Mr. Perinchief when a boy, he naturally took an interest in his welfare, when the latter became a resident of New York, and the intimacy which existed between the two, lasted until Mr. Middleton returned to his native island in 1872; a friendly intercourse however, having been kept up by correspondence, until the death of Mr. Perinchief. When the preparation of this volume was entered upon, one of the first appeals for information was made to Mr. Middleton, who, like a true man, responded in a prompt and handsome manner. From his extensive correspondence he selected the letters which form the contents of this chapter. One of the letters addressed to the editor by Mr. Middleton, breathes such a noble Christian spirit, that by way of introducing the subjoined correspondence, a single paragraph is submitted, viz: "I have made a selection of Mr. Perinchief's letters, and send them to you in order that you may use them, or portions of them, or not, as you see fit. I also send you a copy of what he wrote in presentation copies of his sermons sent to my uncle Mr. Dickinson, and to myself. Both seem to have a bearing on the object you have in view, but I am not solicitous of more *notoriety* than seems proper to illustrate *his* deeds and feelings. Beyond this I care not to be conspic-

uous. You know this is an ill-natured world, and apt to misconstrue often, the best of motives. I suppose that in Mr. Perinchief's account of his own history he will have stated all that he desires his friends to know, but if there be any points that you desire to be enlightened about, I shall be happy to aid you if I can. I learn from his brother here, that he was born in Warwick Parish, on October 2d, 1829. As regards myself, his repeated expressions of gratitude in his letters to me, and his prayers, have fully rewarded me for all I did for him. I feel thankful that I was permitted to help him.

"The following was written by Mr. Perinchief in a volume of his sermons presented to my uncle, Mr. Dickinson, who, at my instance, interceded with Mr. Perinchief's uncle to make him an allowance of one hundred dollars per annum, towards his expenses at college. I think it was only for a year or two, when the uncle died, and his estate refused to continue it. He received a small legacy, while at college, of, I think, about six hundred dollars, from a Mr. Powell Prudden, and these two sources constituted all his means from his friends towards attaining his profession. His uncle was Joseph Perinchief. I believe Mr. Prudden was a relative, but I don't know the relationship :

"To Josiah Dickenson, Esq., to whose kind interest and instrumentality the writer of these sermons is much indebted, this volume is gratefully presented.

"O. PERINCHIEF.

"PHILADELPHIA, PA., *July 1, 1869.*"

The following was written by Mr. Perinchief, in a volume of his sermons presented to Mr. Middleton :

"To Thomas D. Middleton, Esq., but for whom, in the providence of God, the writer of these sermons had probably never entered a pulpit—with the hope and prayer that herein he may find some of that 'bread cast upon the

waters' though 'after many days'—this volume is now presented by his affectionate and grateful friend,

“O. PERINCHIEF.

“PHILADELPHIA, PA., *June 11, 1869.*”

“WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

“MIDDLETOWN, CONN., *February 6, 1851.*

“I am now, I hope, permanently settled for college life. Having arranged my affairs, I repaired to Dr. Williams' study, and informed him of my determination. I told him of the change in my views since I last called on him. He asked if I had consulted with my friend, as I had promised to do; if that friend was willing; if he were a churchman; and to whose church he belonged? To each and all of which I satisfactorily replied. He thought it strange, and intimated that you were a queer churchman to advocate such a move as that, and added that I might get a good education here, but that I would undoubtedly get a better one there. He gave me a letter of dismissal, and said that, perhaps, when I had been here a little while, I would wish to return; if so, he would be most happy to extend the same assistance to me he had now offered, and that I might come here and stay till my senior year, then return there, or go to some other Episcopal college, and thus secure my diploma from an Episcopal institution. He asked my reasons for changing my mind so soon. I told him, that on reviewing the reasons for my leaving, and comparing them with those for my remaining, you had concluded the former by far the more worthy of consideration, and to your opinion I felt myself bound to yield. He seemed to manifest some apprehension that the Methodists would make a great effort to lead me into their church, and as a kind of defense against all such assaults he promised to introduce me to Mr. Goodwin, (the Episcopal minister of this place,) and in some measure to place me under his care. Dr. Williams said he would like to see you, for he

felt sure he could make you change your views in reference to Trinity College; but, with all he said, and with all that others have said, my opinions remain unchanged; for with all they can say, I feel the superiority of the course pursued at this college. Situated as I am, in the midst of so many and great dangers, how liable am I to be led away. Pray God that he will ever preserve me in the fellowship and communion of His Holy Apostolic church, that new health and strength may be given me to develop the mind with which he has endowed me, to His honor and glory; and that, in avoiding Scylla I may not be swallowed up by the surges of Charybdis.

“MIDDLETOWN, *August 8, 1851.*

“Everything has passed off pleasantly, the term has closed, excitement has subsided, the students have gone, and I find myself left, almost the only tenant of these ancient halls, the companion of the whispering breezes, enthroned in the stillness of solitary retirement. In the midst of associations such as these, many and solemn are the thoughts which press themselves upon me, which, though keen and deep, I am unable to express, commencing with my birth, and piercing even the veil which shuts my sight from dark futurity. Two years ago, I left the crowd of the city, the din of business, the haunts of happiness, (for there I passed many happy days,) I resigned the hopes of worldly fortune, the scenes of gayety and pleasure, for the seclusion of the country and the monotony of the study. In analyzing the motives which urged me to action, in marking the spirit which has actuated me since, I think I can sincerely and safely say, that my only aim was, and has been, the glory of Him who brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light, the good and happiness of my fellow-man, the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus, and the extension of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace. And this day, on what am I permitted to look? On one continued stream

of success, one perpetual shower of mercies from God. In permitting me to go to school, He not only enabled me to do the duty I designed, but even more; and in college He has blessed me beyond all my expectations. In the midst of discouragement, surrounded by dismal forebodings, He has sustained me from sickness and death, He has delivered me, and now permits me to look upon the bright prospect of maturing my most sanguine desire. While many who started under more favorable auspices, whose physical structure was stouter and stronger than mine, and whose mental endowments were brighter, have passed from the stage of action to the narrow limits of the tomb; while inheriting natural failings, with unhappy dispositions, they have perverted their faculties, despised morality, and acquired habits, which at once expel them from the society of the wise and virtuous, God has mercifully extended to me my usual physical strength. He has enabled me to maintain a good moral character, and I am permitted to enjoy in good degree the esteem of those, by whom I am surrounded. But for all this success, next to God, I am indebted to no one more than to you. When misfortune and poverty seemed to threaten annihilation to all my hopes; when trouble and anxiety had well nigh dethroned my purpose; when all was dark around me, and no ray of light was before me, you interposed your kindness, extended your aid, and brought relief. Moreover, when you had succeeded in securing assistance for me from others, which in itself had been more than I could at all expect, you went even beyond, and overstepping the requirements of friendship and the injunctions of Christian charity, voluntarily and liberally offered to administer of your own substance, and that, too, on terms of purest benevolence. When clouds gathered thick about me, when the pathway before me was wrapt in obscurity, you were true in your counsel, and indefatigable in your efforts for my welfare. Modesty would forbid me here to enumerate your many labors of love and magnanimous

acts. Long as I live shall I be indebted to you, every day shall but increase that indebtedness, and throughout my life, such a benefactor shall ever claim the highest eminence in my memory. I enter upon my sophomore year, with feelings of less embarrassment; and I do it, too, with renewed resolutions of study and application.

“MIDDLETOWN, CONN., *March 26, 1852.*

“Once more I am called upon to praise that hand which has scattered its blessings so profusely about my path, and which, in every hour of danger, has been outstretched to rescue me. God has once more sent me a token that his approving smiles are upon me, that the mark toward which I press is one which He would have me reach, that I, feeble offering as I am, am nevertheless one whom he designs to accept. ‘God will provide,’ is a text for whose counterpart no Christian need look beyond his own experience, and of the certainty of which no mortal ever enjoyed more undeniable evidence than I have. Where can the man be found whose entire life has been made up of more signal blessings? What was I five years ago? Poor, ignorant, and friendless, I landed on these shores amid strangers, with no father’s hand to guide my wandering steps, no mother’s care to protect me from the shafts of Satan, no better monitor than the unholy, natural heart I bore within me. Who provided then? Who still provides? My spirit clings to God, and ever I can look up and feel that in Him I have a father and a friend.

“I long to be done with college, not because I find no enjoyment in the pursuit of study, or that I am disgusted with its dull monotony, but because it seems sometimes to me as though I were living only to myself, and I have doubts whether my usefulness hereafter, will counterbalance the value of the time I am spending, in preparing myself for that position from which it must issue. College is, of all places in this world, least congenial to the Christian.

soul, however paradoxical it may appear to you. Here there are trials to be endured, which cannot be understood, except by him who has once experienced them. Yet I still drink at the fountain of grace, and find my soul refreshed. Yes, God will provide, order, and bring to pass. In His hands I leave my future. My money matters are much easier than I expected. I had no idea that there would so much money accrue to me from my uncle's estate. I assure you it affords me no little happiness to be able to refund to your firm the money they have advanced, from time to time, and I feel in no little degree under obligations to them.

"If I mistake not, I mentioned to you in a former letter something about my returning to Trinity. The causes of the change my mind has undergone, I shall endeavor to express. Experience, they say, is a dear school, still, I believe its teachings are worth all they cost, and my experience has taught me that the change I made one year ago has done me no good. True, all the circumstances are not the same. My chief reasons are these: I can live cheaper, I don't want to teach school any more in winter, and, because, by so doing, I can save one year in my studies. Besides this, the class which I left are anxious to have me return, and so is Dr. Williams. He tells me he will give me a scholarship which shall clear all college expenses, except incidental charges, for the first year, and even a little more during the second. I do not wish to teach school, because I find I am a loser by it. The time we spend in college, even where we remain through every term, is quite little enough, but if we take four months out it leaves a very small balance, and I find my health by no means improves under it. The greatest reason is this: You are, perhaps, aware that, since I left Hartford, they have established a theological school there in connection with Trinity. Now, in our senior year, we have no very difficult studies to pursue, and the study of theology here

does not require so much time as is generally devoted to it. I think if a man would give his attention to it closely, he could obtain in a year and a half what it takes three years to get in the senior class in Wesleyan University. I can gain a year by taking theology with my senior studies, thus saving not only the time, but also the expense of an entire year. Besides all this, in church associations, I feel like a child that has wandered from its home, and feels anxious to return. I am desirous of returning this coming term, which commences in about four weeks ; for, in a year from this time, if I live, I shall need all the assistance I can get. I have thought a great deal about it, and I have concluded it would be better to go back. I do not like the idea of graduating anywhere except at a church institution, and I should not like to graduate here. However, I submit it to you, and may I not ask you to let me have your views on this subject during next week. If I am to go there, I shall want to make up my mind soon. There were some other things I wished to mention, but I will not trouble you with them now. I cannot, however, help expressing my thanks to you for your kindness in making me the offer you did in your last ; or rather, I should say, I don't know how to express my thanks. It is the hardest work in the world to write a letter of gratitude. You do not seem to like them either.

“ I shall feel happy in remembering that I have a place which I can call home, when I visit your city. Ten thousand thanks to you, and Mrs. M. No one is more apt to undervalue his actions than he who performs deeds of charity from motives purely generous and benevolent. No one is more apt to give such actions the proper degree of estimate, than he, who in a consciousness of need, without any claims whatever, receives the benefit of such actions. Who, then, should be the judge between us ?

“ WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

“ MIDDLETOWN, CONN., *March 8, 1852.*

“ I wrote sometime since, to inform you that I had undertaken to teach school. Having finished my engagements in that quarter, I have now returned to college, and have succeeded in entering my class. Laborious as the business of school teaching is, I cannot say that I feel much the worse for having embarked in it. The people among whom I have been laboring have treated me as well as I had reason to expect, and in many instances even better. The extreme severity of the winter, however, has taken away a little of my flesh, which I hope to regain during spring, should circumstances prove propitious. My chief object in writing to you at this time is to make a proposal similar, in some respects, to one partially agreed upon in a former part of our transactions, but which was limited by no definite understanding. You are aware that hitherto I have been pursuing my studies under circumstances of uncertainty, at no time free from pecuniary embarrassments; at one time trusting to the generosity of an uncle, and anon looking forward to the proceeds of a winter's school to defray my expenses, although I would by no means forget the many instances in which my cares have been mitigated by your friendly aid. I need not say that such circumstances are peculiarly harrassing to me, and my object is to place myself in a position in which my numerous wants will not be attended with corresponding anxieties. Situated as I am, I get nothing but what I pay for, and while many of my wants are supplied by the kindness of friends, (which I rejoice to say it has ever fallen to my lot to secure in every place in which I have remained for any time,) still in order that friendship may be permanent, there are many things which it demands in return, thereby making the outlay nearly equal to the income. After a retrospective view of my actions I cannot charge myself with extravagance, and when I compare my expenses with those of others, I see no

room for such a charge. I cannot be mean, it is not policy to be so, you would not have me so, and although I have almost wished to be mean, I nevertheless feel I should be miserable if I were. I received a letter from home a short time since, in which I was informed that the amount of money left me by my deceased uncle is about \$300, it may be a little more or a little less. This I think will almost pay you what I already owe you, and this is the end to which I purpose to appropriate it when it shall be placed at my disposal, which I am informed will be in a few weeks, and here let me say, I shall direct the executors to pay it into your hands.

“I received for teaching, this winter, seventy dollars and my board. After paying my incidental expenses for the time during which I was teaching, and the debts which I had contracted here for clothes and other things during the past year, I find myself with little more than a cent left, and disappointed in my expectations of paying, out of it, my board, tuition, and clothes bill, for the remaining nine weeks of this term. As far as I can gather, I stand in just about this position, that (throwing out of consideration my expenses for this term) when that three hundred dollars comes I shall be out of debt. Now the proposition or proposal which I mentioned, is this: Will you allow me to draw on you for any amount of money which I may need, not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars per year, and to give you, as security for your money, a policy of insurance on my life, for any amount which will cover my liabilities, say for five hundred dollars, the first year or two, with the distinct understanding that this money, or such money as I may draw, together with interest, amount paid for policies, and all other dues, be refunded within one, two, or three years after I have completed my studies, according as my income will then permit me? I know you offered to let me have money, but no plan was proposed by which your money would be secure in case anything

happened to me, and the possibility of your losing it would be as bad to me as my not having it to pay my way. I refrain from saying how great an obligation I should be placed under to you, should such a proposal coincide with your views. Next to the great donor of all gifts I owe to you my success thus far, and the probability is, if I am successful till the end, it will be only to increase that debt. Will you favor me with a reply as soon as your deliberations will permit, and be free, open, and candid with me? When that money comes, let us have a general settlement. Will you also inform me as to how much it will cost me to visit my home this summer? It has been five years since I was there; I have a mother and friends who eagerly anticipate a visit from me; my own heart no less desires it, and I wish, if possible, to go.

“QUINDARO, KANSAS, *December 5, 1857.*

“I think I was not wise in coming to Kansas. You know when I left New York I was not very strong, and it seems to me now I might have known I could not endure the privation and exposure of a new country. It is one thing to wish to labor in Kansas; it is quite another to be able to do it. In counting the cost, I thought the exposure would not be so great, and I reckoned too much on my own strength. Do not think that I am desponding; I am weak, it is true; my old energy has greatly departed, still I think I have pretty good courage. I am pained and grieved when I think how little I have done since I came back, and I would like to know who would not under the circumstances have become a little discouraged? The weather is so inclement, I hardly dare go out, and in the house I am too sick to study. Your letter certainly was encouraging. You opened so many rich prospects, but you rightly used the expression, ‘if my health were spared.’ A man can do nothing without this. This, however, brings me to another topic in your letter, about which I wish to say a word. I am sorry that,

in an act of my life so important as that of my getting married, I should for once go beyond the limits of your approval. Here, again, the thought turns upon 'limited circumstances.' You go on to mention the case of your friend, whose troubles pressed heavily upon him, and conclude by saying, there must be something to 'make the kettle boil.' Now, my dear friend, is not this taking a very low view of marriage, and is it not reducing life itself, indeed, to a very low standard? That a man should *begin* his ministry laden with cares is certainly not desirable, nor is it any more desirable that those cares should come upon him at any period of life. But is it right to call those cares misfortunes? Are people of wealth happier? The fact is, care and trouble are the common heritage of men. They do not always come in the same form, but no degree of prudence will arrest them; and in my particular case, how do I know, that I will be any better off three years from now, than I am at present? Nay, is it not morally certain that I will not be? And what should I gain in the interval? How many kindly affections should I develop? Nay, when my habits for single life are all fixed, why get married at all? A man never loves in mature life what he did not love in comparative youth. Where real love is not, real happiness is not. What then is gained by deferring the union of two souls that do love? Crush the affections until you have blunted their susceptibility; form tastes and sympathies on an independent, it may be on a different, basis; yet married at last, out of policy, on mere expediency, and not from the promptings of sanctified love, not from a desire to meet the highest and noblest duties which can attach to man—and what will probably be the result? But, get married in the fear of God, as soon as, to human penetration, the way is open, and what blessing, real blessing, will be wanting? Take this very instance. If I had not been married, I should not have had the expense of a wife; but who in my sickness would have

nursed me as she has? Who would have so loved me, and thought of me, and worked for me?

I tell you, sir, that love and sympathy are not all poetry, or, if they are, they are not less a reality. They come home to the soul, they strengthen it, and lift it, and bless it, and so are just as real as pots and kettles, and infinitely more precious. This subject lengthens out, and I fear to detain you, but you say: 'yes, it blesses you, but what it costs her?' What does a tender child cost a mother? What does a perishing crew at sea cost the heroic heart which perils its own safety to save them? What do my exertions and anxieties for my friends cost me? No, sir; put love in the main-spring of action and 'privation,' 'trouble,' and 'suffering,' change their meaning. What would I give for that love which would not 'hope and endure,' and be patient? What would I give for a heart which cared only to share my joys? Methinks your friend forgot the dignity of that toil, which provided for those he loved, and did himself an injustice when he relapsed into repining. I would be far, indeed, from saying that there could be no such thing as an imprudent marriage; but when a man has arrived at years of discretion, when he is as rich as he ever expects to be, when God gives him the heart of another, truly to love him, I should doubt his wisdom if he still remained single. To be sure, I may find myself surrounded by many embarrassments, I may see many hours of dark perplexity; but amid them all, if I can work, I shall never despair. Labor in this world may be, and often is, the parent of happiness. Should you consult the opinion of philosophers on this subject, I am persuaded you would think me not very far from right. Dr. Johnson was no mere theorist, and he advocates early marriages. Ben. Franklin was the most practical of all philosophers, and he has left a very clear exposition of his views. He advocates early marriage, especially to those of moderate circumstances, showing its advantage, upon every principle acting in the economy of life; and what say the Scriptures?

What say the ancient servants of God? Oh! my friend, is it not that we reduce this matter too much to a mere temporary arrangement, a mere social institution? God designed it for all His children, and, judging from the tenor of Scripture, He has blessed it, particularly to the poor. He who took in Him our nature that he might lift us up to God, was the son of a poor woman. Can God take care of two when they are apart, and yet not of two when they are together?

“MT. SAVAGE, ALLEGANY Co., MD., *April 2, 1859.*

“The more I see of Mt. Savage, in contrast with other places the more I am thankful that my lot was cast here. It is a country place, to be sure, but a country place under circumstances peculiar. Money matters give me no sort of concern; as the month comes round, the money comes too, and, during the month, many things come which no money could buy. There is wealth, great intelligence, and refinement, on the one hand; there is ignorance and poverty on the other. There is piety and love in both. There are few Episcopalians, but there are many Christians. No other clergyman is resident here, and I try to be a pastor to all alike. I never felt so much the desirableness of preaching the simple Gospel. I find by ignoring all peculiarities, they like me all the better. I have more time for reflection, study, all which constitutes life, and I do not know that I could anywhere be happier. There is some danger of rusting a little, it is true, but no one place on earth combines all facilities.

“I feel better now than I have felt for some years, and good health, to my mind, comprehends every blessing simply mortal. I have no anxiety as to church matters, except so far as to teach my people all I can. I have no fears as to being called ‘high church’ or ‘low church;’ no rival churches are here. We have no pews to let, for the church is free, and, thank God, generally full. The same people listen to

me from Sunday to Sunday, and I believe we are growing in grace. I do not suppose another man in the country preaches to a more mixed congregation—Christians of every name mingle in our worship, and to all I try to speak a seasonable word. Such is the life of the rector of St. George's, in Mt. Savage—obscure, but hopeful.

“ CUMBERLAND, MD., *April 14, 1863.*

“ God's promise to us has been verified. ‘ In the days of dearth they shall have enough.’ In the summer time the war came pretty near to us, one battle was within twelve miles, and another no great way off; the sound of the guns disturbed us, but beyond that we have suffered little. In the meantime things have cleared up considerably. I think you will agree that the prospect before us this year is far brighter than it was a year ago. Down here we have made a long stride ahead. Maryland is a free State; the white people are free, free as a statute-book can make them, though much remains for schools to accomplish. When I look around here and know things which I learned not by hearsay, I feel that this war has been an unspeakable blessing already, and the physical and moral effects of it, I look upon as only the prelude to a great spiritual effect yet to come. After the storm comes the ‘ still small voice;’ I know many men who have been three years in the army, and I believe every one of them to be twice the man he was when he went away. I have yet to see the first man who in the army has been demoralized. I do not consider them saints by any means, but if I can see a man advance toward a nobler manhood, I take courage.

“ BALTIMORE, MD., *February 19, 1867.*

“ I have had two or three calls. One from Wheeling and one from Saint John's Church, Georgetown, D. C. This latter parish is not very large, made up of very nice people, and requiring no great amount of labor; they are united

among themselves, except so far as political opinions vary; they sent me a call at a salary of \$1,800—with the promise of soon raising it; I went down there and saw them, I have just this moment written accepting the call, my services to begin the first Sunday in March. I cannot move my family immediately. I must wait until I get a house. Mr. Graham advises me to take this charge; it is a place he was anxious for me to take several years ago. One of the vestry told me yesterday, he thought they would keep a horse for me, and that my *income* would be considerably larger than my salary. There are some men of means connected with the church. I have thought the matter over, and this is the best I know how to do. They agree to give me a month or six weeks' vacation in summer, which will of itself be a great help to me. I shall be near Alexandria where there are always clergymen, whose services I can procure in case of sickness.

“GEORGETOWN, D. C., *March 28, 1867.*

“I am just beginning to realize my surroundings; the prospects all look good. I am in decidedly the pleasantest parish I have yet had; the people are refined, educated, in many instances highly cultivated; the men are, some of them literary, some of them scientific, characters; some are in Government offices, some are old-school retired gentlemen; there is no pretension, but everything real and plain, though some of them are very wealthy. As to the town itself, I cannot say much for it. You know it is an old town, much older than Washington; there are many poor people, uneducated, and I can begin to see plenty of work already. Many of my people are from the North, with northern ideas of liberality. Of course, I have some poor people in my congregation, and some of fair acquirements. As to political sentiment, fortunately that does not run very high. The church building itself is a very old one, the oldest in the town, so old it is falling down, and we are now

getting plans for a new church, Sunday-school room and parsonage, all together, built with special reference to their respective uses. This summer will see all preparations made, perhaps see the work partly done. To me the people are beginning already to be very kind; they found houses scarce, and house-rent high. They came and told me to take any house at any rent, and not consider myself responsible for more than \$300. I took a house, which did not suit me exactly, but which was the best I could get; they said, 'what you want done shall be done,' and this indicates their disposition. My wife came over on Tuesday, and the ladies gave her a hearty reception.

"I like my parish better, and better every day. I have plenty to do in it, and I trust I may have grace to work moderately, so as not to break myself down, and yet be able to do the work which lies before me. I have to thank you for those Church papers—the *Episcopalian*. It is the only Church paper I see, and so, of course, it has been of great service to me.

"GEORGETOWN, *May* 25, 1867.

"We have this week been moving from Baltimore; a week of labor it has been to us both. I am so wearied, so exhausted even, I sometimes scarcely know what I am about. My wife is feeling much prostrated, also, though everything has been done for us which could be done. When we came into our new house, we found every thing that could be wanted, and in abundance. We ought to be comfortable. My only embarrassment is, how to acknowledge it, or how to be worthy of it.

"GEORGETOWN, *July* 22, 1867.

"The truth is I have not been very comfortably situated since the warm weather began. The house I have is a small one. It affords me no study; the room I am using is in the attic. When the days are very warm, I am driven out by

twelve o'clock; then my whole evening is lost, in one sense. I cannot enter the study, either to read or write. The parish does not afford a parsonage, and though they have been talking of building one, I see no prospect of their doing it very soon. From my peculiar nervous condition my cerebral action is at best imperfect. Such a condition requires the best sunlight and air. In coming to think of it, it is just these two elements of which I have everywhere been deprived, for want of a proper study. You remember the little study in Brooklyn, on the wrong side of the house for the sun, and too small to hold sufficient air. In Cumberland, I knew at the time, my study was killing me. At Savage, I got on better, because I was very little in my study. Here I am but repeating my experience; I have done the best I could. I confess, it a little surprises me to see men, intelligent men, Christian men, spend thousands of dollars, in some instances tens of thousands, in fitting up their business offices, and yet expect clergymen to manufacture healthy thought in a garret; I, however, accept the conditions. Though I am not like you, a predestinarian, I am, like you, a firm believer in a superintending providence. People say I preach the truth, and they understand things better when I have explained them. God might have made my mission, not one to build up churches, but, like Paul, to wander about and preach. My congregation has grown considerably, now filling our church, which, however, is not very large. I am kept busy, though I could do more, it sometimes seems to me, were I a little differently situated. I find Georgetown an extremely expensive place to live in, by far the most expensive in which we have ever lived. We have to pay \$550 for this house, small as it is. The people are very generous, too; they are always doing something, and seldom confine themselves to little things. But in spite of it all, it looks sometimes as if all ends would not meet. I try, however, not to borrow trouble, but to do the work my hands find to do.

“GEORGETOWN, *January 1, 1868.*

“I did not wish you to know I had broken down again, thinking I might rally out of my condition, the condition in which I then was, and which I felt to be coming upon me when I was with you in the fall, a thought which struck me only after I had written it. The truth is, I cannot carry a parish of any size, unless I can live out of doors; it does not seem possible for me to live at all. I do not know what to do. Here I am with a crowded church, and the thought that I can do nothing for them, itself prostrates me. There is some talk of giving me two or three months’ rest, but that would do very little good. If I could get that much rest every year, I might be equal to a moderate amount of work for nine months.

“BALTIMORE, *February 5, 1870.*

“The news of your going to England, though of course news, was not at all surprising to me. I do not see but it is the most natural thing for you to do, and a wise thing. The trip cannot fail to do you all good, and be productive of great happiness and much permanent benefit. Very gladly would I join you if the thing were possible, and I feel most deeply thankful that you and Mrs. Middleton have thought of me at such a time and with such a desire. My people here are none of them very wealthy, and they have been to me very kind and very generous. I could not allow them to send me to England if they proposed it, for the simple reason that I do not think the money would be well spent for them. I do not think anything now could put strength enough in me to enable me to carry on a city parish, the way such ‘commercial machines’ have to be carried on. Twelve years ago, six months or a year might have had some beneficial effect upon me. I think now it is too late, and the best thing for me and for the church is, that I take some quiet, out of the way place, and do there what work is to be done. At the same time, as I said, I feel most grateful to

you and Mrs. Middleton for your kind and generous proposition. I trust you will all enjoy your trip to the utmost, that your plans will all be carried out and nothing happen to mar in any degree the pleasure you anticipate.

“BRIDGEPORT, PA., *October 29, 1872.*”

“Your letter is just this evening received; I hasten to reply, though my heart is so full, I know not what to say. It seems to me scarcely possible that I am no longer to think of you as still in Brooklyn. What associations have I, too, with that house in Union street, and what is there of my last twenty-five years with which you and Mrs. Middleton are not, in some way or other, connected? How eventful have these years been to me, and how your letter to-night seems to bring them all back to life once more! Twenty-five years! What changes! How many friends have gone; how many new ones have come; what joys, what sorrows—many things so much better than we hoped—many things so much worse; yet, all for all, how blessed! If shadows do linger around us, how many we see go down into utter and hopeless night! But, my dear sir, in leaving Brooklyn, it seems to me even your sadness must be akin to happiness. In looking backward, what is there in the retrospect you would change? Years of unbroken prosperity, happiness, and usefulness. A great city spreads where you have seen only open fields; to its moral, religious, and social growth, you have been a large contributor. A new generation has risen which your prayers, your means, and your endeavors, have united to make wiser and happier than their fathers. You have shared with others all your gifts, and so invested your talent; it must continue to yield interest, even when you are gone. Then you resign all at last, not because the past is in any way bad, but because the future is better; surely this in itself is a great reward, and yet, great as it is, still only the beginning. Go where you will, memories, affections and prayers will follow you; sweet will be your

retirement—may it also be long; may the years bring you renewed evidence that you have not lived in vain. The thought comes sadly over me, I may never look upon your face again in this world. You will, I hope, often revisit this country, but I may not be here; no prospect remains of my ever visiting you. If it were possible now, I would throw everything aside and run on, were it only to bid you good bye; I am, however, this year, ‘in labors more abundant.’ In addition to my church, I have a school five days in the week—seventeen scholars—nobody here to take my place on Sunday. I may possibly come on Saturday, though, besides my preparations for Sunday, I have an appointment in Philadelphia. But, if I do not see you again, I pray God to bless you both, to keep you ‘in the hollow of His hand;’ may you be spared to each other, and if it should so happen that we see each other no more here, I look forward in the ‘certain hope’ of meeting in that better land where all that have sown and all that have reaped shall rejoice together. I have thought several times this summer of writing to you, but I had so little of any interest to impart, I concluded it was better to spare you. My wife is, I think, certainly better; my children are well; when I am gone, I have so provided things they shall still know something of you. I trust as long as you live you will not forget them. Even if my life is prolonged, I know not how long I shall remain in this parish. I have a call now and then, a new offer is working even now. My children are growing, and will soon have needs beyond those I can supply here. But nothing is likely to occur until next summer, at any rate, if even then. We all unite in deepest thanks, in devout prayers. God only knows the gratitude in my heart to-night, towards you and your dear wife, and how affectionately and sadly I say farewell.”

LETTERS TO W. AND R. B. PEET.

Among Mr. Perinchief's devoted friends, none occupied a warmer place in his heart than William Peet, Esq., well known as a lawyer in the city of New York. They became acquainted when the two resided in Brooklyn, where they were both interested in the Church of the Messiah. The subjoined extracts are from the letters which Mr. Perinchief addressed to him, as well as to his brother the Rev. Robert B. Peet, another friend.

“ MOUNT SAVAGE,

“ ALLEGHANY CO., MD., *April 13, 1859.*

“ I have to thank you for your letter. It was kind—it was generous. It was far beyond all I expected. * * *

Most of all, I appreciate your expressions of regard, and your assurances that my ministrations at the Church of the Messiah were not without profit to you. I need not tell you that though our acquaintance was short, it had been long enough to draw out much of my heart toward you, even as to an elder brother, and that, therefore, such expressions from you were particularly grateful. Most of all, my heart yearns to do good to somebody; and fears that with its highest and purest endeavors it comes short of its desires. I know the race is not to the swift, but still to desire success is human, and true it is that the coming of desire is a tree of life. I deeply felt my separation from the Church of the Messiah. I feel it still; but I am not unmindful that out of my connection with it I have much over which to be thankful. I began to realize the blessed-

ness of my calling, but our Father knows what is best, and so I am thankful and resigned.

You saw the note I sent to Mr. Middleton giving an account of my journey hitherward and reception here. I need not repeat. Everything has been beyond our expectations. We are more happily situated than I thought we should be. I have every opportunity for exercise in the open air, and I take plenty of it. The church is small and I have only one service each Sunday. My church people are kind. They send me all sorts of plants and vegetables for my garden, and hens and chickens for my yard. I have a nice little garden which I take care of myself, and I find the greatest recreation with my chickens. In my front yard I have flowers, fruit and shade trees, all mixed together. I think it is beautiful to see anything grow.

“AUGUST 23, 1859.

“I wrote, mentioning one or two little things which had transpired since you left us. A week ago last Sunday I commenced preaching in the afternoon at Frostburg. My people here suspecting that the church in Frostburg would be thinly attended, very kindly went up so as to secure me a congregation, but unfortunately they kept many out, for though many stood up, many went away not able to get in. Last Sunday I told them they had better stay away, which they did. I walked up, though I could have gone in a carriage, but I preferred to make the experiment, desirous of seeing how I could stand it. I found it rather too much for me, so last Sunday went on horseback. I do not mind it much. Already they pick up a little spirit, and I am in hopes before a year passes they will call a clergyman to reside among them. * * * I feel more and more interested in this work at Frostburg. Men are indifferent because they have settled down to a dead level of indifference. They need waking up. To the right kind of a call they respond. When I see a change here in Mount

Savage, I am encouraged, and I feel we must work, come what will. Our day school is prospering, and I have great hopes that it will be a blessing to this community.

“JANUARY 3, 1860.

“Your last letter being a treatise on sermons was quite a sermon in itself. My tearing up a sermon was a compliment to my Brooklyn friend, it was so in a different sense from that you put upon it. I was sorry they should make such a tax upon your indulgence. I wished to show that I was not insensible to your kindness by endeavoring at my earliest opportunity to make one as much better as I could. It is true God gives me grace to write, and He is pleased sometimes to make our weakest endeavors conducive to his glory, but this does not release us from the responsibility of offering to the Lord the very best we have, and if I have a sermon which I feel is not what I desire, though it might once have done some good, it is my duty to replace that sermon by something which I feel is the best I can do, however poor it may be. I am all the more bound to do this if I know that the reading of this sermon, *considered poor*, will beget in me a habit of indifference as to what I offer; grant that it need not beget this indifference, but if I know it will, then it becomes my *duty* to put it in the fire. The idea of writing ‘great sermons’ does not enter into the question. I re-write them to simplify them if possible. The hardest of all writing to me is simple, plain writing. I believe that anybody could write like Dr. Johnson, but I believe very few could write like Daniel De Foe. It is the simple and true-hearted style which wins and accomplishes most in the pulpit, but they are in composition not most easy to be attained. It is only the best artists who can make you forget art. Any poor scribbler can betray his struggles, and when a man has to write two sermons each week, as I have once had to do, it surely becomes him to try for that style in which he can write to the greatest advantage. So

far therefore from our quarreling about burning sermons, I expect to hear you say over every conflagration, a loud and hearty amen.

“APRIL 9, 1860.

“Yesterday was a day of great happiness to me and my people. Easter is ever a day most joyous; but yesterday I had much, even here, over which to rejoice. One year ago, our little communion numbered about a dozen; yesterday we were more than forty. All hearts seemed to glow with love to that Saviour of whose resurrection I spoke. In looking back upon the year I believe some good has been done. Our Sunday School numbers one hundred and twenty; and in the afternoon, yesterday, I baptized six children, my own among them.

“When I reflect upon all the circumstances I cannot help feeling that our labor has not been in vain. We have here some very devoted Christians, and one warm heart, you know, transmits its glow to other hearts, and so I have had many and cheerful helpers. We feel that we are missionaries, and we try to do, in love to our Lord, all we can do. The year has been one of great happiness to me and my wife, and both of us have become deeply attached to many of the people. There cannot be a better place for a man to rest in. He can rest and do much good at the same time.

“JUNE 29, 1860.

“I cannot tell you how much I enjoy the coolness and stillness, and solemnity of these mountains. In the evenings, particularly, our piazza is delightful. Now, if you will come and see us, we will try and treat you better than we did last year. As for ourselves, we are as happy as mortals can be, and I believe I am a little too much so. I have, in consequence, grown too lazy for anything. My health is good, Mrs. P. is in good spirits, and as to ‘baby,’

she does nothing but laugh, and eat, and sleep. You express some fears as to my capabilities for full duty, but if I only felt as anxious to set about it as I feel able, I should be better satisfied. I have never been so happy in my life as I am now. Certainly, since I was a child I have not been so contented. It is true my salary is small, but we live off of three fortunes, and so have no need of a large salary. To my wife, these ladies are mother, and sister, and friend, and I never did imagine how much I could become attached to a people, especially in the country, nor had I given human nature credit for so much kindness. If I had only myself, and wife and child to think for, if I did not believe that no man has a right to consult his own ease, I could not be induced to leave Mount Savage; and go where we will, we shall go with a sorry heart. But I have others to think of, and if God gives me strength I must work for them. Beside 'use is second nature,' and my heart yearns for a more extended field, and so I hold yet to my resolve, if an opportunity offers in the fall I must embrace it. By the way, I do not go to Frostburg this summer. The reason is this: They have the services of a clergyman every two weeks, and lay-reading the alternate Sundays. There are few persons there at best, and these few are not destitute of instruction. My Sunday School holds its session in the morning; it now numbers one hundred and twenty-five children, and I have to look out for it myself. I am, therefore, on my legs and talking from half-past nine to half-past twelve, and you can see this is a pretty good morning's work. Of course, on communion days I am still longer engaged. I thought I had better do my own work, and not trouble about Frostburg, than to ride up there after my work was done, and read service and preach; and riding home again, was more than I could do, so I gave it up. I am rejoiced that Dr. Dyer has declined the Episcopate of Kansas. He fills the place he

now holds exactly; if he had left it he would have left a vacancy very difficult to fill.

“ AUGUST 1, 1860.

“ My people said I had better take a change of air, so they gave me some money and sent me up to Oakland, where I remained sometime, and have just returned; I would rather have remained at home, but wishing to make some observations respecting the spiritual wants of the upper end of the country, and thinking a little journey would do me no harm, I went. I preached more than I would have done had I remained at home, but then I had no sermon to write during the week. A young man from Cumberland has been here during my absence. He wanted a country visit, and so we helped each other. Very happily has this summer passed away, I can scarcely realize that August has come. Did you ever know time to go as it now goes? I seem hardly to have commenced a week, when lo! I am at the end of it. And just so it has been all the time I have been here. One year and a half have passed away like a dream. It constitutes almost the only vacation I ever had, and I have rested. God has indeed been good to me, I feel though that I have rested long enough, that I ought to be doing something more.

“ AUGUST 6, 1860.

“ I received a day or two ago a paper, announcing the death of your little boy. I cannot tell you the sadness that filled my own heart, and that of my wife, when we read the paragraph. Our own little babe, the same age as yours was ill, and we were therefore no strangers to the joys and hopes of which these little creatures become the centers. Beside all this, the great regard we entertained for you, and our love for those near and dear to you, gave us an interest in your child, which we felt for no other. We knew too, how much all those at home thought of him, and what an afflic-

tion his loss would thus become. I know my dear friend, there is a sorrow with which stranger hearts cannot intermeddle; but I would assure you, that though in the depths of such a sorrow, you are not forgotten; there are hearts that would share the weight of your grief with you. I cannot tell you anything of that better and higher consolation, that 'present help in time of trouble' which God affords to all that love Him, and which I know you now find more precious than all other helps—a rod and staff to sustain and comfort you. But we have prayed God to surround you now, with a sense of His presence, to make you sensible, that He is near in the darkness, as in the light, that He is blessed in the taking away as in the giving. Why one is taken, and another left, God only knows, while yours is gone to the bosom of Christ, to be there to await you in glory, mine is here the object of much affection to be sure, but at the same time the occasion of increasing solicitude. Yours is where sin can never come. Mine is where sin and sorrow ever mingle, and from one or both of which none are exempt. Who is most blessed, neither you nor I can tell. One thing only we both know, God is good, and let us ask for each other, dear brother, that grace which shall enable us both truly to pray, out of a pure heart fervently 'Thy will be done;' that grace which shall enable both so to live, that in a blessed hereafter, we may know the things hidden from us here. God's grace is sufficient for us. Let us cast our care upon Him, for He careth for us.

"MOUNT SAVAGE, *April 1, 1861.*

"There is no political excitement here, every particle of it has died out. People do not seem to care what becomes of the Union. The nation seems stricken with a consciousness of its own shame. We are the most mercenary people in the world. There is not a virtue whose equivalent cannot be expressed in dollars and cents. Crime is begin-

ning to assume unchecked organization. We would be glad of any Government which would be a Government. Our people have been so long divided into office-seekers, and office-holders, until between the two, the country is ruined. I wish the 'coming man' would come. If he were old Cæsar himself I think he would be a blessing.

"MAY 20, 1861.

"I have been looking over your letter about baptism, and hardly know what to write to you in reply. My own notions unexplained would seem, I know, quite heterodox, and it would take considerable space to explain them. You know baptism is a subject the most intricate in theology, and a topic upon which Theologians are greatly divided. Upon many parts of it, all the books which I have been able to read, in my opinion, shed no light, and very much of Scripture quoted to prove some views, do not, according to my thinking, belong to the subject at all. Your three views cover very much ground, and they embrace much which is generally held upon the subject, and they seem about as satisfactory to you as they are to most people who think about them. Your first view is, 'By baptism we are made members of the visible church, and brought into the covenant God has made with His people. No change is made in the person, but a great change is made in his position.' 2d. 'The taint of Adam's sin which is developed in his posterity is washed out by baptism, so that the recipient stands as pure as Adam was before the fall and absolutely holy.' 3d. 'The taint of Adam being washed out, a certain new birth or new influence is infused. This germ must be nourished,' &c. Now, I will give you some of my views, and if they seem lax and low to you, remember I only give them for what you deem them worth. 1st. Christ redeemed all men and took away the taint of Adam's sin; led the old captivity captive; procured the spirit of God to dwell with man, yea even with the enemies of God,

that the Lord God might dwell among them; and no man born in the world, be he what he may, Chinaman or Englishman, has any of Adam's sin imputed to him.

"This seems to me to be written all over Scripture—Old and New Testament. David saw it. The Apostles exhaust language in telling us Christ died for the sins of the *whole world*. Every man is a new Adam in himself, and I present the Gospel to every man as himself, having power by the Holy Ghost to receive it or reject it, in order that as he is *redeemed*, so now he may be *saved*; or, at all events, if he will reject it, he may die absolutely without excuse; and by virtue of this redemption the spirit of God dwells with all men, in every nation. He who does the will of God, according to the best light he has, is accepted of Him; so that baptism cannot do for us what was already done before baptism was, and what is done to the unbaptized as well as to the baptized. I cannot stop to anticipate all your objections to this, but I will stop to say it does not make Paganism as good as Christianity. That I might, by a bare possibility, get over a rugged road in the dark without breaking my neck, is no sort of reason against taking a light, and certainly does not make out that darkness is as good as noonday.

"2d. Baptism, like every true sacrament, is monumental. It is the pledge we have of the fact that Christ, the Divine Atonement, has come and established the reconciliation implied in the proposition above. It is a monument that is established between man and a *Triune* God, making Christians the keepers of the oracles of God, as the Jews were before them. Or, otherwise expressed, baptism is, in the first place, a monument of Christ, and, in the second place, of the *Trinity*; and, in conjunction of both, of the atonement, as Christ explained it, a living protest against many errors still held by some.

"3d. In infant baptism it is the expression of the parent's faith in Christ; in adult baptism, of the adult's faith;

being thus a perpetuation of the monument. All its spiritual advantages to the infant, God has not been pleased to tell us, and your conjectures are as good as mine; perhaps greater than some believe, not as great as others believe, but exactly what can never be told.

“4th. The inward graces are not necessarily connected with the outward signs, neither in Scripture, nor in reason, nor in fact.

“5th. The word ‘regeneration’ is used in so many senses, like ‘high church’ and ‘low church,’ it is impossible to tell what it does mean, but where the internal grace and the outward signs unite, there is a *new birth*, redemption has brought forth its fruit, *salvation*. The man is a child of God, taken into oneness with God, and partakes of all the privileges of an heirship with Christ. The production of this result is the compliance of the human will with the overtures of the Divine Spirit, the coincidence of the human will with the divine will. All such in our branch of the church, confess their faith at confirmation; renew their strength, and re-assert their faith at communion. All such, really and in truth, feed on Christ, and are no unworthy partakers, because Christ is their worthiness. All baptized people are bound to become this. Every child is morally bound to renew the faith of his father, to make it accessory or available to his own salvation. Indeed I may say every man within the sound of the Gospel, is bound to become this, for every ray of moral light implies a corresponding degree of moral responsibility, and in the Gospel, God has given us the very highest degree of light, vouchsafed to man, but to the baptized especially; for the very fact of baptism proves him to have been within reach of that light, by neglecting which or rejecting which, he increases his condemnation, making that a savor of death unto death which was intended as a savor of life unto life.

“All baptized persons are members of the visible church within the covenant. Every baptized man is a witness of

Christ, but a converted man is a better witness. The baptized man is a Christian, in an accommodated sense, but the converted man is a Christian, in deed and in truth. Other sheep there are not of this fold, but belonging to that other fold, the invisible church, the lines of the two by no means here on earth coinciding. At every baptism whether of child or adult, I can see Christ the divine revealer of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I gather fresh faith in him, and endeavor to follow all His instructions. He was the Logos to tell us what to do, our example to show us what to be. Baptism is as much a remembrance of His life and teaching, as the holy supper is of His death and sacrifice; and the inward grace bestowed in both these sacraments is proportioned to that faith, that intensity of desire after God, that holy obedience of life, which tends to beget both faith and desire, with which we approach God.

"This will give you some idea of my views of baptism, very crudely expressed and perhaps not helping you one bit. All I can say further is, that the volumes upon the subject are legion. I can make very little out of them which is satisfactory. You may succeed better. But in 'Brown on the Articles,' subject 'Baptism,' you will find some thoughts which may help you. It is a long time since I read them, but I remember to have done so with pleasure. I do not by any means, however, make him responsible for what I have said.

"CUMBERLAND, MD., *October 8, 1862.*

"I agree with you that Lincoln has refreshed the hearts of all at last. This is the one thing that every body North and South has been waiting for. The great reason why so little is said about it, is, that the thing has long been a foregone conclusion with everybody and everywhere, *except with the Government.* And the only fear I now have is, that the Government does not know what it has done. There seems to be a timidity about those Washington functionaries

altogether inexplicable. If the policy which is at last found could only be vigorously prosecuted, *North* as well as *South*, in ninety days the rebellion would be only a thing of the past. I have a faith, as you have, in God's goodness, and in human progress, but good things have been destroyed by human wickedness, and men have sometimes retrograded. Now, however, I think every good man can devoutly pray for God's help, pray *expectingly*. We have at last turned our faces towards the thing that is *good*, and in that God's benediction will rest. Southern prisoners are brought here frequently, and I never see them without praying God to enable us soon to end this war.

" APRIL 15, 1863.

"Lent you know always brings its duties, and what with services, lectures, sermons, and then not a few sick to attend, I have had as much to do as I was equal to; I am thankful to say, however, that I have come out of Lent rather brighter than otherwise, and I believe I have done more this Lent than in any other since I have been in the ministry. I have, however, taken to extemporising again, which saves me considerable labor, though for the time being it is a greater tax on my strength. So long as that old enemy depression keeps at bay, I am contented, and delight in work. I find myself, too, with many occasions of encouragement, notwithstanding the prospect a year ago. I have every hope that I have not labored in vain. Temporally we have made one step, having paid above all expenses, upwards of a thousand dollars of our debt, bringing it down till we can look in the direction of the end, leaving us with only seventeen hundred dollars more to pay, which I hope we shall dispose of before next Easter. Don't forget to pray for me and for my people.

"I read of the death of poor Doctor Cutler. He is another 'gone before, entered into rest.' I did not know he had so strong a hold upon the affections of the people.

generally as the universal respect for him has disclosed. To be sure he was a long resident of Brooklyn. His removal is that of an old way-mark, and tells us with more than ordinary emphasis, that time moves on, and in its progress forgets no one.

“JUNE 30, 1863.

“Just after Lent closed, I felt very well, laid out my plans, found every thing working very well, when snap went my whole system, and left me now for some weeks quite wretched. This has not been on account of any excitement consequent upon war incidents in this region. You have heard no doubt of the fact that the Southerners have been here, and perhaps saw a few of the alarming statements which found their way into the papers; I never believed they would come to Cumberland, and so never felt any anxiety on that account. When at last they did come, I had no fears, I was too feeble to allow myself to get excited, was perfectly resigned, knowing that they could not hurt me unless God permitted. There was considerable excitement of course, but there was no particular need of it. The Confederates behaved very well indeed, touched nothing but what they paid for with such money as they had, which to be sure was worth nothing. By eleven o'clock of the same morning in which they came they were all gone, and the town was pervaded by a Sunday stillness; since that time we have seen nothing of them, and the tide of excitement has rolled away from us, until now it is nearer you than it is to Cumberland. Everything here goes on about as usual. There is plenty of work for me to do, but here I am not able to do it. In some respects my present attack is worse than those I had in New York; I feel I must do something for my relief, and I must either abandon the ministry, or find some form of it to which I am equal. I know that what I need is perfect stillness, absence of anything like that imperative responsibility which attaches

to a clergyman. You see, a man in my situation gets no day of actual rest, no day finds him relieved of all care. Such vacations as I can get, aggravate, rather than alleviate, and somehow by the very working of the disease, I suppose if I leave my duty for my own sake, that fact itself oppresses me more than the duty. But something I must do; I am neither equal to the duties of the ministry, nor fit for them. Can't you suggest something for me?

“ CUMBERLAND, *March 19, 1864.*

“ Your letter sent to Mount Savage I have just received. It must be that I got your letter of last December, of which you speak, and yet it seems to me I must also have replied to it. For the last year, however, I have dragged along I hardly know how, just drifted, unable to keep much of anything upon my mind; a thing once forgotten, was almost irretrievably gone. I have not yet moved to Savage, but expect to go early in April. The Sunday after Easter closes my ministry here. We are sadly in want of somebody to take my place. This church and town need a man of God in it, if ever a place on this earth did. I have never felt more desirous of living than since I have been here; but I am completely crushed, cannot write a sermon, or walk two miles. My whole nervous system is broken down. I might hang on here and hold the place for sometime yet, I suppose, but that would never do for me. The people here are easily satisfied, but they know no more of their real need than so many children. To stand here and tell them easy things would be a sin. But to tell them real truths, the hard facts which they need to know, and to tell them, so that they *must* hear, requires more strength than I have. They need line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a great deal. They want a man able to stand in his lot, and week by week, in faith and earnestness, do the work his hand finds to do. I trouble you with all this, because one object I have in writing to you to-day

is to get your assistance, if possible, in procuring another rector. We had called a man and he had partly agreed to come, and was to preach here to-morrow, but last night we received a letter saying he altogether declined the call. This unsettles us again. An interval of no service at all in the church would be very detrimental. Everything is now in a prosperous condition outside. They offer a man a thousand dollars a year, and a house; a man of moderate desires can live tolerably well on that. It is more, you are aware, than I have had. Indeed, it has not been the design of God that I should remain here; for the trials I have gone through have been many, and would have tested the strength of a man in perfect health. I do not complain, for if I have been sent to make it easier for somebody else then I have not been sent in vain. I think the people do see some things now they never saw before; and my successors will not have as hard a time as I and my predecessors. If you can find anyone you think will suit us, will you not send him along or let me know? Don't recommend a young and single man; a young married man might do, but a man with some experience would be better. * * * As long as I live I want to preach the Gospel, and if to a poor people in the mountains, to whom nobody else goes, all the better. Our God is very wise and very good; what he does is absolutely best.

“MOUNT SAVAGE, *September 3, 1864.*”

“This summer to me has been an unusual one in many respects, I have had better health than for many summers, but I have kept out of my study. I have fallen back upon the work of former days and preached old sermons. I have also been unusually active, preaching and doing missionary work over a space of fifteen miles or more, not being still one day scarcely. All this would be very well, if sermons grew upon the bushes, but the moment I confine myself to my study my old depression comes back, and I am worse

than useless. Unhappily I cannot work a week out of doors, and then a week in my study. It takes me sometime to get my mind down so as to work well, and then I am compelled by necessity to do all I can. Old sermons I hate, and to get contented with old sermons, is very soon to grow incapable of producing new ones. I have long been thinking I would have to give up the ministry, so far as the special charge of a parish is concerned, and betake myself to some active occupation. It is my conviction that a man is bound to devote himself to whatever of usefulness he can best accomplish, and I am anxious to find some situation in a seminary, or other similar institution, where I will at least have regular periods of relaxation and recreation, and at the same time to be able to preach now and then, and help some man who may occasionally need it. Or, if any thing else should offer, less confining still, I should prefer it. Do you know anything of the working of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions? Whether they afford an opening, or if you hear or can think of any situation likely to give me relief, will you let me know? I do not think it is work that breaks me down so much as worry. My work is never done. No day is a day of rest. It is easy enough to say 'do not worry.' Worrying is part of my disease. The human will can accomplish some things, but some things are beyond its reach. Some occupations are much more definite in their demands, so that a man can tell when his work is done.

“FEBRUARY 19, 1865.

“My trip did not result in any thing like what I supposed it would. When I saw you I made arrangements to go to Philadelphia, I went to that place from New York, and looked around as an oil man would say 'prospecting.' The prospect was good, I came home with the intention of settling up preparatory to a move. I soon found that my people here at Savage, and the people of the country gene-

rally were wholly opposed to my removal. They would not listen to it at all, and so far from being unwilling to accept such services as I could give, in connection with my school, were willing to increase my salary for these services. My wife, too—though it was chiefly on her account I wished to remove—was afraid my own health would break down in Philadelphia, and so I concluded to remain where I was, go on with my work, and do it as best I could. My wife's health is feeble, and sometimes I feel very anxious indeed on her account, but I am looking forward with high anticipations to this summer, and now with my school and church together, I may be able to do more for her. My work here though not easy, and sometimes very unpleasant, is still a very important one, and I am glad I am able to stand in my lot in this new order of things for us down here, and contribute my mite towards that real reconstruction which will eventually prevail all over the South. Things look really very dark, at times altogether discouraging. I like, however, the idea of a God over all, and He who has so wonderfully and unexpectedly eradicated the cause, will in His Providence eradicate its consequences.

“How did you like Bancroft's oration at Washington? To me it appears like the grandest pronouncement of this crisis,—a splendid performance, as grand in what it suggests, as in what it expresses; as full of prophecy as of history.

“YORK, PA., *January 13, 1874.*

“You ask me what my position is here, and how I like it? I would be very glad if I knew myself. I wanted to educate my girls, and I had some notion of quitting the ministry for a while in order to do it. Or rather, I thought I could preach and teach, too. The opportunity was offered me here—a small church and a small school. Unfortunately both have grown upon my hands, and I am really neither minister nor teacher, but burdened with both; that is to say, I am not satisfied. Meanwhile, it seems as though

God sent me here to learn that it is worth while to preach, and, while I have a good opening for a school, I ache to get at my exclusive work of preaching. So you see how I am situated, I am literally overburdened, so much so, I hardly have time to write these lines; yet, thank God, my health keeps up; I have had no depression now for two years.

To Rev. R. B. Peet.

“MOUNT SAVAGE, *March 5, 1860.*

“Your very kind letter of February 29th, came safely to hand, after some little delay. I hasten to answer it, as it may be very important that those parishes be filled immediately, wishing also to thank you for your thoughtfulness of me. It is very true, I find my health re-established; that is, I feel strong, and at times desirous of more work to do. For several months I have not had a pain in my back, and from the circumstance that a recent cold did not settle there I infer that it is not so weak as it has been. Still, I do not think I would be justified in leaving Mount Savage just yet, especially at this season of the year. Last summer I gained rapidly, and, it may be, a summer under similar circumstances would lend me additional vigor. Beside, spring and summer are just the seasons in which to be in the country, and are not the seasons in which to undertake hard work. Here I have plenty of time to be much in the open air, digging in the garden, walking among the hills, horseback riding, and such exercises, and I have thought it would be wise in me to remain here till fall, at all events, and perhaps by that time, if I experience no drawbacks, I would be justified in assuming the charge of a larger parish.

“I have a parish school here, too, which does not close its session till the middle of June, and I am desirous of seeing it established for another year, for the village greatly needs it. The iron works here have just started, and many

men, with their families, have just come back. Ours is the only church in the village. Baptists, Methodists, all denominations, go to our church, and it would hardly do for me to leave them just at present. Small as the parish is, there is much of interest in it; and leave these people when I will, I shall not leave them without great reluctance. They have been exceedingly kind to me and my wife.

"St. James', Pittsburg, from your account, must be another church of the Messiah, and, if so, it would be hard work to build it up. When I get into a work of that kind I become perfectly absorbed. If you have ever been placed in a similar position you know what it is, or if you know what the church of the Messiah was two years ago, you know it has not reached its present condition without work somewhere. I thought of nothing else, I used even to dream about it, and with such an affair on a man's shoulders no wonder his back ached. Would not St. James' be too much for me?

" OCTOBER 2, 1860.

"I suppose by this time you are safely at home from your Brooklyn visit. I hope both you and Mrs. Peet derived great benefit from the change. A journey, though it be but a short one, is of great value to a clergyman. Our work knows no relaxation, though perhaps just at present I ought not to include myself. I very often wish for more work to do. If I were near you, I could pay you back some of those sermons you so generously lent me while I was helpless in Brooklyn. My health has not been so good as at present since the summer before that in which I was ordained. I have never since I was fourteen years of age been so devoid of care. I have just enough to do to make the time glide happily by. I have read much; fixed up many old points in my studies which during my college and seminary course I had to pass over. I write one sermon a week; have a pretty flourishing Sunday school, and

Saturday an industrial school. So I ought not to include myself when I speak of the hard work of the clergy. But I know what it is to have a parish of many duties and cares, two sermons and services on Sunday, Sunday school, industrial school, and a thousand other things to think of, and I can sympathize with you and those who are in the midst of such a charge. Your invitation to us to make you a visit at East Liberty was very kind, and of your kindness we are not insensible; but though we have all we *want*, we often see the times, as in this instance, when we have not all we *desire*. We have not a big house full of twenty servants, with whom to leave baby; I have no deacon or associate rector, on whom to devolve what little I have to do; I have not many thousands of dollars in bank, nor five thousand dollars a year salary. You say it does not require all this to make a visit to East Liberty; no certainly not, but suppose a man wants a barrel of flour, what difference does it make whether flour is five dollars a barrel or fifteen dollars, if he has not fifty cents? We are greatly blessed far beyond what we deserve, but there are many pleasures we must forego, and one of these is a visit to East Liberty; besides, I was away two Sundays in August, and now I have partly promised one of my wardens to spend a Sunday with him in New York; so if I venture away any where, I must go with him. My old friend Middleton, in Brooklyn too, has just returned from England. I would like to see him, and possibly I might avail myself of the invitation of this gentleman to go to New York.

Do you hear of any good vacant parishes? If you do, I wish you would let me know. I dread the idea of leaving this place, I never shall see its like again, but pecuniary matters—or external demands which I can meet only by some additional pecuniary resource—sometimes press heavily upon me, and moreover, I have always felt that a man is sent into the world to do the most he can.

LETTERS TO JOHN A. GRAHAM.

The letters from which this chapter is compiled were written by Mr. Perinchief to one of his oldest and most devoted friends, John A. Graham, Esq., of New York. That gentleman, a cultured man of business, saw much of him when they resided in the Cumberland region, and from their earliest acquaintance he was a constant adviser, not only in matters connected with business, but a counsellor in all the decisions upon the various parishes occupied. The letters addressed to this friend were very numerous, but many of them hardly suitable for publication, because of their frequent allusions to confidential affairs.

“MT. SAVAGE, *May* 9, 1865.

“The assassination of Mr. Lincoln has had much to do with keeping me prostrated. Since that eventful Saturday I have hardly been myself. I rejoice to see the response made by England and the European people to the news of the President's death. If their sympathy is sincere, it will go far toward removing the memory of their late ‘neutrality.’ Mr. Lincoln was a fearful loss, but his name is a heritage in itself. God give us grace to be worthy of him.

“JUNE 27, 1866.

“This affection of you and your family for us, proved so often and in so many ways, unmerited, too, though not unreciprocated, as we feel it to be, overshadows all considerations of minor advantages, deepens our affection for you all, and fills our hearts with deepest gratitude to the Great Giver, one of whose greatest gifts upon earth is that of a

real friendship, a true friend. Yet I am not forgetful, nor is my wife, that the minor blessings in this case are very great, and everything very much a cause of thankfulness. My wife comes back in better health. I can never be thankful enough for that, and every day of the four weeks she was gone brought her something to make her happy. Still, I will not detain you with a rehearsal of her gains and enjoyments, which are no less mine than hers. I only wish to ask you not to think either of us forget, or ever can forget, your kindness to us, because we say nothing about it. I am simply unable to tell you, and always shall be, how much happiness you and your family have caused us, how deeply [our hearts cherish you all, how we look forward, hoping now, and believing, that, great as is this present happiness, it is but the germ, the fruition of which will be eternal. There is a natural desire in the human heart to reciprocate the kind offices of life. In this instance our case is hopeless, except in this, that, come what may, we shall never cease to love you all as our own, our nearest and dearest upon earth.

“GERMANTOWN, *July 23, 1869.*

“Mr. Lanman says you had seen the criticism in the ‘Hartford Churchman’ on *our* sermons, and that you were indignant. I saw the article yesterday for the first time, and to-day a paper came from Lanman, and I have read it carefully again. I write, now, more particularly to ask you not to say a word about it. The article is mean. Lanman truly says it is ‘*dishonest.*’ There is not one fair quotation from the book. That which he takes from page 192 is garbled. If he had gone on and quoted the whole passage, he would himself have been a living illustration of its truth. He is an illustration of its truth *now*, in an intensified degree. Now it may seem strange, but it is a fact, that the article did not disturb me at all. My wife read it this evening, and was very indignant. She said to me :

‘Why, from the cool way you took it, I thought it was nothing.’ Well, I did take it as nothing. That man evidently has no sympathy for me even if I am wrong. He does not ‘rejoice in the truth,’ but, that I am in error; it seems to do him good to complain. Now, I thank God, I can truly say I grieve for such a man. I grieve that such men should stand in the way of the church. I really do not wonder men leave us; not only that, but leave all churches. That the precepts and example of the Son of God have to be found not only without us, but in spite of us. But being so, let us cover up this poor creature’s fault, let us heal the wound the thrust has made—not at me, but at Christ. Let us rejoice then in truth and riches, and that men can and do find them. In one place he quotes from me: ‘The church is a broad, deep, eternal faith; a system comprehensive of eternal truth.’ Then adds or exclaims, ‘mathematics, medical principles, and geological facts, are then a part of the church.’ Evidently, he imagines that nothing but ignorance, bigotry, dogma, and superstition belong to the church. As to his cry about ‘*Unitarianism*,’ I cannot see upon what he bases his insinuations. He has read, I think, what Mr. Bryant wrote, and he cannot see that Mr. Bryant’s Unitarianism may embrace much more of Christ than his own orthodoxy. The poor fellow is to be pitied. We must lament the existence of such men. Therefore, do not say a word about him, or to him. You observe, too, I ‘am not the only man he pitches into. On another page he undertakes to review Phillips Brooks.’ Poor fellow, he has no conception of what it is Brooks says. ‘The Saviour told his disciples, Blessed are ye when you are persecuted, and all manner of things are said against you *falsely*,’—they were blessed, because they were in advance of their persecutors. Sad a sight as is the Churchman, and such men as its editors, the sight of them is very encouraging. They prove that the world does move. Let us thank God and take courage.

“BRIDGEPORT, PA., *November 11, 1870.*

“People have not the courage to live wisely; taste and appetite govern most people, much more than most people govern taste and appetite. I cannot see what claim we can lay to civilization, as long as we continue our social practices as they are. When friends come to see us, we always imagine they come for something to eat, and very often what they ought not to eat, and plenty of it, is all they get. These thoughts occurred to me a moment ago, as I was reading what Dr. Hall says in his book on health and diet, about suppers: ‘preserves,’ ‘*berries and cream,*’ &c., they have kept me away from making a call many a time, not because I did not dare to refuse, but because I knew it was the chief thing to be offered; and, in the language of Dr. Johnson, ‘no man likes to see his all despised.’

“I do not know why it is, so many of my friends imagine I am abstemious in my habits of living. It is a mistake; I wish I were. The Dr. says, a man requires five or six pounds of food per day. I think I get that much regularly; and then often find I have taken too much. Dr. Hall recommends plain meats and coarse bread; that is precisely what I am fond of. I differ a little from most people, in that I take my allowance at two meals, with nothing between. I differ a little, too, from most people in taking little beside substantial. When I have enough of ‘plain meats and coarse bread,’ I think a man does not need any more, and therefore do not take any more.

“*February 13, 1871.*

“It is all well enough to talk about our modern civilization, but I often think its cost in human life, in trouble and unrest, in wear and tear, are far more than a great deal of it is worth. On land and on sea, in war and in peace, at home and abroad, by night and by day, all is grinding forevermore on this poor human *heart*. We wake in care, and lie down in distress, and know not whether most to deplore

those who are gone, or pity those who remain. There *must* be a better world than ours. We know there *is*; may God so bless us that out of our experience here, we may learn the lessons of humility, contentment and faith, and so be prepared for the places in that better world, which God, I trust, is preparing for us.

“ May 9, 1872.

“Life is very even and quiet, and, in many ways, I very much like it. Everything is *rushing* by us, but up here we somehow have an eddy as still as a pond or a puddle, only we are not quite stagnant. We have our ebbs and flows, showing we are in someway connected with the general tide. I can look out calmly upon the world, not caring very specially whose head aches next year in the White House, whether Mr. Greeley's, or Mr. Grant's. ‘All life has its compensations,’ and, in this respect, I imagine I have some little advantage over you, for I hear you have been to Cincinnati; I hope everything went satisfactorily to you there. For my own part, while I have always admired Mr. Greeley, I had never thought of him exactly as a President.

“ May 28, 1872.

“I am exceedingly obliged to you for that copy of the ‘Science Monthly;’ I am much delighted with it. If you send me the second number, as you so kindly propose, then my subscription need not begin until the third. This is an enterprise I would very gladly see prosper in this country. It is very much needed, and I believe it will be sustained. It will help men who are now thinking along their own solitary lines; it will stimulate thought in those who have not thought before; it will gradually elevate the tone of our entire literature. If it can only get into our church people, it will make many many of them more truly religious. Success to it.

“YORK, PA., June 6, 1874.

“*Blank* has just written a book against *Blank*. He is only trying to pull down what he has spent a whole life in building up. High churchism as naturally grows into ritualism as a kitten grows into a cat. However, it is very comforting to know, that neither God nor man care any longer for any of their isms. Swing’s trial has been very edifying to me in one way. The world is moving and that too in right lines toward our Heavenly Father, out of whose love no Dr. *Blank* or inquisition can any longer cheat us.

“MOUNT HOLLY, August 23, 1875.

“I have read those two books you kindly sent me, Draper’s ‘Religion and Science,’ and the Duke of Somerset’s ‘Christian Theology.’ I write now more particularly to thank you for them.

“Draper’s book is better than I expected to find it. I knew it was a *book with something in it*, but I find a *great deal* in it, and I am satisfied there is a great deal more in it than he has put in so many words upon the face of it. This book, like many others of recent origin, convinces me that there is such a thing as the *spirit of an age*, a something which turns the general mind in a given direction. It startles me a little to find in books, things which I have dug out little by little. It startles me to find in black and white, conclusions at which I have very reluctantly arrived, which I have tried to resist, but at last found irresistible. And there are yet other things which must come, for there is much that is ‘rotten in Denmark!’—other things which have made me sick in discovering them, and now make me sick in contemplating them. What changes the last twenty-five years have wrought! How much greater changes the next twenty-five years will work! All too late however, for me personally; I was born too soon or too late. The churches, the ministry, the theology of the past will not do for the future. The new wine cannot be put into the old bottles.

“The Duke of Somerset’s book is hardly a book. There is really very little in it. It is not a spontaneous production of his, it is a mechanical collection of scraps, things somebody else has evolved; many of those things are true enough, but they lack life. Some of them are not true at all, only ‘My Lord Duke’ don’t know it. In some cases he don’t even see the idea he wants to hit. He simply fires up the tree, violating Davy Crockett’s first law of shooting. The work of the true seer is not destruction, but construction. If the Duke had lived fifty or a hundred years ago he would have been in his proper time. Any landsman can see the waves and the storm and the rocks, but the true pilot is the man who takes us safely past them. Men like Draper and Arnold show us a continent ahead. The Duke of Somerset only tells us there is not one behind us.

“MT. HOLLY, N. J., *January 18, 1876.*

“Your letter this morning is very refreshing. I have no doubt I shall enjoy the article referred to in the monthly. Yes, the attrition you speak of is going on and is greater than we can know. There is hope in that; but, like all good rules, it works both ways. Action and reaction are equal. The continued dropping wears *us* out, too. Millstones themselves get worn out after awhile. None of us last forever. Yes, I have concluded to go back to Bridgeport. I got into a very bad way. I have not slept ten nights in three months. It is not exactly the work that I do that kills me; it is the fearful conditions under which I have to do it—the mechanical routine—the formal official parish work. This writing and speaking two sermons a week is impossible to a man who has not the constitution of an ox. The making of churches pay, filling up the pews, and being expected to preach what the Pews know already! No man can do it. That feeling you speak of in Dean Stanley does largely influence me in my move to Bridgeport. In going over there, I hope to rally out of the condition of prostra-

tion I am in. I do not intend to write much all summer, perhaps not at all. I have in my mind a purpose to start a paper in the fall, not anything to involve expense, but a monthly that I can manage myself. I have frequent applications for my sermons, and so I think I will print *one* each month. Then, with articles on the subjects that are so constantly in my mind, and which I cannot put into sermons—the ministry, its present condition, masses outside the church, and why, &c.—not a *church paper* at all, for one of its object will be to show the folly of so many sects. I feel I *must* say some of the things I have rooted in my convictions. I don't expect much praise for saying them, but if I can break the ice and make it easier navigation for those coming after me, that will be something."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The letters written to me by Mr. Perinchief numbered about one hundred and fifty, and while the noble character of the man is apparent in all of them, they contain many passages which are too confidential to be admitted into these pages. On the other hand, there are many of them which can be introduced with propriety, and are calculated to do good.

My intimacy with him commenced in 1867, soon after he was settled over St. John's Church, in Georgetown, and from the first I was surprised and delighted with his preaching. After many months had elapsed, and I had fully tested his remarkable powers, I was so impressed with the great value of his sermons, that I suggested the publication of a volume, which was duly accomplished. The edition came out in 1869, and was soon exhausted, and the book has since been in such demand that many unfilled orders for it have been in my possession for several years. It was, also, my privilege to edit and publish a second collection in 1870, which sermons were delivered in Memorial Church, Baltimore. I may be wrong in my estimate, but those two volumes, and a large proportion of all the sermons Mr. Perinchief delivered in Georgetown, Baltimore, Mount Holly, and Bridgeport, are unsurpassed in modern literature, for beauty and eloquence. After he left Georgetown he honored me with his continued friendship and correspondence, until the close of his life, and it was my privilege to visit him in the places where he was located. Shortly after the commencement of his last illness, he expressed a wish, which was communicated to me by Mrs. Perinchief, that I would

visit him at Bridgeport. I did so, without delay, and found him very ill, but entirely resigned to his impending fate. Perfect love for his fellow creatures everywhere, was in every utterance of his lips, and a triumphant faith in the mercy and the wisdom of God, the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit, banished everything like apprehension in regard to the future. He told me all about his business affairs, and I was much gratified to find that, through the practice of great self-denial on his part, he had providently applied, out of his small salary, a sufficient amount to pay regularly the premiums on his life insurance policies, whereby he was likely to leave his family with a comfortable competency. During that visit he intimated to me that his journals and all his sermons would be accessible to me after his death, if I should desire to read them; and, for some reason which was not explained, he said that a certain sermon on the subject of *Faith* would be presented to me by his daughter Lucy; and that sermon, with many others of equal value, I hope to publish on some future occasion.

All who have read the story of his life in this volume, and know the privations that he endured, will be interested to learn the fact that during my visit to Mr. Perinchief, at this time, he informed me that he had nothing weighing upon his mind, in regard to financial matters but a single debt amounting to one hundred dollars, which he was very anxious to settle.

On my return to Georgetown, a purse of nearly two hundred dollars was immediately raised, among his old parishoners, by a lady of the congregation. The money was sent to him, received with surprise, and gratefully acknowledged.

Before proceeding with such extracts as I propose to make from the letters in my possession, I will submit in this place a few remarks, on his character:

In a social way, I saw most of Mr. Perinchief during

his residence in Georgetown, and Bridgeport. We were wont to take rural walks and drives together in the former place, but they were far too infrequent for his own health. The trouble was, that he would not stop working except upon compulsion. There was always some ignorant soul, some sick man or disconsolate widow, or some pauper, "by the world forgot," whose condition seemed resting on his mind, and he often acted as if he thought it a sin to enjoy himself, when there was so much suffering within his reach. He was an intense lover of nature; had studied natural history extensively, and loved to compare his own researches with those of others; and, in fact, possessed a true poetic passion for the beauties and glories of the natural world. I sometimes induced him to go upon a fishing excursion along the banks of the lovely Potomac, when he would, for a brief period, abandon himself to the joys of a fisherman's life, and we always returned home entirely successful; for the sunshine had placed a tinge of brown upon his cheek, the wild flowers told him some of their immortal secrets, and the falling waters had attuned his ear to echoes from the far-off home of his childhood by the summer sea, or lured his thoughts into that future realm of being, watered by the river of eternal life; and my success consisted in the priceless privilege of spending a day under the open sky in the companionship of a good and wise man.

No one enjoyed a quiet gathering of a few friends more than Mr. Perinchief, but he was a most unsatisfactory man at the table. He seemed to prefer plain food, and generally declined to take more than a taste of the delicacies set before him. All that, however, was owing to his bad health; and he never indulged in anything like a feast without suffering from its effects for one or two days. His fate seemed to be that of always working and seldom enjoying his food; and, in my own mind, I frequently compared him to a steam engine made of glass. The particular day of the week which he pretended to set aside for recreation

was Monday, but he was generally so completely exhausted from the labors of the preceding Sunday that he often had not the ability to do anything. When Congress was in session he sometimes went over to the Capitol to listen to the debates; but to a man who looked upon life as something serious and important, there was not much comfort in listening to the harangues of politicians. Whilst he was there, however, he could, and sometimes did, stroll into the national library, and amuse himself with some of the wonders of that great collection of books.

The chief ambition of this noble Christian minister was to preach the pure and simple doctrines of the Bible to the poor, to elevate them in culture, and administer to their temporal necessities. As a preacher, he was gentle, magnetic, persuasive; in manner, chaste, strong and eloquent in his diction, strictly orthodox in his theology, entirely alive to the great, living world around him, and scholarly to an uncommon degree. Like the country parson depicted by Herbert, he was just, prudent, temperate, bold, and grave in all his ways; and, as Walton said of Donne, he proved, by both his private and public life, that he had a soft heart and was full of compassion; was too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others; so administering reproof or giving advice with delicacy and dexterity as not to offend, and always cherishing an unfeigned love for God and his fellow-men. He was a good and faithful churchman, and although always identified with the "low church," there was a time, while at the General Theological Seminary, when he was tempted to the opposite extreme, because of questionable conduct on the part of certain low-churchmen. But, as time wore on, he had less and less sympathy with religious radicalism, whether in his own or any other denomination.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Perinchief's impaired health compelled him to change his location frequently, he nevertheless managed to make a considerable collection of

books. During his stay in Georgetown, the very place of all others where every wish should have been gratified, he was wholly without the convenience of a study, and it was to him a real personal grief. He was a voracious reader, and was so wide awake to the living world that nothing escaped his attention. The scientists who wrote on evolution, as well as those who uttered striking thoughts in theology, literature, art, philosophy, or statesmanship, he devoured with equal gusto; and, discriminating between facts demonstrated to be true and those purely theoretical he was always ready with a criticism or decided opinion on the merits of what he read. He accordingly saw nothing in science to cause alarm, but welcomed it as a grand agency of human amelioration, in emancipating men from superstition, and in making those great conquests of nature that have been so powerful in elevating mankind from barbarism and carrying on the work of civilization. Nor could he understand how a deeper knowledge of the method and mysteries of nature can have any other effect than to exalt and purify the conception that man forms of the creator and ruler of all things. His faith was not of a kind to be disturbed by any progress of knowledge. He therefore held all true men of science who dedicated themselves to the elucidation of the works of God as promoters of religion in its best and highest sense. He cheered on the labors of scientists, commending their single-minded and unswerving devotion to the pursuit of truth, not in any sceptical spirit, but as a simple dictate of Christian principle. His enjoyment of real poetry was intense, and there was only one thing that he disliked more than sham literature, and that was sham religion. Indeed, so far as I could understand his disposition for controversy, the absorbing idea of his life was to battle against the folly, selfishness, narrowness, pretension, and wickedness among professors of religion everywhere, and especially in his own denomination. An honest and sincere soul he well nigh worshiped, and,

in his estimation, many true-hearted pagans deserved more consideration than some American doctors of divinity. In that particular direction his feelings were very strong, but he preferred rather to ply his arguments in conversation with a worthy foe, than to enter into public discussions. Undoubtedly, if he could have had the control of an appropriate journal, as he once desired, he would have made himself felt in many quarters. Unlike some of his English cotemporaries, however, he succeeded in passing through the days of his pilgrimage here without any hard battles of opinion in the open field of controversy. But, like them, he possessed a strong mental individuality, which was a marked trait of his character. He was an independent thinker, and broad, liberal, and sympathetic in his views. Though a sincere Christian, whose religious convictions were part of his very being, yet faith in the *truth*, from whatever source, was an essential part of those convictions. He held to the progressiveness of Christianity, and that in its necessary progress, observances, forms, dogmas, and errors belonging to its less developed stages must, more and more, be left behind, and that principles must take their places; and among these principles was a large and cordial toleration of inquiry prompting a hearty God-speed to all earnest seekers after truth.

While he entertained a decided feeling of hostility against all shams and pretension, especially in high places, there were two classes of persecuted people for whom he had a friendly regard, viz., tramps and book-agents. The former he never turned away from his door without a word of kindness and a bit of food or money. He had himself felt the bitterness of poverty, and a difficulty of making himself understood by the world, and hence a "fellow feeling made him wondrous kind." As to book-agents, he always treated them with kindness, and thought they were useful people. He never wanted any of their books, and knew that many of the things they peddled were trashy, but he thought a poor

book was better than none at all, and that these agents often disposed of books in families where nothing of the kind would otherwise be seen. It was only when these agents went forth as proselytes of some bigoted religious society that he felt disposed to turn them away. On the other hand, there was one popular custom which he heartily condemned, that of the religious press, in trying to obtain subscribers by the presentation of chromo pictures. His views on this subject were novel, and in a remonstrance which he sent to a publisher who had asked him to obtain subscribers he expressed the following opinions: "Now, what do you propose to do, or for me to do? You want me to get two new subscribers, and so pay my subscription. I go and ask a man to take your paper; I praise it; I tell him what I shall gain, and he subscribes *to help me*. Or, I do not tell him what I shall gain. He finds out I made something by the operation and his confidence in me—in any desire on my part for his welfare—is wholly dissolved or seriously shattered. Or, *for the sake of a picture*, I induce him to pay down his money. An ulterior, indirect object creates an illegitimate unchristian incentive. I have taught him to indulge his thirst for a gain he has not paid for. I have touched within him the spring of *self*, the spring of all the devil there is in him. He learns to look upon me as upon the agent of some "gift enterprise." He reads an article in your paper on dispassionate disinterested Christian love. He says "Yes, but where is it?" He finds that the editor runs the paper, the publishers run the editor, and "covetousness which is idolatry," runs the whole concern. Where is your religious influence over that man? How much more religion is there upon earth? Where is Christ? Where is Christianity? Where any good? Is not this whole world a quack? Are not the churches and religious newspapers a part of it? We sow chaff and the east wind, and because God is God we do not reap bread, and the divine life. Would that some of us could once more do something which is not for gain. If

we could only gain God's favor to rest upon us all! What would I propose? This: if you can afford to give away so many chromos, then you could afford to put the price of the paper at a lower figure. Do you know how hard it is for some of us to live? The devil is saying to us "turn these stones into bread," and God knows some of us are tempted to do it; tempted to try to live by *bread only*. Bring the paper within the means of a larger number. Do I hear you say you aim at that already? Then do it. Do it honestly. Do it christianly. Say to the world, "we desire our paper to reach the hands of a larger number, so we reduce the price." * * * My own chromos! Yes, I don't know what I shall do with them; but do what I will, I shall always feel I have very little right to them; for I say again, I have paid *for the paper* and think it worth the money."

The longest visit it was my privilege to enjoy at Mr. Perinchief's house, was made in the summer before his death at Bridgeport, with my wife and Japanese ward. His house was only forty minutes ride from the Centennial Exhibition, and we all wished to enjoy the great treasure houses together. Mr. Yoshida Kiyonari, the Japanese Minister, heard of the arrangement and thought he would like to be near us. I wrote to Mr. Perinchief to secure rooms somewhere in Bridgeport, or at Norristown, whereupon the diplomat and his wife were at once invited to share with us at the parsonage, which invitation was accepted. Then came a request from two Japanese young ladies who were prosecuting their studies in New Haven, that comfortable quarters might be found for them also in the vicinity, and in the kindness of their hearts, Mr. and Mrs. Perinchief insisted that they could make room for the young ladies also. The consequence was that the Perinchief parsonage soon became a kind of head-quarters for the Japanese generally. Many of them came up from Philadelphia to visit their diplomatic representative.

Among those were the head of the commission from Japan, General Saigo, and Messrs. Sekizawa and Tanaka. Mr. Perinchief did everything to make his guests and their friends as comfortable as possible. Frequent visits were made to the exhibition, and in the afternoon and evening, the wonders that had been seen were discussed on the pleasant piazza of the parsonage; and on the lawn fronting the house it was most agreeable to see the Minister and the General from the far Orient, playing croquet with the merry group, comprising the daughters of Mr. Perinchief and the children from Japan. While the "lady of the manse" did everything within her sphere to make everybody comfortable and happy, Mr. Perinchief was always busy, here, there and everywhere, working to promote the enjoyment of all but himself, except as his attention to others afforded him pleasure. He proposed delightful drives in every direction, and posted everybody in regard to the history of every interesting locality. If Mr. Yoshida wanted to enjoy a little fishing—men, boat, and bait, appeared as if by magic; and on one occasion the Diplomat was taken to a private pond, where he captured about sixty pounds of trout in a single morning.

It was at this time, too, that Prince Oscar, second son of the King of Sweden, accompanied by the Swedish Ambassador and the members of the Swedish Centennial Commission, visited Bridgeport, by invitation of the vestry of the old Swedes Church. Mr. Perinchief preached an historical sermon on the occasion, it being the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the erection of the church, in which he gave a history of the Swedish Colony, which settled on the north side of the Delaware in 1638, and which subsequently established numerous Lutheran churches; the old Swedes Church, at Bridgeport, being the only church that remains under its original independent organization—sole heir to all the traditions of its Swedish founders. It was this fact that made the occasion one of

deep interest to the visitors. After the sermon, Mr. Perinchief gave an entertainment to the distinguished foreigners, performing the honors like a noble Christian gentleman.

The only time when Mr. Perinchief allowed himself to enjoy any quiet, whatever, was after supper, and from that hour until past midnight, his conversation was superb.

He and Mr. Yoshida, however, were the only two members of the household who were so *benighted* as to forget that sleep was a necessity to keep the body in good trim; but such talks as those two men enjoyed, under the bright starlight, and with a lovely country resting in perfect peace before them, was something remembered with solid satisfaction by the two participants. Human life, religion, and history, as they existed in two hemispheres, passed in review as the twain conversed; and their interchange of thoughts, as each of them duly testified to me, had an elevating and purifying influence upon their minds. Those pleasant days and profitable nights, however, soon came to an end, and when the summer guests had to depart from the pleasant parsonage, little did they think that the remains of the beloved and good man, who had given life to every scene and incident, would, in a few months, be at peace in the picturesque grave-yard of the old Swedes Church, on the banks of the Schuylkill. But there was one man in Bridgeport with whom Mr. Perinchief was in the habit of having long talks on the highest themes, and that was his near neighbor, William B. Rambo, Esq. The friendship which existed between these two men was most sincere; and I can testify to the fact that each one considered himself indebted to the other, for many hours of delightful and profitable companionship. And it was chiefly through Mr. Rambo's influence that Mr. Perinchief was induced to return to Bridgeport.

The story of Mr. Perinchief's life is fraught with lessons of the greatest value for all those, whether young or old,

who would do their duty in this world, and at the same time enjoy the hopes which have their fruition beyond the grave. The opinions which he so freely expressed in regard to the condition of the church to which he belonged, will not be relished by some of his colleagues in the ministry, but the truthfulness of his observations is the very best reason for extending their circulation.

His feelings towards what is called modern Christianity in general, were not different from those which he held in regard to the Episcopal Church; but like a true man, he thought it best to try and purify his own denomination first, and after that had been perfected, then would be time enough to attend to others. Nor did he think it his duty to make war upon the laity, because, without being properly fortified behind a spotless church, that would have been foolishness.

With an eye that could not be deceived, he saw that the great trouble was with his fellow-preachers, not excepting himself; and it was his perpetual prayer that something might be done to make the church, which he so sincerely loved, what it should be. He disapproved of the Cumming's secession movement, believing that reformations should be wrought out within the church, and that it was his duty to sustain the efforts of the liberal and enlightened churchmen, who are working in that direction. In his opinions, on this subject, he paid no respect to persons, nor did he trim his opinions for any purpose whatsoever. His convictions were so strong that he would allow nothing to stand in their way; and yet with all his boldness and iconoclasm, he was as gentle and loving as a child, and hardly ever uttered a severe opinion, verbally or in writing, without concluding it with a prayer for those he criticised, or an acknowledgment of his own weakness and shortcomings. For him to say a hard thing against any man or set of men, from motives of personal pique or animosity, was simply impossible. He would sooner have lavished acts of kind-

ness or mercy, as he often did, upon an adversary, than upon a friend; and, indeed, it was no unusual thing for him to take his own money, of which he never had a surplus, and in a private manner pass it into the hands of some suffering and unfortunate man, not a resident of his parish, who had, perhaps, never mentioned his name without a sneer, because of his profession. He did not take it for granted that every man without the pale of his particular church was on the direct road to destruction; and in his dealings with men of the world, he never obtruded his opinions or attempted to proselyte. He took especial care, however, that no act or utterance on his part should give any one occasion to say—"There goes a man who makes a great parade of his religion, but he is as selfish and fond of the world as any of the ungodly!" In the pulpit he recognized no single individual, and his utterances were given to the multitude for their comfort and instruction, or for the warning of all. He did not believe in seizing hold of a non-professor, and cramming him with texts from Scripture, and then consigning him to eternal death if his scheme of proselyting should fail; but when a man came to him in a quiet way, sincerely asking for light to guide him to the better land, then he was perfectly happy. And, if the seeker after truth were in rags or depraved, he would be lifted up in mind, by words of sacred wisdom, spoken in pure love; thus infusing into an ignorant man the spirit of the Bible, though he may never have read a verse from its pages. When confronted by a cultivated man of the world, and sharply questioned on doctrinal points, he delighted to go into the fullest arguments; and if his brilliant logic failed in the desired effect, it was because the case in hand was utterly hopeless. Poor forsaken mothers, and desolate widows, loved to tell him of their troubles, and to listen to his voice, "soft, gentle, and low," telling them of the life-saving truths of the Bible. Ripe scholars and others, who had been leaders in the world, sought his

companionship and enjoyed the results of his extensive reading, rare wisdom, and varied experiences.

As to his manner in the pulpit, already alluded to, it was always dignified and earnest. He appeared to feel that he had something of the highest importance to do, and that it must be done with appropriate solemnity. He read the Bible as if it were indeed a priceless volume; the general services with distinctness and care; and the prayers with such unction and humility as to make them seem his own productions. His voice, though not loud, was distinct and agreeable, and his enunciation so clear as to bring out the full meaning. In passing from the desk to the pulpit, his steps were natural, and always as if he felt that he was in the presence of God, regardless of men. He always had his sermon before him, but seldom appeared to read from its pages; and generally finished it in about thirty minutes. His reasoning was close, his illustrations living and to the point, his pathos sometimes supremely touching, and, when resting upon one arm, and leaning forward to plead with his hearers to live pure Christian lives, the effect was often very fascinating and impressive. He was, perhaps, too rapid a speaker, but he had a wonderful yet natural habit of modulating his voice, and when its sweet tones were heralded by the loving gaze of his penetrating eyes, his eloquence, in uttering the words of eternal life, was truly remarkable. An idea of its general effect upon his hearers, cannot be better conveyed than in the words expressed by the widow of an eminent divine in New York, herself now deceased: "No other preacher has ever so riveted my attention as he does." The late Bishop McIlvaine, of the diocese of Ohio, when once on a visit to Georgetown, heard him preach, and was so deeply impressed with the discourse that he said, "It contained thought enough for three sermons."

Passing from the pulpit to the hearthstone, we shall find that, in this hallowed place, Mr. Perinchief was circum-

spect, high-toned, cheerful, affectionate, and careful for everything, so far as his bodily pains would allow.

The letters which he wrote to his wife, most of them too sacred to be published, give evidence of his faithfulness as a husband and father. It is true, that the maintenance of his family was sometimes measured by scanty resources, but as good old Fuller says, in speaking of just such a man, in regard to his wife, "Her allowance, if shorter than her deserts and his desire, he lengthened out with his courteous carriage unto her, chiefly in her sickness; then, not so much pitying her as providing necessities for her." He was a lover of home, wherever it might be located, and there he always had his tool-box, not only keeping everything in repair about the premises, by his own hand, but displaying much skill in making all sorts of convenient, and sometimes ornamental articles, for the use of the household. In his love of nature, he delighted in beautifying his grounds with shade trees, shrubbery, and flowers, while the horse in the barn, the chickens in the yard, the home-loving birds in the trees, the dog or kittens on the porch, all received a share of his attentions; and whenever the parsonage happened to be blessed with a vegetable garden, he usually performed all the labor of a gardener, and took out his pay *by giving to the poor* the surplus of the total yield.

As a father, no man could possibly be more completely absorbed in the happiness and improvement of his children than he was at all times, and in every place. When not living near enough to a good school to have them well taught, he took upon himself the labor of instructing them, and when he found it necessary to do that, he was sure to call in a few children from the neighborhood, always striving to do all the good in his power. I have often seen him after reading the Bible and a morning prayer, gather them close by his side, with perhaps two of them upon his knees at the same time, and entertain them with wise and

playful conversation, but always telling them to be kind to everybody, and not to let the day pass without doing some good; and also impressing it upon them as a sacred duty, that they must do all in their power to assist their mother in her arduous household cares. The present and future welfare of his children was to him one of the ruling passions of his life.

Another characteristic that should be mentioned here, has reference to the frequent changes that he made from one parish to another. Those who were not personally acquainted with him, and others who are content to pass through life half-asleep, may be tempted to charge him with instability, but such criticisms would be unjust. To say nothing of his physical constitution, which was never strong, the privations which he endured when passing through college, and an accident which happened to him in Kansas when he seriously injured his spine, so shattered his constitution that he was oftentimes well-nigh unable to control his nervous system. Painful bodily suffering followed him everywhere like a nightmare, and it was the hope of finding relief in his distress of both body and mind, that compelled him to change his parishes so frequently. It was his continued bad health, moreover, which always made him reluctant to take charge of a large congregation, and although several tempting offers were made to him in that direction, he never ventured to accept one. And then again, he entertained the idea that even the most able-bodied preachers ought not to be willing, nor should they be permitted to deal out their religious platitudes forever in one place, or to one people. Indeed in these views as well as many others, he was an imitator of St. Paul, who tarried but a brief season in the cities of the Gentiles. Like the majority of the human race, he was the victim of circumstances, and yet it is a grand and instructive fact, that while he had charge of some eight or ten churches during his life, he never left one of them, that was not at

the time of his leaving in a far more prosperous condition than when he became its pastor.

In estimating Mr. Perinchief's work it must not be forgotten that it was done under great bodily and mental trials. His case was not unlike that of Frederick W. Robertson, who wrote of his own "intensity of suffering in the brain and utter powerlessness and prostration too dreadful to describe," the cause, a tumor of the brain, which cost Robertson his life. Mr. Perinchief was the victim of an accident, alluded to above, which, though not fatal, caused "a lesion of the cerebro-spinal system." This produced the most distracting restlessness and sleeplessness, by which the power of intellectual work was greatly impaired and impeded. Happily, but few know the terrible drawbacks to mental accomplishment entailed by this disease; and when he says in one of his letters, "I have not slept ten nights in three months," we can only wonder how it was that he continued to do so much, and so well. In the purity and unselfishness of his character, as well as in his physical weakness, and itinerant experiences he was more like John Woolman than any other man of the century; and we may truly say of him what Charles Lamb said of the good Friend—"get his writings by heart." They were also alike in their hostility to slavery, but not to detract one iota from the good Quaker in that particular, the emancipation for which Perinchief battled, was that of all mankind from the dominion of a sinful life. It is to me a singular coincidence, moreover, that these two men should have been associated with the town of Mount Holly; and also, that each one died far removed from the place of his birth, as if Providence would emphasize the fact that the lives of even the best of men in this world, are nothing but a pilgrimage to one far better and infinitely enduring. As we read the lives of Robertson and Kingsley, we are impressed and fascinated by their strong individuality; and this quality, as already hinted, is unquestionably one of the

attractions in the life-story recorded in this volume. When a man's convictions are a primary element of his being and firm as the hills, it is only just that his criticisms of things evil, and his prayers for the ultimate triumph of religious truth should both be considered with affectionate regard.

“GEORGETOWN, D. C., *Christmas night*, 1867.

“Your many and great kindnesses to me, so constantly and so delicately conveyed, have often deeply impressed me. Recent delicacies from yourself and wife, seasoned with benevolent wishes; refreshing remembrances at Thanksgiving; walks and books in summer time; to say nothing of other things, have often made me wonder you should feel so much interest in one so uninteresting as I have always felt myself to be. But your present to us on Christmas eve, took me by surprise. I do not know how to express my feelings better than by telling you it went to my heart. Nothing could have been more acceptable than that painting. It is the first and only oil picture we have, and (not to mention its beauty,) that you should have taken the pains to prepare it for us, gives us the greatest pleasure. I do not wish to inflict upon you a long note, I only write at all, because, if I should undertake to say anything to you I should either break down or you would hush it all up before I had said ten words. I am very undemonstrative of my better feelings and grateful emotions, painfully inexpressive sometimes where common courtesy demands in me some acknowledgments. But I beg of you and your good wife, whether I say much or say little or nothing at all, never to think I am forgetful or unappreciative. I most deeply cherish your brotherly regard, and in this instance ask you to accept our sincerest thanks.

“This is Christmas night, and my thoughts and heart have been much to-day with my people. I ought to have said something to them of their many remembrances of me and mine, since we came among them, but I could not trust

myself to do it. Too many strangers were present at church for me to make a parade of what I felt towards a generous people, as I have proved mine to be. I believe, moreover, that they would have preferred I should say nothing. Still my prayers have not the less gone up for God's blessing on you all, coupled, too, with the petition that I may be, in part, the instrument of conveying it, though one of my troubles is, I cannot do the half my heart finds to do.

“GEORGETOWN, D. C., *February 23, 1869.*

[Written in reply to a request that he should furnish a collection of his sermons for publication.]

“I hardly know what to say in reply to your letter of the 22d. Of the making of books there is no end. Of some books it would appear that they had better never have been made. Possibly, however, to the poorest book attaches at least some local value, and if it fill only a local sphere it will not have been made wholly in vain. I would gladly leave with the people of St. John's some memorial of my ministry among them. It is gratifying to me to know that you and others desire it, and yet I am afraid I have little that is worthy of the object. My people have been toward me peculiarly indulgent, and I cannot help thinking my sermons derive more value from that consideration than from any merit of their own. Still, I could not desire to go away feeling I had been speaking words of comfort, of instruction, or of warning, which had taken no root in their hearts, and as I would like to live in their memories—and hope that some thought I may have imparted may live in their lives—I do not see how I can do better than to set aside a critical judgment and yield to your wishes.

“To many of my people I am under special obligations. To you, in particular, I am indebted for many brotherly kindnesses, and labors of love. These two years leave me

indebted to you all. But if God shall bless you through any word or act of mine, if through this volume you propose, He shall continue to bless you with spiritual riches in Jesus Christ, and at last count us worthy to stand together upon the shores of another and a better life, then we shall all be rewarded; and they who have sown and they who have reaped shall rejoice together. That so it may be, is the earnest prayer of your friend and brother.

“GERMANTOWN, PA., *April* 11, 1869.

“You may easily imagine I have not been over cheerful to-day, my mind and heart have been all the time in Georgetown. The scenes and facts and thoughts of the last two years have come back to me, together with the farewells of the last two weeks. When I think of everything, I almost reproach myself for leaving St. John’s, but everything seems so mysterious; nearly everybody has told me how sorry they were I was going away; the vestry say they had every confidence in me and desired to retain me, and yet there I was, undergoing martyrdom in that garret, asking only for a place in which to work, willing to put up with anything if I only had a place I could feel was a study. Did that seem unreasonable? and then they get for a new man, before I had gotten away from them, the very thing I have wanted for two years.

“I have often regretted my weak constitution, but never more than I do to-day. I some how feel that nobody can care for you all, for that town, more than I did. Another thing, so many personal friends were raised up to me. Men respect us clergy for our work’s sake, but I begin to see, to some of us it is given to be taken up into the warm places of other hearts, to experience that soul-sympathy which I think is the joy of the angels, the one charm of the circles that are above. I have been thinking that is part of the reward of truth, fidelity, and love;—it is a full reward in itself; and if this be but the beginning of the first

fruits, what shall the harvest be? Verily God was good and gracious to me and mine in Georgetown, and in the conscious light and warmth of that goodness I sit down to-day in thankfulness. In recalling the many blessings which overtook and followed me, I recall none which I cherish more than those friendships.

“It is no easy matter to stand for the truth at any time and anywhere, partly because we must have some misgivings as to our own wisdom, and some respect for the opinions of others; but when one feels certain truths burn into his soul with all the force of real truth—when he sees men in error and feels he is sent, if possible, to arrest them—very cheering and precious are the first notes of recognition from those we consider wise. * * *

“So far, be my trials in life what they may, the Cross still leaves me in its debt; I have gained more by the Gospel than the Gospel has by me. It was in this inspiration that I first went out to preach, it is thus I must still go. So far the debt only increases, and when I get home at last, and we are all there together, we shall see it was from grace, from the love of Christ, it all came, and that to Him at last all praises are due. For one blessing I feel thankful, that in looking back I feel that very many of those to whom I preached—though it might sometimes have appeared otherwise in my preaching—have entered upon the true and better life; both of those who are members of the church and those who are not. I shall miss you all; but in thankfulness for this fact, in the assurance that now we cannot be disunited, I go out to the future, trusting that the same hand which has ever been over us all, and the same spirit which has been with us all, will never leave nor forsake us, but guide us on to that blessed rest where we shall all rejoice together. I ought, I suppose, to have given expression to some of these feelings in my last sermon to my people; but the thing was impossible, I could not venture. In my secret soul I could but commit them to the Lord.

The fact is, my soul feels full, it goes out toward you all, the kindness which has already borne so much, and forgiven so much, will, I am sure, forgive this also.

“GERMANTOWN, *April 20, 1869.*

“Your letters to us have made our souls glad. If ever we have done anything or said any word, which sent you on your way rejoicing, that service was more than rewarded before we left you. Now you have thrown the debt over on the other side, and we owe you, and pay you what our hearts feel, but what our words cannot tell. I declare to you I have read your letter, and that of your wife, with my eyes so full of tears I could not see. I am unable to describe to you my emotions. I cannot believe I am worthy of your esteem—such esteem—such love. I know better. I look upon it as the gift of a merciful God, a reward, something I have yearned for, but something I have always felt unworthy of. I have thought in my own heart, by and by, up in the better land, where my works had followed me, some soul would be given me—the affection of some soul which I had helped, would be my crown of rejoicing. I had not expected so much of it here as I have been permitted to reap. I knew at last it would come, because I have gone on loving and striving to bless, sowing the seed. I thought the seed would sprout and grow, when I had gone, and the souls in which the growth had been would not be conscious of it, till, in the kingdom, they reviewed the road they had traveled and the agencies that had helped them. You cannot know what a blessing you have been and are to us, but I will not dwell here. I will only say, I cease not every day to thank God for His gifts to me, and cease not to pray that all of us may go on apprehending the things which have so filled us with peace, love, and blessing, that at last we may be counted worthy to have part and lot in the same eternal heritage. * * *

I have not got over leaving Georgetown yet, much as I

have had to occupy my thoughts; you cannot know my experiences as I sit and call around me the faces and friendships of that St. John's congregation. I loved those people more than I knew. I cannot forget them—so many of all grades—my people. I add together the souls out of the congregations which the Lord giveth me, and as I go, I truly 'drag a lengthening chain.' Some links are brighter than others, and stronger, but I cannot drop one of them. Eleven years of humble ministry, what have they not given me in giving me these souls? What would I take in exchange for them?

"I thank you, both, for your expressions of affection. I thank everybody who divests me of every official element, and makes me only the friend and brother, the companion for time and eternity.

"GERMANTOWN, *August 27, 1869.*

"Why should mankind be so dependent upon each other? I know indeed, and recognize the wonderful power one soul can exercise over another, I feel it more and more.

"Whilst mutual influence is a law, I think individual independence, of course not without reference to the law, is a product God expects of us all. Otherwise, see how dependence subjects us to the necessity of being driven by contrary or adverse winds. I am getting more and more clear in my conviction that the office of the ministry is to be exercised in that direction, to teach men to think for themselves, not to accept an *ipse dixit* from anybody, or any church, but to think quietly, patiently and uncomplainingly; and, unless I am mistaken, I think that was one thing I endeavored to teach my people in Georgetown.

"We are not strong when we only lean on somebody, that is true; better lean on somebody than fall; but better we should be strong enough to stand by ourselves; and still better, to be a tower of strength to others. You recollect when Paul was removed from the Galatians, how suddenly

they fell away. As long as he was there they 'did well,' and no doubt, God not only permitted, but caused Paul to move about, not only that he might carry truth, but that the truth he planted might be the more certain in its ultimate results. Now suppose by any providence you can learn this independence, learn how to lean not on yourself, but on the truth, on God, on the Scripture, on all that Christ tells you; and doing so, you must see how, of necessity, you become stronger, and your vision clearer. Life to you will be more real, more grand, more solemn; you will walk on a higher plane.

"This is the want in all our congregations, and because we have it not there, this is the want in our pulpits. Now out of this you can get an idea which may make you sympathize with clergymen. Where do the clergy get their help? they are mortal and human, like the rest of us. They have in books and God's word only that which is common to all. Don't you see how God has committed his treasure to earthen vessels? and what a strange thing it is we are blessed as much as we are; how, by diligence and quiet, by thought and good works, we should try to make that good as great as possible. What a deep responsibility attaches even to the weakest Gospel!—how we can all be helpless or hinderers!—co-workers with God; or workers against God! And here comes in another thing, this dwelling with God, this communion with God; the soul that realizes the dangers on the one side, and the privileges on the other, who longs to walk with God, and do the will of God in all holy life and labor, will commune with God, not only in seclusion, but everywhere, and under all circumstances, often exactly where and when, humanly speaking, it were least to be expected. It leads to hours of solemn thought, to that which the mere human eye mistakes for gloom, to joys that penetrate all duties, all vocation, all life, and makes us feel that paradox of Paul's, 'the peace of God passeth understanding.' Such a soul alone, in my judg-

ment, knows what life is, what it is to be alive. All virtue, all grace is born there, not as much as we would, but the sure pledge of the abundance hereafter. This is life in Christ, pure Christian life; the soul that has it at all longs for more. It feels what Christ said, 'I am come that they might have life, and have it abundantly.' It is a life that grows more and more into the perfect day; it is not a life that can be told; it is the soul's own, the joy, the peace, the love of the spirit. This alone is immortality, as God meant it; it is not simply mere continuous existence, but existence every breath and atom of which are felt to be a blessing. It can come forth only of wisdom, and things truly divine. It is God's gift, just as the harvest is; it is born of the wise use of all time, and every faculty we possess. Christ procured it, opened the way to it, and bids us take it. The obtaining of this is the one thing God contemplates in all His providence concerning us. It is the life in us which alone makes the kingdom of heaven, makes us worthy subjects of such a kingdom. Take it out of a soul, and you make the kingdom of heaven for that soul impossible. It is worth any sacrifice, all costs. God grant that you and I and all of us who have found blessing together on earth may have it. God grant it to all the people of old St. John's, and all to whom I have ever preached; for I lose my reward in proportion as they fail.

“GERMANTOWN,

“SUNDAY EVENING, *June 27, 1869.*

“Your painting of our home at Mount Savage we are pleased with beyond anything you can imagine. My wife and I have looked at it now for more than twenty-four hours in all lights and shades, and the more we look at it, the more are we delighted with it. I do not think you could altogether appreciate it. Familiar with every detail, the more we look at it, the more we wonder how any skill could make such a copy, or produce such an effect. It

looks more like our house as it then was, than that same house does now. Those two trees, by being true to nature, are beautiful, and they are so located in the picture as to break the expanse of sky and produce the finest effect.

“We have been sitting here together this afternoon reviving old memories, and counting up our blessings. As a general thing my lot in life has been not to be ministered unto, so much as to minister, but you, and John A. Graham and Thomas D. Middleton have ministered to me vastly more than you have been ministered unto. You three men—I say nothing of women, they seldom are ministered unto so much as they minister, and many are they who have ministered to me—but to you three men I stand indebted and perhaps always shall, for I see no way by which the tables can ever be turned, and possibly it were better they never should be, yet I like to know there are natures richer than my own; I love the providence which keeps before me the injunction of that nature which was richer than all—‘freely ye have received, freely give.’

“I do not know but I have mentioned to you before that I have long been in the habit of looking upon myself as an investment made by my friends. During this last week you and your wife have made an addition to the capital, for which, I am afraid, in this world you will not soon get the interest.

“Those sermons of Phillips Brooks are not out yet. When they do come out I shall see that you get a copy. When you read it, I think you will feel you have got hold of a sermon. At any rate, when he preached it the sermon got hold of me; my heart rejoiced, I felt there was somebody left who knew how to preach.

“GERMANTOWN, *June 29, 1869.*

“I have staid home to-day to write letters and attend to my private matters, which have been running wild for some time. I have just thought I did not express to you in my

letter of Sunday evening, any sign of my great satisfaction and enjoyment at your house last week. I was so taken up with *the picture*, I forgot to thank you for this other great service. My three evenings in Georgetown, were highly delightful to me, but how could they have been so, had not your thoughtfulness, and that of your wife caused so many elements to combine. I should not have seen so many old friends, if you had not arranged for them to come and see me. I cannot tell you the peculiar pleasure I derive from such a visit and such experiences. It is not simply pleasure; there is mingled with it a sense of gratitude to God, that He should have enabled me to live to have such experiences together with a sense of unworthiness, that, after all, it is a great deal more than I deserve, I have just received a letter from Mr. Middleton, about the sermons. '*They do him good.*' 'I am quite certain you have no conception of what you have done in getting up those sermons. Ends are met, years are bridged over, homes and hearts are reached, events are explained, of which, to you time will never speak.'

"JULY 5, 1869.

"To Mrs. L——,

"It is strange how long a man may live in this world, before he knows anything about himself. That was a wise prayer of poor Burns—

'O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us;'

so wise I fear, it is seldom to any great extent answered. In some respects your letter was a revelation to me. I did not know before I had a 'dignified manner,' as a clergyman or as anything else. I have often been told I had less of the clerical air than most of my craft, and I once talked with a gentleman a whole forenoon—on high and solemn subjects too—before he suspected my calling, and he was

greatly surprised when he found he had been talking to a clergyman as he would have talked to any other man ; still there is great truth in what you say, only you and your friend have a very gentle way of expressing it. Some people have a way of making others feel instantly at ease, some have not. It is a faculty, I am sorry to say, I never had, and still more sorry to say, I believe I never shall have. It is generally acquired, though of course the natural foundations for it vary. People who are much in society have it. The clergy often have it, though there are frequent instances in which it is wanting. Its absence in me arises from several causes ; much of my life has been spent in retirement, then I have certain notions respecting the ministry. From some observations I have made, it appears to me the clergyman is often lost in the mere social element. He is sometimes a mere 'figure-head' to a piece of good society. The pastoral relation merges into an intercourse merely friendly, and parochial visits are only gusts of parish gossip. Of course it would be delightful, if we could have everything in its exact proportion. That condition will one day be realized, only not in my time. At present we seldom gain in one direction without losing in another. Now my idea is—everything to its purpose. For instance, you go to a pump to get water ; a dry pump, however ornamental, is little comfort to a thirsty soul, and if merely ornamental is in reality not a pump. You go to a clergyman for instruction, for comfort, for just a certain something you may get elsewhere, but which you ought to get from him. My endeavor to guard myself here, drives me into a 'dignity' which creates awkwardness in others. The fear of only borrowing enjoyment where I meant to lend something useful, drives me into a reserve which defeats the object of both parties.

"Then another thing, 'when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.' When two reserved souls come face to face, there must be silence and dignity. Few people

treat the clergy just as they treat other people. We are looked upon as a race of superior beings, and error always leads to confusion. Now, I think as a general thing, we get according to what we carry, and to recur to that elegant figure of the pump once more, you know from some pumps you never can get a drop of water until you have poured a pitcher full in, then you get all you want; I am very much a pump of that sort, and this accounts for some of my experiences. I am not always reserved and dignified. Only the last time I was in Georgetown a lady, a poor woman, told me she had never seen anybody before to whom she could express herself as she could to me; that I took up her troubles and helped her through. Think of that! And people have often told me that however well they knew me they really never knew me until they got into trouble, but after all, the secret of the whole thing is not the trouble, that is only the occasion, the real thing wanted is the first pitcher of water. People have an idea that I get hold of them, but it is the other way, they get hold of me. Often, I grant, it is like getting hold of an icicle or a chestnut burr, but if they will only persevere, they will find that whether one or the other, there is refreshment after its kind and up to its capacity.

“PHILADELPHIA, *July 7, 1869.*

“Now, I shall not undertake to argue the case. You may be right; at any rate, I never imagine I am absolutely right in anything not capable of demonstration. I am open to conviction, however firmly I may hold on to what *I think is right*; but I confess it seems strange to me, that I cannot get even you to see things as I see them. At any rate I cannot see them as you do. You speak of my ability. Well, ‘I can’t see it.’ Shakspeare speaks of three classes of men—those born great; those who achieve greatness; and those who have greatness thrust upon them. This, in my judgment, does not cover the human race, and

he singularly omits three other classes: Those not born great; those who never achieve greatness; and those who never have it thrust upon them. Now, without any egotism or mock modesty, I must honestly say, I do not belong to either class the poet mentions; but to one or other, and perhaps to all three of those he omits. Greatness is to me a thing so great that I cannot recall many characters from history which I consider truly embody it; and of living men, in this age of ours, my acquaintance has brought me in contact with very few. My models in history—to say nothing of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and *to give his life* a ransom for many—are such men as John the Baptist, Jeremiah, Elijah, Paul, and that type of being, which I would not leave out, Daniel.

“Of modern types, I would not hesitate at such men as Jeremy Taylor, whom I am glad you admire, George Herbert, and Butler; all these illustrate, in their degree, my idea. You observe in them all the true thing, greatness, as God made greatness, that which is real. The position they occupied in their lifetime is a matter of no consequence; thousands who rejoice in their light, know nothing of what sort of a setting the jewel had. The Jews somehow denied to Daniel and David—whether wisely or unwisely, I know not—the same equal confidence they gave to the other prophets, because they resided at court, and so far lacked one sign of the true prophet. We have riches in Jeremy Taylor; what we have lost by his being at court we cannot tell. Butler was great before he was Bishop, and his light shines down across the years, not from his Episcopate, but from his obscurity.

“No man can have so much real being that he will have too much even for the obscurest place upon earth. The one painful element to me in the life of Robert Burns is, that he did not know how great he was in himself, and how much greater he might have been than he was. He evermore wanted to sacrifice his genius by putting over it, place,

the mere seeming to be. That element in Burns, in my opinion, will explain the habits into which he subsequently fell. To no other condition on earth than his were many of his poems possible, and those, to me, among the richest and most touching in human language. The one thing is the *real being*. Its best sphere is where it best exists. Men often place the bushel over their light, when they think they are placing their light on a candlestick. Now turn the picture over, and you get more directly at my idea, or at the impulse which actuates me; though I can only indicate it, not express it. I am ashamed of myself, for fear even you should think me selfish, critical, or righteous over-much. Look at position; or, first, look at genuine greatness. Position, money, earthly reward of any sort or degree cannot be predicated of it—cannot be placed in comparison with it. What is the value of *Paradise Lost*? Would you make Luther a bishop? Give Milton an estate, and put a mitre on the Reformation, and how they dwindle down! Put Carlyle and Brougham into the English peerage, and all generations suffer loss! What great places to-day are filled by great men? Grant would have gone down through all time a greater man if he had refused to go to the White House.

“It may seem a very immoral thing for me to say, but I could more easily forgive Webster for his failings, than for hankering after the presidency. So seeking place, position, honor, reward, is the cause of untold evils, and dreadful long-lived calamities. It keeps us back from honor, peace, love; all that the Gospel promises. It delays the millenium. It is the emphatic thing against which Jesus Christ guarded his people. He did it because it is antagonistic to the true kingdom; nowhere is it worse or more fatal than in the church, and will you excuse me if I say it?—my experience and observation teach me—and I endeavor not to look with cynical or uncharitable eyes—that our pulpits are too often filled with mockery and make believe, with

self-importance, with pride and impotency. I declare to you, I sometimes shed tears to see the church of God treated as she is. 'It pitieth one to see her in the dust.' Our large parishes are with few exceptions only places where wealth is congregated, where truth is not known, where fat livings are provided for fat men. You might blot out hundreds of them, and nine days afterwards the world would not know they ever existed. And the race after such men at this moment is prodigious, frightful; so much so, I truly believe he serves God best who renounces them. Does this seem to you unchristian? I do not so mean it, and whether so or not it helps to explain my ideas, or notions, or whatever they might be called.

"I have been trying and am still trying to get a wise definition for salvation, and I cannot see how a man is saved until he is in love with that which is heavenly, and values unselfishness for its own intrinsic beauty. I think we have not entered upon heavenliness. The spirit of the church to-day is the spirit of the mother of Zebedee's children. The kingdom that we conceive, is no real kingdom at all; the true salvation is only in the baptism that Christ was baptised with. The church is at present very earnestly discussing regeneration. I think it would be hard to prove that any of us have even a remote conception of what it is. Our great churches are not homes of the truth, often just the reverse, the places whence thought and truth are banished, where *respectability* is worshipped, where a few women and fastidious girls dictate the preaching. It must of necessity be so, as they pay their money, they must also have their choice. Now here comes the point of your view of the thing, 'if you see these things in the church, then you are the very man to go there,' 'to let your light shine,' 'to break down the idols,' 'to proclaim the truth.' The Sahara is a great desert, so the geographies say; it needs palm trees. Put there all the richest palm trees you can find.

Do you change the desert? What becomes of the palm trees? 'Not a parallel,' you say, not exactly; but the question with me is, whether he who would be a man of God in a high degree, can possibly be so, in many of these parishes; I know not a man in such position whom I would take to be my spiritual guide. The very conditions make the thing impossible. The social requirements, the multiplied 'church works,' or parish machinery, divide the time, dissipate the thought, starve the soul—that which is artificial eclipses that which is real, the soul goes up before God lean and palsied.

"Now, you say again, 'it is selfish to retreat.' It would be so if I gave up the work altogether, and gave over the struggle, and retired to a monastery, or went off at my ease; but I do not propose that at all, nor do I know what I shall do, except that I shall try to be guided by God; but I feel that I want some place where I shall not be enslaved, where I can have time to think and build myself and others up in things divine. I have a feeling, reasonable or unreasonable I know not, which cries out all the time, as Jeremiah did when he longed for a lodge in some vast wilderness. I do not cry for that exactly, for I think he asked that out of his weakness, not out of his strength; but I desire something that is not full of danger and spiritual privation to me, and which gives full opportunity for doing something for others.

"Then comes the trouble again—bread for the family; well, God the father above, he knows, he will direct and provide. Only, if possible, whatever my action might be, get hold of my motive-forces, and in the meantime let us amid a perverse generation hold fast to that which is good, and let us walk very humbly, that we mistake it not; and let us pray to be kept from the evil, and to know the true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. God grant that, have what we may, we lose not the true riches.

“GERMANTOWN, *August 4, 1869.*

“I was struck last Sunday with the epistle for the day. There is much more in that Scripture than we are in the habit, practically, of recognizing. All have not the same gifts. All have some. The Spirit divideth to every man respectively as He will, not as we think He ought to, but as He knows to be best. Not one of us can see all truth, or any one truth in every particular. Any truth is only a thread in a net; it stands not alone, but has its relations and combinations. One sees it in one relation and another in another. We differ from each other only as our view of these relations is wide and clear. He has most truth whose view is widest and clearest, and even his is still partial. Now, not only does our usefulness vary according to the views we take, but our experiences also, so that it is literally true that every man reaps as he sows. Whatever experiences, therefore, a man meets with in life he should account for as much from elements in himself as in the persons with whom he comes in contact. It is for him, then, to define all experience and see whether it is worth the cost; in other words, whether his course is wise. Now, all my ideas of truth, from long habit, combine or concentrate toward the one form and life of the man Christ Jesus. Perhaps, in a certain sense, every Christian would say the same thing. To be more explicit, then, I might say the experiences of Christ are my idea of what Christians should be. To change it a little: the experiences of Christ were the natural, necessary resultants of wisdom in a world unwise. To change it a little again: we are wise as our experiences are like His. It is for us to determine whether for the wisdom we will pay the cost. The actual payment of the cost is the only reliable evidence that we have the wisdom. Now, in the life of the man Christ Jesus, one feature pre-eminently strikes me as the key to all the rest, and that is *His unselfishness*. If you will examine you will perceive one fact: He let men do as they pleased toward

Him without complaint. As a sheep before the shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth. It was prophesied of Him that He should not cry in the street. It is recorded of Him, 'when He was reviled, He reviled not again.' I contend, then, that the proper practice for every Christian, especially every Christian minister, is never to think of himself as connected with the treatment he receives from the world, but only as to what sort of action is becoming under the principles and instincts by which he is, or ought to be, governed. I think if the Church would do this the world would itself see it is a wretched, mean world, and would repent in sackcloth and ashes.

"Judas *saw* he had betrayed innocent blood, and the thought of it made existence to him impossible, made life intolerable. The Jews *saw* it, when Christ was offered, and it broke their hearts: Hence Pentecost; and we Christians—by not knowing how it is that God works by means—refer to miraculous action altogether, what, if we only had the vision, could be accounted for by regular law. The Saviour, I think, literally meant, 'When thou art smitten on the one cheek, turn the other.' I think if we could literally carry out all this, the world would be better, the church would gain, and none of us would be treated as badly as we are. Now, you will not understand me to say, I do all this or come anywhere near to it. How hard it is to do, nobody knows better than he who tries to do it, or how far from it he is, none knows so well as he who tries to approximate it. I only mean, I try to make it my rule of life. On the other hand, there are certain contingencies of life, certain duties we owe to those dependent on us, certain positions and actions, not only customary, but highly esteemed among men, at which, perhaps, we all rightly look. Although I cannot help thinking no generous soul will ever claim anything not instinctively given, still we have claims which should, possibly for our own good, be presented, and which being presented, rouse us to a sense

of our duty, and lead us to do ourselves justice, in the exercise of generosity and other virtues, a retrospective view of which affords us pleasure and high satisfaction; and for that reason, they who call our attention to it are wise, and to us are benefactors. Now, why do I mention all this? Simply because you appear to me to blame the St. John's people for my experiences among them. I do not blame them, I do not wish you to blame them. If there was any fault anywhere it was the resultant of my action at least as much as their own. I received there, as I have everywhere (as I am constantly telling my wife) not only all but more than we deserved. So conscious am I of this, I would not take a world for the two years I spent in Georgetown. I think they will send happy pulsations through all my hereafter. I never look within my memories, I never hear from you, but I think of it. No; they treated me very well. If they treat somebody else better, who ought to rejoice over it more than I? If my experiences are happy, then surely I ought to know how sweet they are, and therefore rejoice with those who have them, as, thank God, I do. I found out too late, that my people gave me all I wanted—their love and esteem. Mr. Blank has been brought up differently, and if they give him, in addition to what they gave me, a thousand or two of dollars, then it is because he, by the laws I have mentioned, merits that much more, and because he gets the one part more, is no reason why he should not have the other part as much, and even mine also. He has gifts by which God wishes you all to profit, and God has sent him among you, to do for you what I could not do. He will build up a church such as I could not have built. Receive him, listen to him, profit by him; remembering, that after all, we are none of us more than *earthen* vessels—all poor, all deficient—and that God and his angels look in pity upon all. The more I think of it, the more I think St. John's has been in a very high degree fortunate to get him. I am delighted he had just the reception they gave him.

And now my prayer is, that by all he does, or fails to do, you may be built up in nobleness and holiness, in victory over self, and over all that is unheavenly; and be like the Great Master. May all work together for your good. If I envy him at all, it is in the charge he has; but God knew that he could guide you to heaven better than I, and so sent him. That you may get to heaven, and the highest possible heaven, is all our Father wants. That is my prayer for you all.

“Communing with our Father is one of the last things we learn as God wants us to learn it, and yet it is one of the things we are constantly hearing about; in all we hear our minds are carried away to the manner of communing, rather than to the communion itself. We get the idea of prayers we are to make, rather than of the sweet, far reaching, peaceful yearnings we are to let God perceive; which we are to define as much as we can, and enjoy; but which, at last, one can never express. God comes to us often and whispers to us, and we know not it is God. Silent, holy, happy thoughts break over us, and we repel them, because we are not on our knees. We wonder, out of wrong education, why they do not come while we are on our knees; and so these experiences become the exception of our lives, when they ought to be the rule.

“FEBRUARY 28, 1870.

“I received a letter the other day which surprised me, the first, I think, I ever received from a clergyman, asking about my health—except when the man wanted to know whether I was able to preach for him, or something of that sort. In this case the gentleman was almost a stranger to me, and *his respect and sympathy* prompted the inquiry. The world moves; let us be thankful. I am trusting from day to day in that providence I have so long sought to follow.

“BRIDGEPORT, PA., *July 16, 1870.*

“The week has not been an unpleasant one to me, though I have felt much like a fish out of water. I have had to meet many strangers, and that, too, under very trying conditions, such as where they are using their best endeavors to find you out, and you are all in a fog, wondering who they are. Still, I must say, everything turns out much better than I had expected. Last evening I spent one of the pleasantest evenings away out in the country here, at the remotest end of my parish, that I have for a long time.

“The immediate outside of the parsonage is the worst feature I have so far seen, but after awhile a little care and industry will bring that all right; the house itself is all I can desire.

“I think I am feeling better already, I sleep soundly all night, and I have little of that depressed, worried feeling. Everybody here goes to bed early, and all tea-drinkings subside about ten, at the least.

“OCTOBER 25, 1870.

“I send you an article I have cut out of the ‘Christian Union,’ that shows you the way New Yorkers talk about ministers. They *own* them—body, soul and estate. They bring them out on Sunday morning and put them through their paces. Beautiful sight! I am not able to express my convictions in this matter so as really to define them to another, but I feel I am right. You are very complimentary to my preaching, but you do not reflect that I am hardly half a man, and how near I came, last spring, being no man at all. If I could do a man’s work the case would be different, but I cannot. Nobody knows in what ‘weariness and painfulness’ I used to do my work, or rather half do it; being able to do but the work of half a man, I cannot see what right I have to the wages of a whole one. I appreciate the force of the argument relative to those dependent upon me, and glad would I be were their support tenfold

what it is. But 'it is written, the disciple shall not be above his Lord,' and neither of us went out with any reference whatever to support, big or small. We have always had—I will not say more than we deserved—but more than we have been careful to be truly thankful for. My being with my family alive, I look upon as a great blessing in itself. I have not a friend who has yet said 'I am thankful you are *able* to be at Bridgeport;' but then I have no friend who knows anything of what I suffered before I came here, and how great a blessing it is to have those sufferings removed. I see the reply, that I can be as well off in New York as here. Let nobody imagine it. No man in New York without a fortune can live as comfortably without extreme labor. He must either do a work of true worth, or he must play work, itself the hardest kind of work; but still a work of which immense amounts are done in New York, and not a little of it in and by the ministry. The sham work I cannot do, and the real would soon render another change for me a necessity. There are many people residing in that New York parish now, and though the church is small, the congregation can grow, and it would not be long before I would observe much work that *ought* to be done. Here I can do all the work there is; I cannot have a week-day lecture even if I wanted to have one; I can have but one sermon and service on Sunday; I have a very good congregation to hear the one sermon, and I feel I am accomplishing some little good. I can really rest on Sunday afternoon and not feel anxious and worried through the week. Then I have time to spend with my family, no slight blessing in itself. We have a house as comfortable as that of any minister in the United States, and if we have to economise somewhat, how thankfully should we do it, at least for a year or two.

“DECEMBER 28, 1870.

“As the shades of the year deepen around me my heart is glad when I think of all the mercies that have followed

me. My own health is so much better. With all my troubles I am not afflicted as I was. As I have said to you, the worst of all afflictions is to be deprived of that power by which we bear afflictions. Whatever they are I can look at them calmly and take them manfully. This is so great a blessing in itself that my heart goes out in much thanksgiving to God. But I have many mercies to be thankful for. Friends have clung to me through the year; my children are well and happy; we have a comfortable home, *all together*; so my heart sings praises and my soul goes out in prayer to God to make me worthier of the blessings I have.

“BRIDGEPORT, *February 15, 1871.*

“Yesterday, upon reading the ‘Christian Union,’ I concluded it was hardly worth while to do anything to try to mend our poor world. Its ailments are chronic. There is no end to humbug and selfishness, and I am inclining more and more to the idea that the greatest benefactor now-a-days is the man who keeps very still, minds his own affairs, and who endeavors to have very few affairs to mind. The more we do to live, the less life we have. The wheel of civilization turns round the human heart, and with all the paint and din and dust, there is not oil enough to keep it from creaking and groaning. If things go on at this rate, this old heart will break before long, and something will fall. The magazines themselves are run for money, and the churches benefit the architects and upholsterers. That picture of a cabin in Canada has been in my mind ever since I read your letter. Happy people, who were born before civilization, when men were philosophers and poets. I don’t wonder we have to go back to the past, to Moses and Homer, to feel inspiration. So far from our having subdued the world, I think the world has subdued us.

“This day is beautiful; the sun shines, the yard is full of birds, blue-birds and snow-birds, and they twitter and sing

as if Spring were near. They make my heart feel glad this morning, as they have many a day this winter, for they have been here every day and we have fed them, and I have been thankful I was out here where I had them to tell me God takes care of sparrows—to tell me there is a God—and often to lift my heart up in sweet communion which filled me with peace.

“MARCH 8, 1871.

“I have been reading Wordsworth, and Coleridge, too, a little of late. I like Coleridge the best. It is very refreshing to find that other people have experiences just like ours. If we were like Crusoe, a prisoner, we might get startled at a footprint in the sand, but being on a journey, a pilgrim, seeking the safe and narrow road, a footprint ahead of ours is full of encouragement, especially when there is reason to believe they are the footprints of the wise and brave. We ought not to laugh at the old saying that ‘misery loves company.’ There is too much truth in it to treat it lightly. Your letter was a great comfort to me. I have of late been ‘blue,’ sometimes almost despairing. I am so still. Shut up here in ‘the Eddy,’ I some how seem to have missed the great aim and purpose of my life; or, rather, the aim and purpose of my life seem so out of tune with the din and dust that we call life. I wonder sometimes whether I have not made a mistake and picked up a penny whistle for an angel’s trumpet; whether I am not only another performer in the great ‘Kalathumpian’ that is going on around us. The make-believe, and ignorance, and thoughtlessness, and cant that is in the Church; the millions that are put into stone and paint; the big offices and big officers and high-sounding titles, compared with the poverty that prevails; the difficulty we all experience in living; the inability to help the widow or to educate the orphan; the condition of our factory girls and boys and the vice in our streets; the unrest and unlove that are everywhere; the helplessness of

one man, and the certainty that when you drop away all the world can furnish no helper for those near and dear to you—all this depresses me. We say, ‘trust in God.’ That is what staggers me. Faith in God, faith in goodness, seems almost dead. The divine graces and virtues that were in Christ, and which ought to characterize Christians, have passed into mere sentiment, and it requires a great deal of faith to hold on and work on, to hope, endure, and be patient.

“SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.

“I am more than ever interested in Japan and the Japanese. I have often thought there was much that was good below that olive skin and thoughtful countenance. Where did your ‘chief’ learn the English language so as to speak it fluently and read it understandingly? These men may do us much good by candidly and considerably criticising our civilization. That fellow who signs his name ‘Pagan,’ must be an original. Indeed, I know these men have a keen eye with respect to our follies. I read, not long ago, a very sensible thing from one of these people, taken from an oration he delivered as a student at one of our New England schools. He said, he was very anxious, or would be very glad, if the Gospel could go into Japan without any of our churches. Think of all that implies, and of the keen discrimination that underlies it. He said, this wish had been begotten by reading the History of Modern Europe, and by his observations in this country. I was reminded of this man, and of the man of whom you speak, by a little incident that came under my observation last week. I was in Philadelphia, and at the Episcopal rooms in Walnut street; as I entered the hall I saw two gentlemen standing in conversation. One of them I knew, the other I have seen at times, but do not know his name. The one I knew has, within six months or so, been made a D. D.; he is what I call a stuffed man, a man I never see without

thinking of the frog who swelled up to become an ox. I paused to speak to this august personage, and the other gentleman slipped up stairs—saying as he went, ‘Mr. Blank, I will be back in a moment.’ In half a moment he came back to make a formal apology for not calling his reverence *Doctor*, a thing which greatly tickled the D. D., though he remarked, ‘we do not stand upon trifles.’ The whole thing was so studied upon the part of the undoc-tored man, and so enjoyable to the Doctor himself, that I was thrown into a line of reflection similar to that suggested by your letter; the toadying and meanness on the one side, the feathers and bubbles on the other.

“JANUARY 10, 1872.

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“You see what a work you have been doing. If it had not been for you those sermons would never have seen the light, and now on rainy Sundays, and to people prevented from going to church, you are still preaching. As time boils them down, I hope there will remain at last one true, good thought worth keeping. I saw, a long while ago, in the *Southern Review*, an article reviewing these sermons. The author of it made me understand that passage of St. Paul: ‘Some preach Christ willingly, and some of contention,’ but either way Paul was content, because it all brought Christ to the minds of the people; all he wanted was, that the theme should never be hushed. He knew if they could only see Christ, they must love Him. This *Review* jeered at an idea in these sermons, which was, that God looked upon us as a *father* rather than as a *judge*, regarding us as *unfortunate* rather than faulty. I feel that if men can only once get that idea, they will love it, and it will make them love God, and lift them up to a higher plane of life; and so I thought the *Southern Review* could not have selected a better subject for its criticism.

“ JANUARY 17, 1872.

“ The truth is, these sectarian squabbles are sorry things. The more I see of ministers, some of them, and of church organizations, and compare all with the spirit of that Christ we profess to worship, the more I am surprised there is any church at all. But, I take it, by so much the soul surpasses the body. Christ is the soul. These churches are only ‘bodies, and lame, deceased bodies they are.’ One thing is certain, time and the world are casting off these ‘mortal coils.’ I am amazed when I contemplate the changes which are going on; in fifty years there will be few churches constituted as our churches are now; ministers will not be what they are to-day. There will be teachers and pastors, but not the settled class we have in our time; they will be better teachers, and have more scholars. For my part I feel every day that our present system is artificial, the legacy of dead ages, not suited to a live world, and so the sooner a change occurs the better.

“ This thing of calling ministers is a dreadful affair. It reminds me of old slave times, when they put a darkey on a block and made him show his teeth, and hold up his arms, and cut up a general performance to show him off to the highest bidder. When I think of what we call ‘preaching the Gospel,’ and look at churches, and at ministers, and at congregations, and all the things ‘behind the scenes,’ and then think of reality and truth, and eternity! * * I think of digging clams, or of going at anything that is honest, or by which men may *live*, if it be only in the body; anything to make life a little more like *daylight*, and a great deal less like *moonshine*.

“ JANUARY 23, 1872.

“ These young Japanese manifest a decided talent for observation, and their remarks have a sarcastic ring to them which might be very salutary to us as a people, if we could only get our people to hear them. However, these young

fellows, and indeed all their countrymen, need at this moment the most delicate instruction. I am afraid the institutions to which the young men go may have an injurious effect upon them. We know how many of our young men go to college, merely to waste time and spend money; to make themselves ridiculous, and to disgrace all civilization. The Japanese student, with his eyes wide open, and in real earnest with himself, sees that, and in the nature of things, he has little to counteract his impressions. His people too, who come to visit us, see the same features stamped upon our society generally. None of them have access to those better elements, which lie in a great measure concealed from public gaze, and which really constitute our social forces. They cannot get into our homes, the homes of the masses of our people, and witness the tender influences which are there distilled, and which create our power. A child looking at a locomotive, sees only the brass mountings, and the red paint, but they are really no part of the locomotive. The steam is invisible to any eye, and, only he who is skilled in the art, knows where the real power resides. These people should be guarded against mistakes; their second thought of us, will be better than their first. Besides, let them not think that Japan is the only country in the world which is undergoing revolution. The whole human race is in motion, and at this moment we are casting off many of these very evils, of which these people complain, and fifty years from now, will witness greater changes in this country than in Japan, and all of them for the better. I confess, when I look at our churches, with their high offices, when I look upon some of our colleges and professors, when I see the selfishness and sham that prevail, I feel sometimes sad and discouraged; but when I look further, I see a very persistent endeavor, a ground-swell of reality undermining this whole thing, and determined to sweep it away; and it will be swept away, not all at once, but gradually, and men will get up eventually into an atmosphere of purity and truth.

"Japan herself, will have to pass through just such processes as we are going through, and happy will that country be, if they can profit by our mistakes and follies. We have had no footprints ahead of ours. They have ours ahead of them. Teach them to take warning, to '*hasten slowly*.' By and by, they will give laws to other nations, and may it be their destiny, in their turn, to give the very best laws this poor mortality can in their time receive.

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"I observe that Mori desires to get the distinguishing characteristics of the sects, and especially how the sacraments are administered. I doubt whether you could possibly do better in those respects than your article did. Even Mori, himself, here upon the spot, and understanding our language, could not possibly receive the various shades of thought those subjects involve. Even many of us, born in a Christian land—yes, thousands and tens of thousands of us—know little or nothing about them; and to go into them further would, in my judgment, mislead the Japanese and virtually misrepresent us. I observe, too, what you say about his desire 'to have the facts, even if against us.' That is a very special point, to give him the facts, and not let him take for facts merely appearances, as they strike a stranger. As, for example, what Mori deploras, is, I doubt not, far more deplored by us—the abusive language in our legislative halls and newspapers. But what is the fact there? Simply the fact of an *abused* privilege or right—that of *free speech*. There will be more order and silence in a file of soldiers on Wall street, at twelve o'clock, than in the busy crowd of men rushing and jostling each other, but not necessarily more intelligence, or love, or good of any sort. The fact is we are free to do what we please, and unfortunately many of us please to do wrong. The *fact* for Mori is, not that we every now and then disgrace ourselves, but that with absolutely no restraint, other than self-restraint, we do not do it oftener. Then, too, much of the

unlove among us is merely apparent. Men seem selfish and grasping, and to all intents and purposes are so; but let a city catch fire, and self and greed disappear, and ten millions of dollars flow in a generous stream towards the needy spot. These are facts for Mori to see, to get his people to see; that men can be trusted to take care of themselves. Let Japan suddenly loose, as we are, or even England, or any country in the world, and Mori would see sights he has not seen yet. We find fault with each other, and with everything, but always in the endeavor to make things better. There are those who carry the country, but unhappily there are those whom the country has to carry. We feel it, as I said before, more sadly than Mori. All honor to him that he does see it; he is, therefore, the safer guide for his people. If we could have had footsteps ahead of us we might have been saved many of our experiences. If we can show Japan how to choose the good, and escape the bad, our footprints will not have been made in vain. This book of yours will be the best thing, so far, sent to Japan; and if it does not give all the information we have to give, and especially upon the subject of our religion, it gives as much, and perhaps more, than the average Japanese can receive. If it awake inquiry, as in such a people it will, let the future give as the future may demand.

“DECEMBER 20, 1872.

“I received a week ago to-day a letter from an old classmate of mine, one of the noblest fellows that ever walked—sixteen years in the ministry—a letter that made my heart sick. Poor fellow, he has neither bread nor clothes for himself, and his boys. The cold intense, and wife and little ones destitute. I wrote to a gentleman in Philadelphia, who has a large wealthy church, to help him. He writes back for the name, and says, he had twenty-five or thirty just such applications last year. Another man, whose church represents millions of money, sends thirty dollars,

and wants to know if a box of clothes would be acceptable. I tell you, it makes me feel as if the wrath of God would come upon us. We raise heaven and earth to get these poor fellows into the ministry, and then let them raise heaven and earth to take care of themselves. We feed and blanket our horses, but our missionaries, being men, are not worth taking care of. I dread to think of the work which may be done to-day in inducing inexperienced youth to join such a life.

“YORK, PA., *September 24, 1873.*

“This is very sad about the Cookes; I could not sleep the night I heard of Jay Cooke’s failure. I have great respect for that man, though he does not know it; he had so many fawning and cringing around him, I could never bring myself to express to him my regard for him. *Many* men, and women, too, are going to miss the great strong arm he used to stretch out. ‘I can only say—may he rise again.’

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“I was sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Robert Reed; I felt not only a respect, but an affection for her. I have often thought ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven,’ and my heart looks forward, with great confidence and delight, to the prospect of meeting her among the blessed. Her daughters, of course, very much feel their loss. Yet they have much to comfort them.

“MT. HOLLY, N. J., *September 27, 1875.*

“That incident you relate of little Ume is truly beautiful, and, altogether, inspiring. Happy Japanese, that a little child may lead them! I think Ume’s father must be a very sensible man, of large and truly-enlightened views. When shall we have any service in many of our own temples during the week? Surely to dedicate those temples to human mind, and human heart, is a work on which God’s

blessing must rest ; I think God is raising Ume up to great usefulness for Japan, and her work is already begun. Our hearts are all with her, with our best prayers out of our best love.

“ MT. HOLLY, *December 9, 1875.*

“ You wonder why I want to go back to Bridgeport. You say, accept what is pleasant here ; preach old sermons ; how like a child you talk ! How can I think of my work at all ? How can I visit my people, or do anything ? The fact is, *that* is where the trouble comes in, I am at times so forgetful, I cannot do my work. If I had not been faithful when I had strength, where would I have been to-day ? Bridgeport, or a farm, or shoemaking, something will have to come ; for, to handle the subjects I have to handle, and do my duty in the position I occupy, is impossible. I can do the little work at Bridgeport, and cannot do the much work here. My trouble has never arisen from any place I have been in, nor from any people ; I have been well treated always ; indeed, my wonder is that people have treated me as well as they have.

“ MT. HOLLY, *December 16, 1875.*

“ After I wrote, a few days ago, I had about made up my mind to abandon all idea of going back to Bridgeport. Since that, however, I have been thinking the matter over, and I conclude that to go back there is the best thing I can do. The only thing that gives me pause is my children ; they will be cut off from many advantages and enjoyments, and yet, too, they may have the want in some degree supplied by others, and, in some respects, greater. Whether I go back there, or wait here until some desirable place opens, is the question I want to ask you to help me to decide. There at Bridgeport I could get *rest*, and I know of no other place short of the grave that can give me that ; and *that* I must have, or die.

“MT. HOLLY, *December 30, 1875.*

“Thank God I am feeling a little better, than I was when I last wrote to you; at that time it seemed impossible to live, and then having to write and visit my people, and carry the affairs of a parish too, I felt paralyzed. That accounts for the kind of a letter my last to you must have been—I felt sorry to write you so much about myself.

“I shall always appreciate and feel grateful for your interest in us. I am thankful for any kindness and friendship at any time. I often wonder I have any at all—it is the kindness and affection of those ‘Old Swedes,’ that makes me feel towards them as I do.

“Our Christmas has passed away, about as usual. The weather was gloomy, but our people were very kind to us, made many presents, and the children had their young friends with them, and enjoyed the holidays very much. When I look at the children and see them so happy, I feel I cannot leave Mount Holly, but when I feel forgetful, and apprehensive of an utter break-down, and think what they would do if I were prostrated by long sickness and wholly disabled, I feel for their very sake I ought to seek some relief. I am also worried about church matters; the idea of merely following a trade, and that, such a trade, almost kills me—the mere routine of official duty, I mean; to do things because I have to do them, because they are expected, takes all the soul out of me, and to see how things are in the church, and the greatest questions and revolutions that are coming up, and I not able to do my part, breaks me down completely. Every day letters come to me from clergymen wanting places, full of trouble, life itself a burden, asking influence to get called here or called there, all revealing a sad state of things, and put with other facts, making me feel anything but happy.

“MOUNT HOLLY, *Jan. 11, 1876.*

“I have been on the point of writing to you now for some time, but I have not been able. I have been unequal to any

and all work, though I have somehow managed to get along. The sight of a book or of a pen disgusts me. I have not had more than three good nights sleep in three months. You may imagine my condition. However, I managed yesterday to inform my people here that it would be necessary for me to give up. They conclude to see what they can do. A number of the vestry have called to see if I would accept three months leave of absence; my salary to be paid three months in advance and my family guaranteed against any needs during that time. I know the condition of the church finances, and did not think they ought to do it. I told them a rest of three months would do me very little good, and I am certain I was right. If I could rest two or three years, I might possibly rally, but that is out of the question; so I do my next best, and go to Bridgeport about Easter.

“JANUARY 11, 1876.

“It is running in my mind to start a little paper—“Our Religious Times,” or something like that. It has not as yet assumed a very definite form; I had not thought of undertaking it before October or November; I need rest and recuperation. To this end I have been thinking of resting all I can through the summer, preaching old sermons, and then to begin work in the fall, if I find my health better. My general idea about the paper is this: a sort of small quarto, or large octavo, of about 11 x 7, of some eighteen or twenty pages. The object will be to give my ideas on general religious subjects: One sermon on Sunday; reasons why ‘the masses’ are *outside* the churches; the ministry, its efficiency and its *inefficiency*; the churches, their mechanical and unchristian or worldly constitution, &c., &c. But mainly to express my conviction that we must have a christianity nearer to the *Actual Christ*, not doctrine nor so-called worship, but life, or else the civilization we flatter ourselves is coming, will not come, &c. Then I wish to give one original sermon in each number; articles to young people; selec-

tions from other papers, poetry, odds and ends, &c. I do not intend it to be an ambitious sheet, or to cut any flourish, but in a very humble way to say what I think God has put in me to say. I have not strength to do it in my pulpit as I want to do it, because the burden of parish work incapacitates me.

“BRIDGEPORT, *August 9, 1876.*

“I revive just enough to write a line. I think I can see you quietly at home to-day resting after the labors and dangers and sufferings of the centennial summer. I devoutly trust you do not feel as utterly exhausted as I do; I went under on Saturday last; I found myself in a condition of perfect collapse; I hardly moved the whole day. That condition has run on ever since, and here I am ‘gloomy and peculiar’ but not ‘grand.’ The fact is, the world looks blue, but as nothing lasts forever I look for a change. I ought to have gone to Philadelphia with my wife and Nellie to-day, to see Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida, but I had to send them off alone. I may be able to get down before they leave for Washington, but if I do not, impress upon their minds that I am the victim of circumstances.

“He finished out his visit as generously as he began, and followed it through; nothing could have delighted me more than to have been in a condition to be generous to him. His whole visit was to me a great pleasure, and many of his talks a great profit. I cherish the recollection of him and of the summer as an event in my life, a happy association with the centennial year. The only drawbacks to our happiness, are our own failures and short-comings, and in overlooking these, nobody could have been kinder than you all have been. You have all placed us under obligations, and as time recedes that will be the view which I am sure will remain.

“NOVEMBER 21, 1876.

“I have been wretchedly ill every day, since you left our house. That day I broke down, and have not rallied since;

my whole digestive system gave way, and I suffer intense pain day and night from everything I eat; meanwhile, at every step, I feel a non-descriptive inability to do anything, or a very painful disposition to do nothing.

“NOVEMBER 23, 1876.

“I have just written to Robert P. Dodge, declining that call back to Georgetown. You may know I did it very reluctantly; the call came in so many forms, and so earnestly, from such friends as that good man Yarnall (who works too hard) and Rittenhouse and Marbury. H. D. Cooke wrote me a very kind and brotherly letter, but I see no way to do otherwise. I cannot leave here so suddenly, and between now and spring is an interval of three or four months. Then beside, I could no more furnish that parsonage than I could furnish the ‘White House;’ my furniture here belongs to the parsonage. Then comes my health, though that is better than it has been. My work here is going on in such a way that I could not break it up; my Bible class would fall through, and the people would, in a great measure, lose their winter; and, after their great kindness to me, I could not leave them in that way.

“BRIDGEPORT, *January 1, 1877.*

“This is a sort of sacred day, sacred to old friendship, to all happy memories and good wishes. Among the very first I turn my thoughts to you; sometimes amid my troubles, and the gloom incident to a natural despondency, I wonder whether I have a friend in the world. I recall with great thankfulness the fact that I never hear from you without having my spirits uplifted, and experiencing an evidence that a true friend is an unspeakable blessing. You must not imagine I am reflecting at all upon mankind, or this world, in any way; such is not my mood to-day. Nobody knows better than I do, that, as a rule, every man has

all the friends he deserves. I do not feel to-day that I particularly deserve any at all; that enhances the more the friendships that do cling to me, and makes my thankfulness, therefore my happiness, the greater. I trust in your little household to-day the cup of happiness is full; I have no doubt it is; even to think so, adds a drop of sweetness to my own. I come to assure you of my prayers that through this whole year, and for many another yet to come, God will keep that cup of yours as full as it is to-day, adding each year a richer flavor to all its fullness.

"In thinking over life this morning, I conclude, as I have often done before, that we are paying too much for it, such as it is, paying out life itself in unrest and worry. I think it must be that God wants us to enjoy life more than most of us do; wants us to be conscious of more happiness; not to want so much, and to be all the time going and doing, but actually to possess more, in possessing ourselves, and all the elements that ought to make us better and wiser. I do not think we are half contented enough. The world is cheating us fearfully, and dragging us at its heels. All its fuss is a thing of big promise and little pay; for my own part, I have been praying that God would make me want less, and be more thankful for what I have.

"BRIDGEPORT, *February 6, 1877.*

"I am glad the spirit moved you that Sunday night to write me that letter. If you had preached a thousand sermons you could not have done as much good. I laughed over it and thought about it, but finally its very cheerfulness made me happy.

"You say so many of your clerical friends are despondent, and ask how it is. Well, it would take more than a five-hour talk to tell you. If you could realize the thousand and one formalities through which they have to go, or their condition of semi-dependence, their vision of the woes and evils prevailing, and, not least of all, the condition of the

Church herself, and at last how helpless they are themselves, then you would not wonder. It is the very earnestness and sincerity of these men you name which drives them to despair. If they were sticks, or like the figures in Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, they could stand it; but to be a man among such figures—'there's the rub.' In one respect we are like Louis XV. We feel that society, or that phase of it with which we are identified, is growing old, though we cannot feel about it as he did, that it will last our time, and be content to let the evil day fall upon the head of others. Yet, with all this, I doubt not if you were to rally these despondent friends of yours, you would find them in many respects the most hopeful men alive. The prophets who most observe the darkness of their times are clearest in their vision and promises of 'the good time coming.'"

LETTERS TO JOHN S. REESE.

In this chapter it is proposed to submit a portion of Mr. Perinchief's correspondence with his friend, Mr. John S. Reese, of Baltimore. Their acquaintance began when the former became rector of Memorial Church, in that city, where the latter was a leading merchant, and also an influential member of the aforesaid church. They soon became devoted friends, and their friendship was founded upon a mutual interest in matters intellectual and religious; and as they were attached to each other while living, there is something touching in the fact that there was only an interval of a few months between the dates of their departure for that happier world, which they both hoped to attain through their blessed Redeemer. As Mr. Perinchief wrote to his friend: "We must not be parted in this life, for I trust and believe we shall be together forever in the life that is to come. We must have as many memories in common as possible, and as much as can be, a joint reward." The letters addressed to Mr. Reese were numerous, but many of them were of a character too personal and local to be printed in this place. Before quoting the extracts, however, which have been selected for this chapter, it should be stated that it was through the influence and liberality of Mr. Reese that the second series of Mr. Perinchief's sermons was published, and the two following letters will explain how the volume came into existence:

"BALTIMORE *June 15, 1870.*

"MY DEAR SIR: It is known to you that the Rev. Octavius Perinchief became rector of 'Memorial Church' last

autumn. When he accepted the call it was believed his health was permanently restored; but a few months of ardent devotion to his duties developed too plainly the unwelcome truth that he was physically unequal to the work involved in his charge. The congregation which, under his brief ministry, had largely increased, would gladly have made any sacrifice to retain him under an arrangement by which his preaching might alone have been enjoyed. But his sense of duty precluded the consummation of any such arrangement. Hence a separation became an inevitable result.

"Only those who have enjoyed his ministry can realize the loss sustained by the separation. Realizing this, there exists on the part of our congregation an earnest desire to possess, in permanent form, the treasures of thought and feeling which distinguished his pulpit discourses.

"Knowing your intimate relations with Mr. Perinchief as a literary friend, and the fact that you edited a volume of sermons, delivered in Georgetown, D. C., it has occurred to me to solicit your aid in obtaining his consent to the publication of his Baltimore sermons. By doing this you will not only gratify a large number of his friends and admirers, but confer a lasting benefit upon all into whose hands they may chance to fall. I venture to hope my suggestion may have your favorable consideration.

"Your obt. servant,

"JOHN S. REESE.

"CHARLES LANMAN, &c."

"GEORGETOWN, D. C., *June 25, 1870.*

"MY DEAR SIR: I duly received your letter, and rejoice to inform you that I have corresponded with Mr. Perinchief, and he consents to the publication of another volume of his sermons. He has placed a collection in my hands, and a portion will at once be given to the printer. As was the case when I looked over the Georgetown sermons, it has

puzzled me to select, where all were so full of soul-saving wisdom, but I have rather given preference to the more practical productions. As I recollect, the effect of his preaching, founded alone upon the life and death of our Redeemer, in the several parishes where he has labored, I can only the more deeply regret that under a wise Providence he could not have been blessed with an ample store of physical health.

"In justice to Mr. Perinchief, I ought to add that he will not be able to revise the sermons, nor examine the proofs, on account of his removal to the country parish of Bridgeport, on the river Schuylkill, so that the responsibility of seeing them correctly printed will necessarily rest with me. But I shall do my best. I congratulate the good people of Memorial Church on the prospect of having a new volume of his sermons, and I can assure you that their great kindness to Mr. Perinchief has taken a very firm hold upon his heart.

"With high regard, yours, very truly,

"CHARLES LANMAN.

"JOHN S. REESE, Esq.,

"*Baltimore, Maryland.*"

The volume in question was published by Appleton & Co., and was received by the thinking public with quite as much enthusiasm as the first collection published by William Ballantyne. Aside from the sermons published in the two volumes here mentioned, there were many printed in pamphlet form, the whole of which attracted marked attention. We now turn to the extracts which we are permitted to publish from the private letters addressed to Mr. Reese:

"BRIDGEPORT, *July 16, 1870.*

"I have had very little opportunity this week for writing. The kindness of the people here has kept me upon a constant visiting. I am realizing just the thing I like, friendly

and frequent intercourse with my people. I go out and take tea with them and find things very pleasant indeed. I have found two persons to whom I can fully talk. You know what I mean ; two of those people who like to go into things. I have no doubt I shall find more. This place improves upon acquaintance. I like the young people so far very much, and that gives me a hopeful prospect. In my health I think I am beginning to feel better. I sleep very soundly at night and feel very little of that depressed and worried condition I was in, when in Baltimore. * * * I have not yet got into the parsonage, and do not expect to do so for six weeks, possibly. Yet I am resting and beginning to realize my position. As I do so, I become more mindful of the providences which attended me in Baltimore, and more truly thankful for the affection and esteem with which some of my people, especially yourself, regarded me. With all my heart I reciprocate every sentiment of your last letter.

“BRIDGEPORT, *September 6, 1870.*

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“My heart is now, and has been of late, much with you and the Memorial people. I think of you all gathering back from your summer rambles ; I would like much to be able to be your leader still. I am comforted in the thought that your choice has fallen upon a good man, and God has better things in store for you than I could convey.

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“I have a quiet horse, and in driving about these hills I experience great benefit physically. My health is certainly much improved ; I sleep well and eat well, and feel considerable elasticity in my system generally. The rides about here are some of them very fine indeed. The views from our windows are all of them good. We have had already two exquisite sunsets, and many that ranged high into the beautiful. You must certainly come here and help us to enjoy everything.

“OCTOBER 21, 1870.

“It is now getting late, but I must drop you a line to let you know I have this evening received the book you sent, and to thank you with all my heart for it. It is most beautifully and solidly gotten up, but what I value most are those few lines upon the back of the photograph. I can give the book to my best child as an evidence that her father did not live altogether in vain. * * * *

“I congratulate you and your good wife and dear children upon getting into your new house. It must be an hour of transcendent happiness to a man when he can gather his family into a habitation he can call his and theirs—such a habitation as not only meets their wants, but gratifies their taste, and is in every way expressive of his care and affection for them. Few things move my heart so much as such a sight. I often, in passing the street, stop and ask God’s blessing upon new houses, and thank Him for that mercy which, in case the father is removed, leaves wife and little ones a resting place of their own.

“With all these outer blessings, and by means of them in their degree, may God add to you the blessing of grateful, wise and useful children. For myself, I suppose I never shall own a *home* short of my ‘long home.’ All my expectations in coming here have been realized. My health is perfect compared with what it was; I do not now suffer at all from my old difficulty; my sleep is regular and sweet. I think I am doing a little good here, too, and feel perfectly contented.

“OCTOBER 26, 1870.

“You are soon off again for a long absence from home which you so dislike. I sympathize with you. I had much experience of that sort when I was travelling about for that society. However, perhaps an occasional bitter makes the sweet all the sweeter. At any rate one feels good in getting home again. I hope you will be successful, and that your trip will be as pleasant as such a trip can be.

“You say you are taking the ‘Plymouth Pulpit.’ I have been taking it for some time, together with the ‘Christian Union,’ which I consider a very good paper, though somewhat unequal—I mean one number as compared with another—still I think the worst numbers are better than any other religious paper I know of. Beecher’s sermons are also very unequal. Now and then we get one of very extraordinary merit. I think he has too many irons in the fire, and that he would bless mankind more if he would consolidate his energies.

“MAY 5, 1871.

“I think sometimes the work of the ministry must be nearly done. There are, it is said, 60,000 of us in the United States, yet it is hard to put your hand upon one when you want him. Of the 60,000, 10,000 possibly, are useful in leading and producing thought, and really doing people good. The balance are filling places and keeping old machinery in use. Of the 10,000 useful ones, possibly 1,000 are happy in circumstances under which they can do their work manfully and independently—comfortable in the thought that they are useful. The balance are doing their duty, as they understand it, fearlessly, but under the conviction that something is out of joint. I see that last year in our own church—this conservative Episcopal Church—more than one-third of our clergy changed their parishes. That is very remarkable, though not at all strange. Another third will change this year, and of these and of all the rest a very large proportion would only be too glad still to change. The system of pew rentals, the extravagant church buildings, the revolutions in thought, the dicit of persons who never think, are producing effects. Few men start in life more truly in earnest than the clergy; none get the backbone taken out of them sooner or so effectually. Little good, perhaps none whatever, is accomplished to clergy or parishes by the frequent changes. Both sides had better

put up with ills they have, than fly to those they know not of. The care on the part of our laity to make all ends meet is very great, and it is certainly not less so on the part of the clergy, and that some relief must come in some shape. Whether the changes that are going on, or the general drift of the times is for the better, only God knows; and believing as we do in His direction, we may hope that it is so. His will be done. I do trust He will send you somebody there at Memorial to build you all up in *divine things*, to lead you so through this world that you shall certainly not fail to enter by and by upon a better. How we need it!"

"SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.

"I have been reading the book you sent me, Bushnell's 'Vicarious Sacrifice.' I am glad I did not read it sooner. I am very glad I have it now to read. When you know the old-time teaching upon that subject, and especially the Calvinistic teaching, you may know something of the instruction I received in my earlier manhood. But you never can know the hours of patient study I have given to that subject. After reaching the conclusion, by careful thought, that the old-time teaching was *not true*, I reached Bushnell's conclusions, some two or three years ago, yes, five years ago, and very much through such a line of thought as that which he pursues. As is the case with any truth when once we reach it, its very simplicity makes it strange we should ever have believed anything else. How much the world owes to such men as Bushnell! He has had to endure three inquisitorial trials before he could stand out as the author of this book. Happy man, in having the moral grit and physical force to stand up and do successful battle.

"JUNE 18, 1872.

"You may talk as you like about preachers, but the fact is congregations and occasions make sermons. Christ spoke some very profound things to an ignorant woman by the well

side, but it was Jacob's well. He sat by, and the inspiration of a thousand years and more flowed into that hour. It is very hard work to 'rightly divide the word.' In one sense, I am getting to be an annihilationist, as I think the souls of some people seem to die, long before death; for I cannot find out that some men have any souls.

"MOUNT HOLLY, *September 9, 1874.*

"The bundle of books was received safe and sound. I have read that one of Arnold's with very great profit and delight. I had hardly begun it before it seemed to me that I had found just the utterance of my own thoughts. And as I went on I rejoiced that God had given to a man the power to perceive and arrange such thoughts as are therein contained. He is perfectly right. The conflict is not only 'coming'—it is upon us. Escape it we cannot. The very 'powers of heaven' will be once more shaken. Only he who has *faith* will not lose faith. Many are going to lose what they have mistaken for faith. God is going to lift us up to His promises, when we 'shall be all taught of God.' We shall not dwell in the 'letter which killeth,' but in 'the Spirit that giveth life.'

"My whole soul is full of rejoicing at the prospect before us—the heritage God has for us. The world has often wondered how the Jew could mistake things in the way he did. The world will ask hereafter respecting the Christian, only with greater wonder, 'How was it that you did not understand?' Thank God for scientists and for all 'the whips of small cords' with which the mere money-changers have been expelled and the Temple itself purified. You must not understand me that I accept every word in the book. A man may eat of a feast, but it must be a very small feast of which a man may eat the whole. You must not imagine that I think Mr. Arnold anything more than human, or that in his book we have reached the end. Very far from it. He is only a sort of John the Baptist—there cometh others.

after him mightier than he. My own impression is, that, in this same direction, we shall save even more of the very letter itself. The souls that could so understand and report Jesus did not need to be deceived, or to deceive anybody, with respect to 'wonderful works,' but the wonderful works were needful to open their eyes and give them the perception which enabled them to report. If there was no resurrection, then the apostles are a miracle, and it is no way to get rid of a lesser by supposing a greater. This is not saying the miracles are evidences. It is true, as Arnold says, Jesus is his own evidence. He *is* the supreme miracle. His miracles, so called, are the smallest of all His works. He thought so Himself when He said to His disciples, 'greater works than these shall they do.' They are wonders not to Him, but only to us. Not contrary to any law, but wrought by all law—works perfectly natural, if you only once give all the conditions. But let come what will, God lives and God is true, and He will give us, all that are true, of Himself. * * I doubt if in any one dollar you have spent this year you have done more good or afforded more pleasure. I feel how good it would be if I could be young again. I never felt more anxious to have part or lot in the great work of building up the kingdom of '*righteousness*.'

"BRIDGEPORT, *June 20, 1876.*

"I write now just to say it affords me great pleasure to know you think of coming to see us in August. Any time after July, I imagine, will suit us, and if you will only come and do as you please, so as all of you can thoroughly enjoy the great exhibition, it will make us perfectly happy. As you remark, it is a wonderful exhibition. It is all the world at our very door. I never go down there without wishing that every man, woman, and child in our land could get there and benefit by it. Any single department would be a great thing in itself, but, all together, it is more than any

man could exhaust. Your little place out there is a very pleasant feature in that part of the grounds, and a very profitable study is offered in the several classes of plants."

Referring to the preceding paragraph, it may be stated that Mr. Reese's visit to Bridgeport was postponed to August, for the reason that the Japanese Minister, Mr. Yoshida Kiyonari, as well as the present writer, with their families, were the guests of Mr. Perinchief during the months of June and July. And the allusion to Mr. Reese's participation in the exhibition will be understood when it is stated that, as an extensive dealer in South American fertilizers, he had a handsome garden and an appropriate building at the Centennial Exhibition, where he exhibited a great variety of beautiful and rare plants.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

[To the Sunday School children of St. George's Mission, New York City, of which school he had charge for two years previous to his ordination.]

“QUINDARO, KAN., *December 19, 1857.*

“MY DEAR CHILDREN: When I left you it was my intention to write you very soon, for I love you very much, and felt very sorry to go away from you. I suppose you think I very soon forgot you, but how could I forget you? I used to think of you very often, especially on Sunday mornings when I would wake up; for many Sundays, you were the first thing in my mind; and when I remembered I could not see you, I never forgot to pray for you. You know I used to tell you that God was everywhere; and though I was in Kansas, I knew you had kind teachers and friends to take care of you, and so I was sure God would bless you.

“But you ask me why I have not written to you sooner? Sometimes I was away, off in the backwoods, where I had no pen, or ink, or paper; sometimes I was sick, and when I could write at all I had so many other things to write, that your turn has only just come.

“But I am in time, I hope, to be among the first to wish you a happy new year; and to join with your friends and teachers in asking for you a blessing from our Father in heaven.

“How I wish I could run in and have a talk with you! I should hear what good children you had been, how much your teachers love you, and how you love the Sunday school. I could tell you so many things about the Sunday

schools out here, about the queer looking school houses, the log cabins, and the Indians.

“ When I came here there was no church, no nice little room for a Sunday school, no teachers; but, [Here some part is lost,] and then every Sunday the little boys and girls come together, and I sometimes talk to them as I used to talk to you. But I wish you could have seen us, as we used to hold service! The room in which we had Sunday school was very small, and would not hold the people that came to hear the sermon; so I had to go out of doors under the trees and there preach to them. Some of them would sit on the bare ground, some on a log, some would stand up; some of the people were white, many of them were Indians. Now, it may be that many of you never saw an Indian, and you would think it very odd to see a great number of them together listening to the preacher as he told them about Jesus. These Indians—some of them—are very wicked creatures, they love to get drunk; and so we are glad when they come to hear the Gospel. They have no religion of their own, or at least they know very little about God, and they do not know anything about keeping the Sabbath day holy, and they do not like to hear us say they must not lie, and steal, and get drunk. But some of them have become good men, and we trust that many more of them will turn away from their wickedness and love God. And then, too, I am sure you would like to see them, when the service is over, mounting their horses, and winding their way through the forest to their homes. These homes are not large brick buildings, but most of them are little cabins, made of logs; some are covered with straw, and you would not think any of them very good.

“ How I wish sometimes I had your school room, your teachers, your library books, and all your Sunday school out here! I could show them, then, what a first-rate Sunday school is, and I could make them understand how much better it is to be a Christian than a heathen. But if you

have so many good things, how thankful you ought to be, how much you ought to love your teachers, how careful to read your books! If we can get children to our Sunday school, how full ought yours to be. If little Indians know how to behave well, what ought you to do? My dear children, God gives you many blessings, and you should love Him and keep His commandments. When you go out every Sunday, you ought to think how much better off you are than the little heathen children who know nothing of God and have nobody to tell them of Jesus; and then you ought to remember, if you have so many blessings, how much better children you ought to be, and so live to try and be good men, and good women, to be yourselves a blessing to the world, and in your turn, send or carry the news of the Gospel to others.

“But it may be you want to know just where I am. Well then, when you go to school, get your maps and look for the Missouri river. Follow it along till you come to Kansas. You will see that just where it strikes Kansas, it takes a turn upwards, and just there where it turns, is the place where I am now writing. As I sit, I can look out and see the river. This river is one of the longest in the world; the waters come sweeping along from away up among the mountains, and on they go for hundreds of miles, till at last, they find their way to the big ocean. Sometimes I think it is a fine emblem of our lives. Away up in the rocks, the water is clear, and the stream is gentle. Then I think how like that is to a little child, so sweet, so innocent. Down here it is wider and the water is mixed with sand; then I think how like that is to a child grown up, the innocence of childhood is often mixed with the sands of sin, and then the beauty is gone. By and by it falls into the ocean, and then I think how like that is to us all. We sweep along for a little time, but every year brings us nearer to the grave; we sink to the great ocean of eternity, and are no more seen.

“All along the river you may see great logs and old trees floating lazily along; sometimes they get in the way of boats, and are very dangerous; then I think how much these logs are like wicked men. They drift along on the surface of society; they are no good to themselves; they are in the way of all good people. When I see a steamboat I think how like she is to a good man; she glides nobly along; everybody loves to see her; she carries a thousand blessings wherever she goes. If it were not for these old logs, how smoothly and sweetly everything would move. If it were not for these old sinners and wicked men in the world, how beautiful and happy would this world be. Now, my children, let me ask you a question. Which will you be? Will you be an old log, or will you be a steamboat? Will you be a curse, or will you be a blessing? I think I hear you, each one, say ‘I will be a steamboat.’ Very well; begin now. Begin with the New Year in good earnest. Remember you are sailing down the river of life. Keep a good lookout, lest you be wrecked. Take the Word of God for your guide. Listen to your teachers, who can tell you where the dangers are. Remember the great ocean which lies beyond you; remember who it is that says ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me.’ Put all your trust in Him; love Him and keep His commandments; then God will bless you; and when you have finished your course in this world, you will go to be with Him in heaven forever.

“Now, my dear children, I do not wish to make my letters too long; some of you will be getting tired; but I wish to remind you of something you promised me when I left you. You all said you would pray for me. Have you forgotten it? Ah! I am afraid some of you have. But why forget? What can I do without God’s blessing? Ask God to send His blessing upon me, and upon all who have gone to preach the Gospel. I have not forgotten to pray for you; I have often prayed for you, and shall pray for

you still. May you all grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. May you all be blessed in this world; and may none of you be wanting in that upper world when God shall bring all His people together. This is the prayer of your old and true friend."

The following letters to the Secretary of the Home Missionary Society explain themselves, and prove that Mr. Perinchief was earnest and true in his missionary work in Kansas, and only left the field because unfitted for it by his impaired health:

"QUINDARO, KANSAS, *February 8, 1858.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your letter of January 5th reached me last Friday evening. I should have attended to it sooner had I been able. I was very sick at the time it was placed in my hands, as indeed I have been for the past ten or twelve days, particularly. It cast a deeper gloom around my heart and made me feel more bitterly than ever the force of circumstances around me. That I should be regarded as the merest hireling, of course gives me great pain, especially when I reflect that I did not seek the position I have, as you yourself very well know. Had I wanted a place in which to do nothing could I not have found it nearer home than Kansas? Did ever any man yet love to be sick; or, being sick, was there ever a man who did not fight against it? Or have I only been just so comfortably sick as to make it a mere excuse, when I could gain nothing by it, either here or elewhere? That my friends should grow discouraged I am sorry; but, though I were not worth the trouble the effort would cost of stirring up my mind by way of remembrance, did not one of those friends know how much was due to himself as a Christian to send me one line of encouragement—one word of counsel? Can it be that they who care so much for the heathen can care so little for a poor erring brother? At what point is there less self-

denial than you were led to expect? Nay, sir, find the man and tell me who he is, in this Territory or any other, whose self-denials have been greater than mine. If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil; but oh! why send a dagger to a poor man's heart whose very sickness has been caused by the absence of the very necessities of life, whose self-denials have made him what he is? Thank God, my own conscience and the whole tenor of my former life are a refutation of every insinuation contained in your letter. I feel greatly grieved, it is true. Who would not? But God may give me a few future years, in which to make full proof of my ministry, in which to exhibit that character which by the grace of God has become what it is—in which to testify my love for my Redeemer and my devotion to His service. I will not deny that many might have been found much better qualified for this position than I. I knew nothing of Kansas life or of Western life, and all my former experience had been in another direction. The circumstances were so new to me, and so little reliance could be placed on others, many of my plans failed. But after all, what have I failed to do? Even those who know nothing of our Lord admit that I fearlessly preach the Gospel. Have I not visited the poor? Have I not buried their dead, baptized their little ones, and fed the little flock as well as any man could? But you say, 'I suppose you have not gone from place to place.' I have when I was able. Besides, what is it to go from place to place? When I was here I was nowhere else, and if I was nowhere else I was here. Again, you say I have built no church. Who in this Territory has? I have always found some place in which to preach to the people, and we would now have had a hall of our own had it been possible. 'We have no house.' And who has suffered most from that; or how could we have got one? I do not know what my friends thought of Kansas or expected of me, but I could have done very little more had I been never so well; though, to be sure, I might have done

everything better. If they expected me to make a great noise and write very flaming letters, then they entirely mistook my nature. I will never descend to such a pitiable business, while God shall give me grace to maintain my self-possession. It is very easy to make a great deal of noise, but it is unchristian. It is very easy for a man to think he is serving God, when he is only consulting his own popularity.

“I am not now able to give your letter all the consideration it demands; I may be stronger before long. I wish, however, to thank you for sending the money, though it has not come to hand; I can only assure you I have greatly needed it. I would I had a choice about receiving it. With such a mistrust, would it not be better for our relations to cease with the close of the next quarter; or at some given time which you may deem better? When confidence is gone, all pleasure in transacting business ceases. If a missionary committee cannot trust its own missionaries, it had better dismiss them. The man who could sell his honor for the miserable pittance of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, is not fit to be trusted in any office. However, the work here ought not to be left as it is; somebody ought to be sent hither; people are now familiar with our services. They turn out to attend these services more numerous, perhaps, than any other. We have lots for church and parsonage, and we estimate that \$3,500 would build us both, if we could get it: a brick house, and a stone church. I say a church—I mean a lecture room, say 25 by 45—large enough to accommodate us many years, but placed so, in the lot, that a church can be built in front of it, and this still continue as a lecture room. The town, beside our lots, has given us ‘a share,’ to be held by the church until such future time as they shall need a church, and then this ‘share’ to be devoted to its construction. I do not think much beside this can be relied upon from the people here, though were the church begun, possibly more of them would give us

something. We cannot begin to build until about the middle of April, if so soon; we must, I think, build the house first, for to the want of a place to live in, I trace all my sickness. I wish to call your attention to the fact that the reason of my being so late in speaking of these matters, grows out of my failure to hear from you. Last summer, in one of your letters, you mentioned that you were raising a parsonage fund, and that some of its earliest appropriations should be for me. In that letter, which seems to have been lost, I spoke of all these matters, and then gave you my plans, which were, I think, substantially then what they are now. I certainly expected to hear from you by the first of January, and that, I thought, would give us time; there is no time to be lost; get somebody to come here—give him the money—bid him live, and in God's name preach the Gospel.

Respectfully and truly yours.

"TO THE SECRETARY OF THE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
" *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*"

"QUINDARO, KAN., *March 10, 1858.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your letter of February 23d, is received. I am very sorry you should have taken my last letter as any evidence that I was angry. I am not aware that I was *angry*. It is true I feel deeply, when I do feel, and he who feels deeply will always express himself strongly. To be very amiable, however, in this, I will give a general assent to all you say. I could hardly defend myself without saying what might be construed into boasting. Saint Paul says he spoke foolishly when he boasted, and I don't know any reason for doubting his words or following his example. I frankly confess I have not been myself since the third day after I landed in Kansas. My letters to you and to my friends last summer are evidences enough of this, for though I kept no copies of my letters, I remember something of them. Nor were those to which you refer the worst. I was not all the time gloomy. I was sometimes easily excited,

and in one of those strange fits I wounded the feelings of a friend, a circumstance which has grieved me more than anything which has happened to me since I was a child. I was sick or broken down considerably before I came here, though to be sure nothing but what I expected soon to overcome. The third day after I landed I was seized with sickness, by which I was greatly reduced. It is impossible to describe to you the circumstances by which I was surrounded. I continued to grow weaker till I went back to Wisconsin where I did greatly recruit. My motive in bringing my wife here was not that she might share my trials, but that, by her assistance, those trials might be removed. I thought I could get a little shanty in which I could be more comfortable, and consequently more useful than at such boarding houses as we have here, to say nothing of saving expense. If you think I was over-anxious about my salary and expenses, I trust you will pardon a man whose aged mother is partly dependent on him for support, and whom he was very anxious to help, and extend your charity a little further and pardon me for making this mention of it. Had the man with whom I made my arrangements kept his engagements, I doubt not my health would have improved during the winter, but when I returned, I had to enter into other plans and the winter set in early upon me. I had some carting to do one day, and not being able to pay Kansas prices for labor, I undertook to do it myself. At that time even, I was weak and had a cold on my lungs, being scarcely able to speak. In taking a heavy trunk from my wagon, I fell, bringing my spine across the edge of a board, the trunk falling on me. I had to be lifted and carried into the house, and from that day to this, I have not been worth anything, and during this winter I have suffered more than I am able to tell you, and am even now so weak that I shall not be able to give you 'eight pages closely written.' My fall strained my back and brought on a kidney affection, successive attacks of which have very greatly reduced me. These attacks are

renewed by fatigue or by cold, which I often take, since I have not for some time been able to go out without walking in the mud.

“It seems, therefore, hardly fair to compare me with the strong and hearty money-seeker, who can easily live on fat pork, and heavy, half-baked bread. A man can do anything when he is well, and God knows how willing I am to serve Him. It is not likely that hardships would frighten that man who could live literally on bread and water for many, many weeks in college, that he might be the better able some day to serve his Saviour. It is not likely that he would be ‘faint-hearted before difficulties’ who could teach all day and study all night for many a year, that he might be a blessing some day to his fellow-men. It is not likely that he would be afraid of ‘enduring hardness’ who, before he entered the ministry, could travel for weeks in scorching suns, often in hunger and thirst, and resting at night wherever darkness overtook him—who could pause at noonday to tell the laborer of Jesus, and gather the people on Sunday to preach to them salvation in Christ. Even in Kansas I have preached to white men, black men, and Indians, to rich and to poor, in the open air, in log cabins, in private dwellings, and I have reason to believe my labors have not been quite in vain. My works, whatever they are, are with the Lord, and if I have ever acted foolishly, my folly has been the weakness of the outer man, rather than of the inner. God knows my heart, and He sees there that one out-reaching desire to live for His glory. If He has been pleased that I should be afflicted, I am resigned, though at times I doubt not I have betrayed an impatience inconsistent with my Christian faith. But I am far from being perfect, and God, I trust, will forgive this also.

“If I am inefficient in Kansas, I would, under the circumstances, be inefficient anywhere. When I got through preaching last Sunday I could hardly stand, and last week I was not able to prepare a sermon. You want men in Kan-

sas who can work—preach the Gospel. I am not able. I deem it, therefore, my duty to leave. I am laboring under a disease which, if not speedily checked, I may never get rid of, and since God has raised me up a friend in my necessity, I purpose to avail myself of his kindness and rest or recruit. I shall go (*Deo volente*) to New York. If possible I shall see you there. From New York I may take a little trip on the ocean to Bermuda, where my mother resides, and if it be God's will to restore my health, I will return and go to work wherever God shall be pleased to send me. I therefore hereby resign my commission, and all connection with your society, to take effect on the 5th day of April, the 4th of April being Easter day, I wish to preach here till that time. As to pecuniary matters, I shall leave them entirely with you, and since I hope to hear from you again before I leave Kansas, I will in my next give you my address in New York.

“Reverend Mr. Moore, of Hempstead, Long Island, informed me some days since that he had sixty dollars for me. I took the liberty of asking him to forward it to you, and should nobody come to Quindaro, I will see Mr. Moore, or write to him and have him designate some other point at which he would like to have it employed. Pardon the ‘hard words’ in my last letter. I am, as you suppose, an ‘impressible person,’ of late more nervous than ever; and believe me yours in Christian love.

“TO THE SECRETARY OF THE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.”

To Mrs. Maria Thompson.

“BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, *January 19, 1859.*

“MY DEAR MRS. THOMPSON: A paper announcing the death of your husband, received a day or two ago, has overshadowed my heart with grief, and revived a thousand reflections and reminiscences. There is gloom in the house which to me has always been filled with the loving warmth of Chris-

tian cheerfulness. You and your children are mourning over the heaviest of all bereavements. Around you are the tears of the fatherless, and in your own heart the loneliness of the widow. I, who have shared with you so many joys, am not there to share your sorrows, and yet I am not unmindful of the sadness prevailing around you, and my heart gushes out in the deepest and most unfeigned sympathy. I was far from being prepared for such intelligence, for I had received no intimation even that the health of your husband was not as good as usual. He appears, however, to have attained the ordinary limits of human life. He required but little to reach the summit of three-score years and ten, and though his absence leaves a painful void in the hearts of all who knew and loved him, yet we cannot mourn as being forgetful that God's mercy is manifest in sparing him to us so long, and now in taking him enables us to feel that 'he is not dead, but only gone before.' And then, too, his 'going before' is certainly anticipating us by no long interval. Not all of us can reach the years he numbered, and I for one, when I read the paragraph in that paper, felt in my heart that he had preceded me only a little; that another friend out of the circle of time had gone to welcome me to the communion of saints in Heaven. Though it is painful to part with our friends, and to lay them lifeless and cold in the bosom of the earth, yet I think every such occasion ought to be to us only the more suggestive of God's goodness to us, and the thought of that, ought to mitigate our woe, and cause our souls to go out toward God in grateful returns, and look heavenward with more eager aspirations after that preparation, which shall fit us to be numbered with the saints in light.

"I place myself by your side a mourner on this occasion. Though it may be my place to comfort those who mourn, I could, to you, only repeat the consolations of that Gospel which in great part I long ago learned from you, and which I well know you have not neglected. In Christ is all our

consolation. He assures us that 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' and what Christian heart cannot feel that it is better to depart and be with Jesus? Why, then, shall we weep? Shall we mourn for the dead? Shall we not rather lament for ourselves? They are, we know, beyond all trial, all suffering, happy with their Lord. We are still upon the tide of mortal contingency, the tears not yet wiped away from our eyes, sorrow and sighing not yet ended. To you and your dear girls I would say, the husband and the father has rested from his labors. He is where we are longing to be. He cannot come to us. We could not wish him. We shall go to him. For this we are left still hoping. God assures us we shall all be united, but in a union holier, lovelier, higher; in a union with God through Christ, beyond sin, death, and all separation. This is not merely our wish. It is the promise God has given; it is fixed, it is sure. The spectacle of God manifest in the flesh, the man Christ Jesus, familiar with sorrow and acquainted with grief. Himself lonely, bereaved, weeping, suffering, dying; this is the touching and resistless pledge of a Creator Father, and our hopes can never be wrecked, because they rose triumphant in the Son of God. This is our consolation; it is great, let us receive it; let us make it a part of our life, a vital and precious comfort. Then, amid the partings and commotions of this uncertain life, we shall walk more by faith, and daily reduce that faith more and more to a changeless and heavenly reality.

"My wife, though a stranger to you, would mingle her sympathies with mine, and assure you that she cannot be insensible to the surroundings of those who have been so much to me. Were it possible, both of us would make a brief visit to Middletown. This is quite impracticable. My health for sometime has been very poor indeed, so much so I find it necessary to give up my charge here and go away to the country. Ever since I went to the West I have been sick, and my expectations in coming to Brooklyn have not,

with regard to my health, been realized. I am now thinking of going to Maryland, among the Alleghany mountains, to take a small church there which will require very little effort on my part, and so give me time during the week for invigorating my physical system, generally. This, the doctor thinks, might restore me. We cannot tell what is before us. When we get sick we keep moving about in search of health, and we, not unfrequently, think it strange we do not grow better, when in reality our troubles are incurable. I am not very sanguine as to my recovery. It may be God is soon to say to me, 'Son, come up higher.' I can only say, 'Even so, the will of God be done!' I would be very glad to hear from you, if your daughters could spare a little time to give me the particulars of the sickness and departure of Mr. Thompson. Give my love to them both. The Lord bless you all, and evermore fill you with His abiding peace, is the prayer of your friend."

To E. C. Cornell, of Brooklyn.

"BROOKLYN, *March 9, 1859.*

"DEAR SIR: A letter from you was placed in my hands on Monday, and had I been able I should most certainly have called in person to acknowledge your kindness. I cannot express to you the peculiar gratification which that note afforded me. Apart from the money it contained, valuable to me as it was, the assurance that I had been the instrument of contributing to your spiritual good was a compensation and delight than which nothing could be greater. That I might become such an instrument to mortals has been my guiding hope. For this I have labored. For this I have prayed, and when I gather up expressions like yours I seem to feel as if no blessing could extend it. Such expressions are to my soul like that 'coming of desire,' which is said to be a 'tree of life.'

"Your letter was all the more grateful as it was unexpec-

ted, and while I return you a thousand thanks, in which my wife heartily joins, I would beg you to believe that your affectionate generosity I shall never forget, and that to it I shall never recur but with feelings of unmingled happiness. Your letter itself places me under obligations to comply with your request, and will remain with me as a memento of the promise I made last Sunday. My prayer to God is that He will bless you more and more until we come to His everlasting kingdom.

“Begging to be remembered to your wife, and sorry that I am no longer your pastor, I am happy in the opportunity of subscribing myself your friend and brother in Christ.”

To Mrs. John Marsden.

“MOUNT SAVAGE,

“ALLEGHANY COUNTY, MD., May 31, 1859.

“MY DEAR MADAM: The news of the death of your husband took me greatly by surprise, and, but for an absence from home, I should not have delayed this expression of my warmest sympathy and unfeigned sorrow. How true it is that in the midst of life we are in death! When I left the Church of the Messiah I left no person in it whose life promised to be longer than his, whose loss we are all called to mourn. I say ‘we are all called to mourn,’ for you and your children are not alone bereaved. The Church of God at large, and the Church of the Messiah in particular, has lost an active friend, a cheerful and liberal supporter. Above all we have lost the influence of his example, the fervor of his piety and the glow of his sincerity. I felt a peculiar attachment to him, he was one of the first among those who gathered around me when I entered upon my duties in connection with the church to which he afterwards attached himself. I believe I was the first to administer to him the communion of the body and blood of our Lord, after his connection with the Episcopal Church. To me

personally his kindness was unremitting, so that, though our acquaintance was short, I have much for which to remember him. But all this, grateful as it is to me, his many virtues, better known to you, full of peaceful memories as they are, all this is not our consolation. Our affections twine only the more tightly around that which is worthy to be loved, and the more cherished the object, the more painful the parting. The consolation is, that he is not dead. Nay, he has entered into life, and is now enjoying the fruition of his years spent in the service of God. He has experienced that change which awaits all the faithful in Christ Jesus, and though we mourn in the flesh, let nothing rob us of our joy in the spirit, joy that his conflict is over, joy that we shall see him again.

“Separation is one of our most common trials; it is also one of our bitterest. In order to meet the various relations of active life, it is of no uncommon recurrence, and nature had made it at last a common necessity. But God has softened such a condition with one of the most precious of all truths, that this world with its chances and changes, its sorrows and doubts and vicissitudes, is not our home. As a Christian people we profess to be looking for a city which hath foundations; a home in heaven; a place of repose from all this unrest, and where one by one God calls us home. Those of us who remain ought not so much to wonder that our circle is broken, as to rejoice that there is a home for us all, when the circle shall again be reunited, and from which there shall be no more departures. In the death of those we love we learn our own mortality, and in this case, if we have one less friend on earth, we have one attachment to heaven.

“In the solemnity of this dispensation I would come to you as a mourner; I would repeat the promise of our blessed Saviour, and along with you revive those hopes which are only the shadows of sure realities to come. All these you already know; let us hold them fast,

and make this the occasion of a renewed devotion to the service of Him in whom the dead are blessed, and like Him, over whose grave all our hearts are weeping, pass towards the mark for the prize of our high calling. Assure your daughters that I have not been unminded of their affliction, nor have I forgotten to pray that they might realize the promises of God to all the bereaved, and especially to the fatherless; may His hand ever be over them, and His holy spirit ever be with them."

To Mr. Albert C. Greene.

Mr. Albert C. Greene, of Frostburg, Maryland, was for many years a warm personal friend of Mr. Perinchief, and, from certain letters which he had received, I am permitted to make the subjoined extracts. In the first, we see how the writer was constantly striving to elevate the people:

"CUMBERLAND, MD., *October 15, 1862.*

"I had been hoping in some way to see you; I wanted to direct your attention to Knorr's paper; you know all about it, but you know that Cumberland and Alleghany counties need something more than a *paper*. They need a paper which shall be to them the vehicle of something good, scientifically, commercially, and morally—in every way good. I do not need to tell you anything about the people of these regions; but let us hope that their case is not absolutely hopeless; you know that if they manifest very little appreciation for anything truly good and great, it may be owing to the fact, that they have had very little of the truly good and great manifested, for them to appreciate. Now, I think there is very much truly good and truly great in Alleghany county. The misfortune is that too much of it is in a great degree latent; at the present time I do not design to go any further than 'Clifton,' in an endeavor to bring some of it out. The proposition I wanted to make is this: can-

not you let Mr. Knorr have an occasional article from your pen for his paper? You can write upon a great variety of subjects; you know there is scarcely a subject worth the notice of human beings upon which the people do not need information. If you write, you will in the first place help along the paper—you will be blessing others—many others. There are some people who think; there ought to be more; there would be more, if you could only get something before them to think about.

“CUMBERLAND, MD., *December 31, 1862.*

“While counting up the mercies and blessings with which 1862 has been laden for me, I cannot forget the continuation of your friendship and kindness. Before the old year expires I would pen some acknowledgment of your last favor, an acknowledgment delayed partly by sickness, and partly from having had much to do. The coal came in good time. The Lord reward you. Through the year upon which you are now entering may many blessings attend you and yours. God give us all grace to spend all these years in love to Him and to our fellow-men, that when they are all gone we may come together in their rich and abiding fruition in the kingdom of heaven.

“GEORGETOWN, D. C., *July 29, 1867.*

“You speak of Maryland and her politics. Poor Maryland! Congress will have to take hold of her yet. Speaking of Congress reminds me that I sometimes enjoy a trip to the Capitol, though I must confess I have been much disappointed in finding my estimate of that body—both bodies—so far above what my observation sustains. The House lacks everything but noise and confusion. I cannot make out how they do to know when anything is done, or what it is, when they have done it. However, I do not pretend to have measured any of them. They will no doubt improve on acquaintance.”

Many of the letters addressed to Mr. Greene were urgent appeals for help in relieving the wants of poor widows and other people who had been discovered by Mr. Perinchief, while others were grateful letters of thanks for money received; and it would seem as if this gentleman did a large business in giving money to the needy and suffering. As the two friends resided in the same town, there were not many opportunities for correspondence. I understand that, in addition to his duties as a clergyman, Mr. Perinchief did much hard work for the miners, and others in Alleghany county, by acting as superintendent of the public schools, in addition to all his other labors.

To Mrs. William Hunter.

The person whose death is alluded to in the following letter was the daughter of the Hon. William Hunter, of Georgetown, and Mr. Perinchief became acquainted with her in Cumberland, Maryland:

“MOUNT SAVAGE,

“ALLEGHANY Co., MD., *September 3, 1864.*

“MY DEAR MRS. HUNTER: Mrs. Weld is about to write to you, and I avail myself of the opportunity to thank you for a copy of those lines, ‘A Tribute to the Memory of Blanche,’ so beautiful, so truthful, and so comforting.

“It must be a source of great consolation to you to review the evidence Blanche left behind her of being reckoned among the angels. Not always is evidence so clear. With respect to all our beloved ones departed, we entertain a hope; but sometimes hope is clouded by misgivings, and bereavement is aggravated by doubt. The instant and instinctive feeling in thinking of Blanche is, she is not dead, only carried upward to kindred spirits, to joys and experiences not possible in this mortality. And though it is common and proper for us to say nothing but good concerning the departed, how

blessed it is in this case—there comes not even a thought but of the sweetest and purest good.

“Within the limits of my experience, I know not one departure from the circles of time which has been so universally considered, in those circles, as a personal bereavement. Blanche was a loss to all who knew her; or rather, let us say, Blanche was a great gain to us all. She was only lent to reveal to us a deeper certainty of great spiritual existences beyond us. God lends us few such, nor does He ever lend them long. Blanche fulfilled her mission. We ought not to grieve so much at losing her, as to be thankful God ever gave her. She has left a new light for us along our pathway, and added a new attraction for us to the abodes of the blessed. This is God’s design, I think, in giving and in taking away—to wean us from these shadows below, and to fix our affections securely upon the things which are external. May He, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, sustain and comfort you and your family in this affliction. May we all diligently seek that grace which sustained Blanche, and without which none of us can be counted meet for the enjoyment of the saints in light.

“It was very kind in you to think of sending me a copy of these verses. I very much value them, and very sincerely thank you for them.”

To Rev. William R. Powell.

“MOUNT SAVAGE, *August 9, 1866.*

“MY DEAR WILLIAM: I have received many letters from you which I was very glad to get, though you have heard nothing from them. I have often looked at them and wished I had time to write. The fact is, for the past year I have hardly had one moment that I could call my own. Schools and church matters have given me the most incessant occupation. Do the best I could, I still had to neglect some things. I found it impossible to attend to both. I have,

therefore, resigned my connection with the schools and have now only my church matters to attend to. Since the 1st of August I have had a little more time. Church matters, however, do not look over prosperous in this region. Mount Savage has changed hands, as you know, and very much changed in all respects. I suppose in a month or two there will scarcely be one of the old employees left here. All the old clerks at the store have gone. Everything is new, and whether any better, God knows. One thing is certain, few of the new-comers are Episcopalians; generally, nothing at all. My wife gets low-spirited sometimes, and I suppose if all my people go, I must make a move, too.

“At Frostburg, things are prosperous; we have enlarged our church there, and though it is still small, yet it is large enough, and very neat and pretty; its capacity is more than doubled, and the congregation is large for Frostburg. At Lonaconing I have service once a month, with very good attendance. You are not the only one in the world who has trouble; ‘the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren which are in the world.’ The vicissitudes of life, more properly, the providences of God, force us about from one place to another; ‘the cities of Israel must all be gone over;’ there is no need of having a law of itineracy. We are all itinerants; no doubt Christ intended it should be so, and therefore, blessed is he who has his part and lot in it, albeit, for the time being, it is not ‘joyous, but grievous;’ I sometimes think though, there must be something radically wrong in our church systems. I cannot believe our ministry is what Christ intended it should be. We are called to a life of labor, much of which seems artificial, and in the nature of the Gospel not contemplated. By being ‘*elevated*’ to a certain social rank we are surrounded with wants; *we create wants*. Society does not furnish the conditions for meeting these wants, and we are, unlike St. Paul, ignorant of tent-making, and disqualified even if we knew how. Between these two elements we stand fettered with the

'cares of this life;' oppressed, I had better say; or perhaps depressed, for we mourn our unusefulness on the one hand, and our many cares on the other. Our *unusefulness*! We are sent out into the world to do a great deal of good, willing enough are we to do it; one of the burdens of our life is, that we cannot more extensively do it; but with the world made up as it is, one extreme of the earth wholly earthly, wanting no gospel, to whom a pure gospel is only as pearls to swine, to accommodate whom, we have often emasculated the Gospel, and are still doing it; the other extreme, wanting the Gospel sadly enough, but wanting very many things beside—so many things and so needy, that a heart full of love, and a head full of theology, are of little avail in the presence of an empty pocket. Between these two is a small scattered few, not wholly earthly, not wanting the bread of this life, but education has made them shy of us, and our education has not taught us how, as wise fishermen, to fish for them; and so we mourn, making up for want of success in quickened exertion, which, while we labor, it is with that sickness of heart caused by hope deferred, making us almost feel it to be labor in vain. There must be a change, a new dispensation, before long; Cummings may reason it out of the Scriptures, but any man can reason it out of our times.

"I said our work is, much of it, artificial. In the first place, I feel that the entire position of the clergy is unnatural. In consequence of it, the church itself is vastly too much, and too often, only a piece of worldly machinery. Europe can testify. England can testify. We could, too, if we were made to do it. We have too much liturgy, too much sermon writing and sermon preaching. Not only do men not feel the want of it, but human economy does not contemplate it. I have an idea that, except in cities and a few great centres, and sometimes even in all, the minister of Christ must be, and ought to be, the teacher of youth; for two reasons, one, that he can so exert a greater influence

as a minister of Christ; and the other, that in such work he can, by obtaining the wherewithal to meet his 'cares of this life' be relieved of them. The man of God must come down from his artificial perch, adapt himself more to real human wants; be more useful, and so gratify the great longing within him; be better supported, and so a happier and a better man. The man of God should have full exercise for all his nature. Much of our holier nature we cannot develop. Those nearest and dearest to us are farthest away from our reach. We can beg for other people; for ourselves and our own, we cannot. Aching in every fibre, we must let no want be known, for then our selfishness kills our work.

"I say, again, you are not alone in your troubles, and I say these things, because I sometimes discover in your letters a tendency to despondency. I have many times felt as you do, only I had nobody to write to, and nobody to give me any encouragement. I think it encourages us when we know other people are struggling just as we are, that they have trials like ours. But, I write as I have, for another reason. It may be you are troubled as I have been; I infer so from your letters. *You are not useful enough.* You feel so, I used to feel so, and do still, and more than this, I felt I must be useful in the church services and church duties. But now the feeling is considerably modified. Whoever is useful to his fellow-men serves God, or may serve God. The teaching of children is as sacred a work as teaching men and women. Your health, like mine, is not equal to the constant pressure of church work. Keeping the mind bent in that direction, will break up your whole constitution. You are beginning to break already, a remark in one of your letters about your readiness to depart indicates this. You are overworked, and if you overwork yourself, depend upon it, therein you do not serve God. You are underpaid; you do not live as comfortably as you should. Paul told Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake; 'present your

bodies a living sacrifice ;' not a dead one, and though I did not once think so, I think so now, that a man may and must *religiously* take care of himself. That there may be extremes of this which are sinful, in no degree releases us from the obligation. I do not know that in your present position you can help yourself, but if you can then you ought to do it. Could you not give up one of your churches? Teach in one parish and have a service in the church once a Sunday? This might not give you any less work to do, but it will vary the work for you, and increase your pay, and so increase the means of taking care of yourself, and those whom God has committed to your protection."

Letter to G. Ellis Porter.

"GEORGETOWN, D. C., *July 2d, 1867.*

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: Your letter of June 29th is received. I sent you off a copy of that sermon yesterday. You can have more if you desire them for yourself or others. As to the burden of your letter, I hardly know what to say. It opens a long, deep subject; a subject upon which the thought will always reach further than the expression, and where the expression will always be likely to be misunderstood. Beside, I feel I am very much like Nicodemus of old, though a teacher in Israel, very ignorant of many things both earthly and heavenly, so that I can hardly undertake to be your instructor, and yet if I can help you to a thought it will afford me the greatest delight.

"If I could talk with you upon this subject, I would like it better, but since I cannot, you must take what I say as mere outlines. What I dimly express, write to me again about, and wherein you think I am wrong, tell me so, and tell me why you think so.

"You say when you think of Christ, you think of Him as God manifest in the flesh; so far, so good. Your next

question is—‘Is not God the same whether at the manger or at the age of twelve, &c.’ Most certainly He is. But you observe, God being always God and therefore self conscious, is a very different thing from the *man* Christ Jesus being conscious of the God in Him; much less of His being *always* equally conscious. Ponder upon the words ‘God manifest in the flesh.’ He was good, or goodness manifest in the flesh, not the whole deity; for I think without argument, you will admit that to have been impossible. Man could not have received *such* a manifestation, could not even now. ‘No man hath seen God at any time.’ *All* of God revealed to us, would have been no manifestation whatever, from the simple fact that it *was* all. One of the prophets said, ‘Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.’ Christ veiled Himself; took the form of a servant; the more easily to come within the limit of our comprehension. You recollect the story of a Moravian missionary, who went to the West Indies to preach to the slaves. They could not understand or appreciate him. He became a slave with them; had to throw off part of that Christianized manhood to which he wished to lift them, before he could even reach them. Moreover, I might here say something which will shock you, but do not misunderstand me; Christ had not all the *Deity*, either to be conscious of or to manifest. Paul says, Col. 2d chapter, 9th verse: ‘In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead, bodily,’ or *incarnately*—but John explains this fullness in chapter first, fourteenth verse, ‘*full of grace and truth.*’ Recur to the doctrine of the Trinity, too often misunderstood, and bear in mind when we use the word *Son* it has nothing in it of filiation, no necessary reference to the manifestation in the flesh. Christ was the *Son* before the incarnation. It expresses essence, the second person of the Deity. The Father is God; the Word is God; the Holy Ghost is God; yet these are not three gods, but one God. Neither of these can take the place of another, and the whole cannot be complete

without all; so let us not comfoud Christ with the rest of the *Deity*, except so far as to observe that the whole three 'agree in one,' and what is the work of any one is the work of God—of *the Deity*.

"You now see, Christ was not the whole of the Deity to be conscious of, nor to manifest. He was God, the Son, viewed from his connection with manhood—Son of God. Christ often spake of the Father's work, of His own work, of God the Spirit's work. St. John's Gospel is full of these expressions.

"Now, further still. All of God the Son was not manifested apart from what has been already said. The Transfiguration would indicate this. Moreover, listen to that eucharistic prayer of Christ—'And now, Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.' Not only before the world existed, but before He was incarnate; and, again, 17, 24: 'That they may behold my glory,' &c., which they had not yet beheld, and which they could not yet behold till they and He were up in glory.

"This brings us then to the question, whether Christ was conscious of all his Deity, as God the Son? Remember, it is not whether he developed a consciousness; but whether, even in His fullest consciousness, He was conscious of His fullest Deity. He took upon Him our flesh; He became man. Ponder a little here. *He became man*. Logically carried out, if He became man, then He had no consciousness of Deity at all, except so far as the Divine Spirit was with Him, as with every man. Suppose a man should become a child. We often say, if we had our days to live over again, how wise we would be; but the becoming a child again would be only becoming what we had once already been—a child without the consciousness and experience of maturity. Of course, for a man to become a child is impossible. For the *Word* to become man, is possible only with God. Here is the great marvel. God became

man. Here is the sacrifice: His taking the form of a servant. But, in becoming man, He conformed to His own laws, descended to all the belongings of manhood. He became perfect man, and the God was in Him, and with Him, only at the times in which it was needful, and in the degree in which it was needful. He so far became man, that there were times in which He was not conscious of the God-presence at all. 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' Unless you realize the perfection of Christ's humanity, you will fail to understand His work. In the temptation, you will have Him victorious because He was *God*, not because He was man, with whom were the Father and the Spirit, and so take away our hope. He then, in manhood, was doing a work of atonement for us, in having become man at all; and, as a man, showing us how to do our work for ourselves—man rising in the second Adam, as he fell in the first. This, the becoming man, was as I have said, the great sacrifice of all. Calvary and the resurrection were its consummation; the manger was its beginning. But, though a man upon earth, He was still God in heaven, too; and so much of God only was with Him upon earth, as to make the whole work complete—the miracles, the precepts, the wisdom, the heavenly things revealed; the proof that all God required of us was, in our manhood, a perfect harmony with obedience to, and compliance with, all his laws; a perfect wisdom and perfect goodness; a manifestation to us of how God would be with every man who wishes with all his heart to be with God; with every man, even as He was with Him; with every man by means of the sacrifice He was then making, and which He had virtually made from the beginning. This, as I have said, made the whole incarnation a sacrifice—the 'sacrifice for the remission of sin;' a sacrifice which only God could have conceived. The sacrifice was so constituted, it became a model—a type. It not only took away from us our sin, but, in doing it, showed us how to become like

God; a prophecy that the race should attain the 'full stature' of the man Christ Jesus.

"This, however, is a little off the line of argument. Having become man, He in *all things* conformed to every law, the whole law of manhood. You say you have no difficulty in understanding the development of manhood. Clothe the Bethlehem Babe in perfect manhood, and you see Him of necessity, all pertaining to Him, become development. As a babe, He was not conscious either of manhood or of Deity. He increased in wisdom and stature; in wisdom as in stature. At twelve years of age the life-work begins to open before Him. At thirty the consciousness is complete; His manhood was perfect. The God in the manhood was all that God in manhood could possibly be. The Transfiguration intimated that there were degrees of the Deity which could not be manifested. The wilderness and Calvary prove that the manhood, whilst with the Godhead, was yet distinct and in itself perfect. By means of the two, God spanned the whole extent of intelligent being. That *may* be little which is in either extreme, but that *must* be infinite which embraces the whole. At the resurrection the manhood was not laid aside, but through it glorified, all glorified souls will develop more and more into God. Thus Christ is our Alpha and Omega, without whom we must have been nothing upon earth, and have continued nothing forever—with whom, through whom, alone, we too have a life mission, a glory here, a glory hereafter.

"Does not this then answer your question? Is it impossible that this consciousness should at the manger have been perfect? Do the laws of nature forbid it? Are the laws of nature anything more, anything less, than the manifestations of the will of the Almighty? Was not *God* in the manger, and does not Omnipotence cover the whole ground of the difficulty? All these questions open to many subjects. From them you appear to be under the

impression that God can *change a law* or *make a law* arbitrarily; that is a mistake. The perfection of law is the perfection of Deity. Law is the warp and woof of the universe. All was made when the universe was made. No new law has been made, or ever will be made. 'The law of life in Christ Jesus' was in the beginning. The universe only continues a universe because God maintains all law. Even the miracles were not a violation of any law, but only the employment of laws above our comprehension.

"God never goes to a *super-ordinary* law, when an ordinary law will do. To Him *all* laws are *ordinary*—only some are super-ordinary to us. The law of development is ordinary, relative to both. It is a universal law; not a thing is known to us which does not conform to this law. Omnipotence itself, then, never makes a law, but conforms to laws. It is, *therefore, impossible* that this consciousness should have been, at the manger, perfect. 'His waiting,' that you speak of, through eternity and upon earth, was then only that 'the fullness of time' might come. All law worked that the 'fullness of time' should embrace the fullness of consciousness; the fullness of time was only the fullness of proper development.

"But, I will not detain you longer. I have written this as well as I could, hurriedly, and without much premeditation. I should have quoted for you much more Scripture, but I think Scripture will suggest itself to you. Altogether I feel conscious that I am unable to give you just the thoughts I would like to convey; that is, because I am not wholly master of the subject. Nobody is. I sometimes think nobody can be. These are things into which the angels desire to look; but, as I said before, I do hope I shall be able to help you. Let me hear from you, and do not hesitate to say what you think."

To Mrs. A. B. Tilghman.

Among the friends of Mr. Perinchief, there were none for whom he and his family felt a warmer regard than for Mrs. Anna B. Tilghman, of Cumberland; as proof of which he named his only son, Tilghman. From a letter addressed to her we make the following extract :

“ BRIDGEPORT, PA., *August 8, 1870.*

“ I suppose my wife and children left you this morning. While I have been thinking ever since they left me—and more especially to-day—of the mercies and blessings that have followed them, of the great relief it was to get them away, of your great kindness to them, and of our obligations to the good people of Cumberland who have done so much to make them happy. To my dear little children, this summer will forever be bright. They can never forget; nor can it fail to be in its consequences a blessing. I cannot tell you how sensible I am of the service you have done me; you have no means of knowing how great that service is. My heart thanks you and Miss Fannie, and Frisbie and his wife, and all your household, for the care and generous hospitality you have all exercised toward them. My great anxiety has been, lest they should prove too troublesome to you. I know how children are in constant motion and frequent mischief, and how desirable it is, in such weather as we have been having, to be able to be by ourselves; but, as I said, it has all been a blessing to my feeble wife and growing little ones, and that part, in itself, will, I know, compensate you. The results will long continue, and may they be like ‘ bread cast upon the waters,’ which you ‘ shall find,’ even though it should be ‘ after many days.’ ” * * *

To a Brother Clergyman.

“BRIDGEPORT, PA., *January 10, 1873.*

“I believe I have received two or three letters from you since I last wrote. I am most heartily glad you wrote when you did to let us know of your condition, and I am doubly thankful I can do something towards your relief. But, my dear brother, your letter set me to thinking, or rather brought my old thoughts to a focus. I have not been in the ministry sixteen years and have yet to learn how the clergy suffer. For years I suffered as you do. My wife and little ones suffered. I felt as you do about it—‘*duty,*’ ‘*privilege.*’ ‘The disciple must not expect to be above his Lord,’ &c.; and beyond all doubt it is a grand thing to see men endure as the ‘noble army of martyrs’ did, for a good cause, for the sake of humanity, in the cause of God. But there comes a pause. God cannot look with pleasure upon men, suffering. The age of human sacrifice has passed. However willing a man may be to lay down his life, he can be justified in doing it, only when the sacrifice is nothing compared with the object to be secured.

“It is here I long ago paused. I do not now hesitate to say that in my judgment your sufferings are those of scores of our brethren in the ministry, and so far from helping God’s cause, are a downright hindrance and stumbling-block, a disgrace to the church—proof positive of insincerity in the church herself.

“First. We live in an age of thought, and people all around us are growing in mental caliber. *We* are cut off from means of intellectual growth, and the people no longer have the confidence in us, and respect for us they once had for ‘our cloth.’ We are crippled. Second. The Episcopal Church can easily pay her clergy if she desires. There are not quite three thousand of us. Our salaries do not *average* \$800 a year. Trinity Church, from her immense wealth, could pay the whole amount if she were so disposed, and

have enough over to go on *playing* church, as she has been doing for so many years.

“Episcopalians with all their church talk, are not all they pretend to be. They do not very often mean anything by their religion. The world thinks so at any rate, and you and I have reason to believe the world is not wrong. Hear what a bishop said yesterday in Philadelphia at the consecration of a new bishop—‘Brother, never were you so near my heart as you are to-day. If it were the will of God, how gladly would I lay down my bishop’s staff to go and work with you, and if need be *die with you*. It cannot be,’ &c. Very likely! What stuff; all theatrical nonsense; just like the whole performance. Seven or eight bishops and nobody knows how many clergy present, in a long service, just to send out one bishop to a lot of Indians. Bishops were present from the four winds. How can they have so much to do? Here comes the rub. What are so many preachers—65,000, as shown by the United States census—laying down their lives for? Is it for Christ? Is it for any true church? For any high, sacred truth? Look at it! What truth would perish to-night if the Episcopal or Baptist or any other *sect* were obliterated. Look at your town. Would any soul perish from spiritual starvation if you were away? Could not any two of you, yes, any one of you, in your town, do all the work that need be done? Why then does it take six or it may be more, to do so little? Is it not as plain as the nose on your face that we are all only partizans, only sectarians, one of Paul, one of Cephas, &c., nobody of Christ, since Christ alone cannot be divided? And working for sects, being only sectarians, how can we expect or even ask the world to join us? Talk of infidelity! who are working harder to make it than this same thing we call a church; a poor, earthly, distracted church; look at its habits of life; where do its practical laws come from? Certainly not from the Sermon on the Mount. They come from Paris and New York, from the architects and milliners.

They have money enough to spend in pulling down all religion, but no money to spend in building it up. No; I say there are men enough in the ministry now—too many. Call a meeting of the ministers in your town, ask them to select one or two to stay there, and break the bread of life to the ten or twelve hundred people you have there. The people can support one or two, let the rest go to destitute places. You cannot do that, or if your ministers could, your churches would not let you. You must all stay there and starve. God loves mercy rather than sacrifice—others must bind burdens which they will not touch with one of their fingers. I say again, in the light of common sense, there are too many men in the ministry already. At any rate I shall not call any more to go there. Men may go themselves if they choose, but I object to their standing up and calling others to go.

“You make a very wise remark when you say ‘God works by means. He does not do by extraordinary methods what can be done, and ought to be done, by ordinary methods.’ That is true. Why then shall we be looking after everybody except ourselves, everybody’s children except our own? I am aiming now at convincing you it is your duty to seek some other place to work in, some place in which you will not be brought every year to face starvation or dishonor, every year to cry to the church for help. The church may help you this year, but what will it do next year? and the year after? We are commanded ‘not to be weary in well doing;’ but the church minds that, about as much as she minds any of the commands of the Gospel. I think, cold or no cold, wife or no wife, you ought to quit your present place. If it were any question of renouncing religion or denying Christ, or of anything worth considering, I should say, stay where you are and die. But it is just the other way in every particular. If the churches existed from any love of Christ, there would not be so many. If for the sake of religion, or because of any

religion in them, they would not let their ministers starve. I should say go to some field where there is work enough for all, where you will not be in each other's way.

"As to coming to Pennsylvania, why come so far? When you had come, you would find a church which would not let you teach anything; church people down this way know more theology any Sunday, than you or I ever heard of. I often think the church has determined what it knows, and that it never wants to know any more, and that it never will; but must have what it knows repeated all the time, so that in case twice two are not five, it may some time or other become five. Such a church would do better to get another table of *stone*, and put it up somewhere to speak for itself. Such a table would not eat, and would not feel the cold. It would be always reliable, and the true worshipers could sleep in security.

"Things are in a bad way, I mean, bad way in the church, and for the church. I have no fears for the real truth as it is in Jesus, because I believe He is, and always has been, and always will be, *Bishop*; I don't want any other. He will bring things out right, though He may have to scourge us all out of the temple once more. Let us go on while our day lasts, *sure* that we are *co-workers* with *Him*. With that, as contrasted with mere sectarianism for our guide, I think we cannot go wrong. Come then this way, or any way, stay not where you are. I think you would like Ohio, and I think Bishop Bedell would be glad to get you in his diocese. Southern Ohio, is a good climate. If you say so, I will write to Bishop Bedell about you. I would speak to my bishop here, but he has more clergy now than he can employ, at any rate more than he does employ."

Letter to John A. Flynn, of Georgetown.

“ BRIDGEPORT,

“ MONTGOMERY Co., PA., *May 31, 1871.*

“ MY DEAR MR. FLYNN : The little package you sent me by Mr. Lanman, he placed in my hands last week, and I embrace an early opportunity of thanking you for it. I have found these little books very useful indeed, and some of those you gave me several years ago are still in active service. But better than all, it is very gratifying to know you do not altogether forget me.

Having had Mr. Lanman here for a few days, I have heard all the Georgetown news. I am very glad to hear you are all getting on so finely at St. John's. Your new church, by all accounts, must be very handsome. I trust you are all growing in spiritual things as you are in outward things.

For my part, here I am in a quite little eddy, where life is still and uniform. Though we are near to Philadelphia, and though the rush of the world is heard no great distance off, we seem not to have been struck with ‘ the spirit of the nineteenth century.’ That spirit has kindly spared us, and left us to rest and enjoy life, without rushing into to-morrow faster than time is content to carry us. Our little church is 113 years old, some portion of it is still the original building, made of stone, strong and thick, as things used to be when men worked by the day, and generally did a day's work. Six or seven generations sleep in the shadow of the trees, and in some instances there they are, side by side, generation for generation. I somehow like to worship there, everything is plain and matter of fact, but everybody knows everybody else. There is a sort of social level, and the Sunday is a day not only of communion with God, but also of communion with each other. When I first came here, everything seemed odd, and I did not like it much ; now I am beginning to get more deeply interested in the people, and to like their solid matter-of-fact ways. My old

taste for country life, is being gratified. Of late, I have quit my books altogether. I write one sermon each week, but I keep out of my study, *i. e.*, out of the room in the house called my study. The yard and garden, flowers and chickens employ me out-doors, or did do so, till the weather recently became too warm. In the afternoon I get into my wagon, and go off on the hills visiting my people, or more properly making *visitations*, for a mere call is quite out of the question. In one thing, I cannot satisfy my people, and that is in my capacity to respond to their hospitality. They have plenty to eat, and eat plentifully, and if I were only equal to Falstaff, I should often be "in my glory."

"I hope Mrs. Flynn and all your family are quite well. You must give them all, my kindest regards. If ever you come this way, we shall always be glad to see you, and I trust you will not pass us by."

To Mrs. H. E. Wood, of Georgetown.

"MT. HOLLY, November 4, 1874.

"MY DEAR MRS. WOOD: It is with the deepest sorrow that I hear this morning of the death of your good husband. If I could only come in and see you it would afford me the greatest satisfaction. I think of you all bowed and stricken in the bitterest affliction, more bitter than any you have ever known, and my heart really is there to mourn with you.

"I always entertained the warmest regard for your husband; my regard amounted even to an affection. He was so trustful, so humble, so meek and submissive in all his ways. I have often recalled his visits to me when he was in trouble, or when his way was a little more clear before him. Many are the lessons he has taught me of patience, of faith, of thankfulness. He was as pure and simple-hearted as a child. Often in thinking over the life he had led, and recalling no doubt the desire and purpose he had always

had to lead a truly Godly life, he used to think it so strange that God had permitted so many trials to come upon him, and his trials too were of that nature so peculiarly trying to a soul like his. You know better than I can tell you how loving he was. The great strong element of his character was love and sympathy. Perhaps even you and the children after all do not know how near you were to him. I do not think he would have cared at all for any troubles of his own, so far as he was personally concerned. He was so truly unselfish, but when he thought of you and his little ones, then his burden pressed with all its force. I used to tell him God had some purpose in it all, and I think his trials did raise his faith, and he learned to walk more as seeing God near him. I think his trials were sanctified. They accomplished the purpose, one of the certain purposes of all trials, not to punish, not to afflict or grieve, but to chasten, to elevate, refine and purify. He is to-day, I feel sure, among the blessed, and now he knows why God led him, just as he did. Why his way was so shadowed, and why every step was so hard. He sees now that all of it was needful. The Saviour he loved and trusted, had some place prepared for him, and it was needful to prepare him for that place, and there was no way to do it but just the way God chose, and so it is with you and with your dear children. His Father is our Father; the purpose of God respecting him, is His purpose respecting us all. You sit to-day in darkness, not because you have no faith, but because, under these blows, we are stunned, we are never prepared for them. It may be you think if you could only have known, have had a little more time to prepare for it, a little more warning of what was coming; but you would not have been any better prepared, it would still have been a dreadful shock, a mysterious providence. And now you must not give way too much to your grief. I do not mean you must not grieve, for that you cannot help. Thank God for these blessed souls we cannot help grieving after. It must please our Father

that we do so love one another. But this is the point, out of your grief don't forget to thank God for giving you such a husband.

"Thank God for the hope you have, the full assurance that he is at rest. Look back over his life, call up all the happy spots—all that brightness of affection which blessed you all so much. Thank God for that! Remember now if your loss is great, it is because your gain was great. God gave you all that. It was all by God's grace, and the love which made up so large a portion of all the happiness you have ever known is not lost; it was in his soul, and that soul is in Heaven, and he is waiting there, and will not enter upon all his heritage till all of you are gathered home. Ask God for grace to follow him in faith, in submission, in patience, in love. Gather your children around you; tell them in the sacredness of this sad hour of the struggles of that life. Tell them where their father put his trust. Point them upward to that same God. Bid them walk as he walked, and be sure not to miss the road he trod. God only knows how He may sanctify this affliction. God only knows how all his life and now his death may be the means of saving his children, of keeping them from the evils that are in the world, and of bringing you all together, a happy, united family in Heaven. We shall none of us know all God's plans till those plans are completed.

"Don't think your way is strange, for this is the way God leads His children. Don't think you are alone and forgotten. God will not leave nor forsake. The very time we need Him is the very time He is near, although sometimes in our weakness and darkness we do not know how near He is. My heart goes up to Him to-day for His spirit to be with you to comfort and sustain you. He will hear; He is there with you.

"With earnest prayers for God's blessing upon you and your children, most truly yours."

Extracts from other Letters to the Same.

“I see from your letter you are suffering dreadfully from your great and bitter loss; but you do not look at things in exactly the right way. It is not that you have committed any ‘sin,’ nor is it in any way God’s desire to ‘torment’ you. ‘God does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.’ ‘Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened to you.’ You must remember that ‘the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world.’ This is God’s appointed providence, and this providence contemplates our good, not our punishment. God would bring you closer to himself. How can you know if you have any faith, whether you can trust God or do trust him, if you cannot and do not in an hour of darkness like this? To trust where no trust is wanted, is easy enough, but to trust when there is no arm to lean upon, is truly to trust. Now is the time to see if you are truly thankful for the husband God sent you. You are evidently absorbed in the idea that God has taken him away. You had him, how many years? Suppose he had been taken before, or had been a different sort of a husband. You have thanked God for His mercies to you many a time. How much do you now thank Him? Many are the poor souls worse off than you, left under heavy burdens, to encounter a hard world without any of those recollections you have, who ought to be so full of comfort. Besides, there is another thing you forget. Your nervous system has received a severe shock; I can see that from your letter. You cannot yet look at things calmly, submissively. It will take time to bring you round to that, but the time will come, and you should strive to bring it.

“Go out as often as you can, once or twice a day. You have those children yet to live for, and it is your privilege now to set them an example of patience, of faith, which they may never forget. You need now to be brave and self-pos-

sessed, review the past and point them to the blessing God sent them in their father; point them to Heaven where their father surely is waiting, till you are all gathered to Him. I think this is your privilege. How good God is in giving you children able and willing to step in now and in some degree to be a help and comfort to you. You must think of this and teach them to think of it, and after the storm and the whirlwind will come the still small voice of peace and consolation. You will surely find it so. May God bless you. May His hand be over both your children, and His spirit always be with you.

* * * "So you see how we are all in a world of care and trouble, how no 'strange thing' has happened to you, but only that which is common to us all. It is very sad to think that in a world of plenty there should be so many heavy, heavy hearts. Something must be wrong. Our ways cannot please the Lord. God surely never intended us to live the way so many of us are living. It is not life, there is so little rest. These hearts of ours so seldom sing and are glad. I think God must pity us. I know he does, for as our hearts grieve when our children are unhappy, how much more must our Heavenly Father grieve when He sees us weary and sick and crushed under the cares and anxieties of this life. That He will help us, we may believe from the fact that He does care and does love. He does help us.

"What would we do if it were not for the wonders of His providence? How often we can *see* His hand in the circumstances around us! If one blessing is removed, it is not till somehow another is prepared to take its place. It is here possibly we find the meaning of all that otherwise seems so strange. God wants us to find Him. If we could mind His ways more than we do and observe His laws, surely our sorrows would not be so many or so great. If we could only love one another as Christ gave us commandment, if His church could only be what He intended His church should be, how much of want and of sorrow in that one

fact flee away. Let us only look up and trust. Let us believe God is working out for us something far better than we know. In this way our very woes may be sanctified, and like the clouds of heaven bring showers of blessing.

* * * * *

“Great as your sorrows are, there are others far greater. You may know the fight you have, but you do not know the conflicts you have escaped. Out of your present needs may come a helpfulness, carefulness and self-reliance, integrity and piety, which will be better for your children when you are gone, than any millions of gold or silver you could by any possibility have left them.

“You say incidentally, when speaking of troubles not your own, you wish it were in your power to do good. My dear madam, do not go out to church debts and parsonages to get ideas of doing good. You have a priestly and royal office in that household of yours. You can offer there a sacrifice every day, of prayer, of unselfish devotion, submission, toil and love; the sacrifice of example and instruction and encouragement to your children, of greater price in God’s sight than all the churches of the land.

“If we could see the end from the beginning, and know just what we were doing, it would be comparatively easy to do it. But then faith and patience could not do their perfect work. God knows what he is doing. In your case, possibly your children need to be thrown upon their own resources, made self-helpful, a little more personally acquainted with the duties and responsibilities of life, and so led up to the practical realization of the truths they have been taught, more trustful in God, more self-reliant amid the trials and temptations of life. We cannot always tell, but I think God has some purpose in all his dealings with us, to which we ourselves would say, ‘Amen!’ if we could see and know that purpose. But it becomes us, it is the office of perfect faith to say ‘Amen!’ without knowing it. And one part of our Father’s dealings with us is to bring us to that condition.

We all need not only to say every day 'Thy will be done, but to pray for grace more and more; to say it out of the very depths of the heart. Then we become more and more as the little child of whom Jesus said, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

* * * *

To Mrs. Joshua Riley, of Georgetown.

MOUNT HOLLY, NEW JERSEY, *February 22, 1875.*

MY DEAR MADAM: I have just heard of the death of your husband. I cannot tell you with what feelings of sorrow I first read the news, particularly as it took me entirely by surprise, for I had not heard the Doctor was sick. As I reflect, however, upon the sad past, my feelings of sorrow begin to be mingled with emotions of praise and gratitude to God. My feelings of regret at his death begin to give way to feelings of thankfulness that he ever lived. Such men are great gifts to us from God. Such men are men to be thankful for. I can imagine that in this hour of trial every energy of your soul is prostrated. You can think only of your loss. It would be useless to tell you to think of anything else; nor is it wrong for you to mourn. I thank God for these affections which bind us to one another, for hearts that hold and cherish us; I could wish that it were never otherwise; but I thank God most of all for those who are so much worth the loving. What at any time can ever produce a great loss, except where there has been a great gain! What can ever produce a great sorrow, when there is reason for great thankfulness? Perhaps, now, while you grieve, and while it is not displeasing to God that you do grieve, it may be your opportunity truly to thank God for giving you such a husband, for lengthening out his years, and for all the blessings those years have brought you. I think when you gather your children around you, and think of the past, you must feel God has been very good to you all. I do not doubt but you do.

And in that thankfulness, and in all the facts, there is comfort.

"I have not heard the particulars of the Doctor's last days, but I know his end was peace. His whole life was peace. To know the very kind of man he was, tells us he has entered into rest. He cannot return to us, but we can all go to him. This is part of God's purpose in such a providence; to make life more solemn, more faithful, that we may have part and lot with the faithful in the better life to come. I do not think the Doctor ever talked much about his religious sentiments, but he and I have frequently exchanged thoughts, and I know he was a *Christian*. He did what was better than talking, he lived his religion, and now his work is done. He is reaping his reward. Thank God, I say, for such men. May our Father give you and me, and all of us, grace so to live, so to die. Would that more of us could so live as to be truly missed and truly mourned, when our work is done. My wife and I both mingle our sorrow with yours in this sad bereavement. We loved the Doctor; he was very kind to us; to my wife particularly in those dreadful sicknesses she used to have, he was untiring in his endeavors to relieve her. But there was something in the Doctor more than medical skill, and we loved the man rather than the physician.

"So we pass away. May God sanctify the thought to the good of us all.

"To-day is Monday, and I write a little hurriedly; but I thought it might comfort you to know you are not alone nor forgotten in your sorrow. With our truest regards for yourself, your daughters, and the members of your family,

"Most truly, yours."

Letter to Rev. John W. Nott.

"MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., December 30, 1875.

"Your short letter is received, I might say your sad letter, for short as it was it had sadness enough in it. I knew

there were sad hearts in this world, though it was Christmas season, but it had not occurred to me that yours could be one of them. What makes you feel so discouraged? Is it the general condition of the church, or only your own local difficulties? You say you don't see that your life means anything in particular; but, my dear brother, there is probably not one true, earnest, wise soul in these United States which does not, with respect to itself, feel that same way. When David contemplated the degeneracy of the world, he said: 'I have cleansed my heart in vain and washed my hands in innocency,' and on another occasion: 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.' Poor Jeremiah wished that his eyes were a fountain of tears that he might do nothing but weep. Failing in that, he longed for a home in some vast wilderness, and Elijah brought up at last in a cave, happier in having a cave to go to, than David or Jeremiah were after him. So it would appear to be the lot of mortals to mourn.

"No, I am not going to Georgetown. I am more anxious to find a *cave* or a wilderness. The letters I get from men in the ministry about churches, and the letters I get from churches about ministers, the facts which fall under my observation in connection with both, to say nothing of my own experience and of my convictions evolved from all the elements, take all the soul out of me. I feel discouraged. It seems sometimes as if I ought to do something to *save men from the ministry*. When I see too many of the clergy, to all appearance, just pandering to the times, just betraying all that is divine for the sake of place, I feel as if the Church cannot survive, and when I see the clergy, on the other hand, faithful and true men, just tolerated, often insulted and persecuted, hindered in their work, their whole being paralyzed and crushed, I feel as if something ought to be done to keep young men from falling into such a fate. The fact is, of late I have been sad and troubled.

"But I console myself with the thought that, after all,

things may be better than we know of; they may be exactly right now, and we may be looking at them the wrong way. God's work for you and me at last may be in us ourselves. I am more and more convinced that *our* work in this world and God's intention respecting us, is not objective, but subjective. We go looking *out-ward* all the time, and God works, forever compelling us to look *in-ward*; and the question at the bottom of all is, not what we can do with life, but what at last life will do with us. Time is answering that with respect to me. My health is poor, and I often feel as if I must lie down and die; nor do I so feel in any way regretfully, either when I look back or when I look forward, and so I conclude that even if there were no other result, life could not have been altogether a failure. I do not doubt you feel so too, and you therefore possess yourself, even if in this world you feel you possess nothing else."

Bishop and Rector.

Before submitting the following correspondence, the compiler deems it his duty to mention this fact: When Mr. Perinchief omitted the ante-communion service in Georgetown, his health was in a very precarious condition; and the request that he made for a Lay Reader was really a struggle for life.

His letters are introduced by way of explaining an occurrence which caused some discussion in the parish at the time, and those who place the eternal salvation of man above sectarian machinery, cannot but appreciate the noble Christian spirit manifested by the Rector.

"BALTIMORE, *March* 21, 1868.

"REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: Your note of the 16th, inquiring whether I have any objection to availing yourself of the services of a Lay Reader at Saint John's on account of your health being far from good, reached me in due course,

but I was accidentally hindered from earlier answer. I am heartily sorry that my convictions of the unfavorableness of the letter and spirit of the law of the church to such an arrangement as you think would relieve you, compel me to decline approval.

“Very faithfully and affectionately,

“Your friend and brother,

“W. R. WHITTINGHAM.”

“BALTIMORE, *May* 22, 1868.

“An inquiry which comes to me from your parish suggests the unpleasant fear that you may have made or signified your intention to make an arrangement to omit the use of the ante-communion service in the public readings of your church. If that be so, I am confident it must have been owing to your inattention to the fact that a declaration of the House of Bishops, made at the request of clerical and lay deputies in General Convention some years ago, settles the rule of the Church to be that the use of the ante-communion, whenever on Sunday a sermon is delivered, is not optional with the officiating clergyman, but obligatory. Of course its omission would be a departure from the courtesy of the Church, to which conformity is promised at ordination, to which I cannot think that you would for a moment incline.

“Faithfully and affectionately your friend and brother,

“W. R. WHITTINGHAM.”

Reply.

“GEORGETOWN, *May* 29, 1868.

“DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 22d has been received. I thought I might see you in Baltimore, at the convention, and so explain in person the matter to which your letter related. I was, however, not able to see you, so I write now in reply.

“It is very true, as you were informed, that I omitted

the ante-communion service in the public worship at St. John's, on the third Sunday of this month; I also omitted it last Sunday.

"It has been long known to you that I suffer from nervous prostration, and, as you may very naturally suppose, the reading of our services goes far to depress my nervous system, and so increase my suffering. It was on this account, that I, not long since, applied to you for a lay reader's assistance, which was denied me, and that, too, when such assistance is not contrary to the spirit or practice of the Church.

"The warm weather generally prostrates me, and, in order to relieve me, some of my Christian people proposed that I should shorten the morning service. I consulted my vestry upon the subject, and they unanimously consented; not only so, but urged me to shorten the service, and we agreed together that the ante-communion service be omitted for the summer months.

"It was not in any forgetfulness of my ordination vows, or in any indifference towards them, that I accepted the suggestion, and made the omission. I knew, and my vestry knew, that God loved mercy more than sacrifice, and we thought the omission would not offend Him, and we did not think any member of the church, under the circumstances, would be offended.

"I take your letter, however, as an absolute refusal to allow such an omission, so, of course, that ends the matter. I shall, D. V., with whatever consequences to myself, resume the service on Sunday next.

"I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"O. PERINCHIEF."

"BALTIMORE, WHITSUNDAY, *June 1*, 1868.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I am sorry, very sorry, both that I did not make myself understood by you in reference to the matter of a lay reader, during my late very pleasant

visit in your family, and also, that you did not find an opportunity of letting me know that such had been the case, while recently here in attendance upon the convention.

"The pressure of my attention on the last occasion was such, that the subject of our correspondence was quite out of my thought, or I would have taken pains to make an interview, having, as I did, once tried, though unsuccessfully, to catch your attention, in the hope of obtaining your company to dinner at my house.

"I thought that you had understood me, as I meant, in our last conversation in Georgetown, distinctly to leave the question of the appointment of a lay reader with yourself; dependant on your own judgment of the state of your health, and requiring, in order to a commission from me, only the customary vote of your vestry requesting it, and giving the customary testimonials, (same in tenor as those for a candidate for orders,) in behalf of the person named. I had made, (and, as well as I remember, told you so,) the same offer to Mr. Williams. I now add, that if you would obtain the aid of Mr. Ogle Marbury, candidate for orders in the Seminary at Alexandria, I am willing to give him commission simply on your nomination alone.

"Faithfully and affectionately,

"Your friend and brother,

"W. R. WHITTINGHAM."

"GEORGETOWN, *June 16, 1868.*

"RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 1st instant was duly received. I thank you for the letter; I appreciate its kindness, and I owe you an apology for not sooner replying. The occasion of my delay is this: I wrote to the Seminary at Alexandria, to see if I could obtain the services of the gentleman whose name you mentioned, and I but yesterday received a reply, and it was in waiting for this, that I have been so long in acknowledging your letter.

"Dr. Sparrow writes that he would not place obstacles

in the way of my obtaining the services of Mr. Marbury or any other gentleman in the Seminary, only that he and the faculty would prefer the young man should not be away from the Seminary, and its special instructions on Sunday. The vacation begins there very soon; the young gentlemen are much occupied in preparation for examinations, and, as Mr. Marbury is so soon going home, he thinks it hardly worth while for me to begin with him now.

"He proposes that I avail myself of the services of a gentleman there who is in deacons' orders.

"I respectfully ask permission to avail myself of his services. I would ask whether, in case of your assent being given to me, that will be sufficient, or shall he apply directly to you?

"I am very sorry I misunderstood you in your recent visit here; rather, I do not know that I exactly misunderstood—I simply do not remember that anything was said upon the subject. That, however, would not be very strange. That day, as usual on Sundays, I was nervous and preoccupied, and so I could easily forget. I regret it.

"I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"O. PERINCHIEF."

"BALTIMORE, *June 17, 1868.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: For reasons already largely set before you, I decidedly prefer your employment of a deacon as your assistant, to the commissioning of a lay reader; and, therefore, although I would have been glad had it suited you to give Mr. Marbury work during his vacation, very cordially assent to your arrangement for securing the services of the Rev. Dr. Hammond.

"I understand the arrangement to be only temporary, and therefore to require nothing more on my part than such assent; otherwise it would be requisite that I should ask the bishop of Virginia to assent to the transfer of his deacon to this diocese.

"Hoping that you find this weather less trying to you than it is to me, I am, faithfully and affectionately, your friend and brother,

" W. R. WHITTINGHAM."

Since this volume was prepared Bishop Whittingham has passed away.

The natural inference to be drawn from the foregoing correspondence is, that he was exacting in regard to the ritual of the church, and such indeed had long been his reputation. It now appears, however, that his opinions must have undergone a great change; for, it is stated on the authority of the Rev. F. W. Brand, of Emmorton, Maryland, who delivered a memorial address on the Bishop, that: "On the question of ritual, he thought the outward appearance to have nothing to do with inward holiness. He said that everything that went by the name of ritual was as dust to him. He hated sham or all that looked like sham. If he had any prejudice it was against everything which had or tended toward affiliation with Rome."

In this particular the Bishop would appear to have been a follower of the rector whom he rebuked for his alleged shortcomings as a churchman; and we feel assured that nothing would have been more gratifying to Mr. Perinchief, with his great aversion to "sham" in the church, than to have known that such a vindication of his own views had been left to the Episcopal Church by one of its prime leaders.

A CHAPTER OF ADVICE.

The subjoined Chapter of Advice formed the conclusion of Mr. Perinchief's journal, entitled "A Father's Legacy for his Children;" and as he left three daughters, and only one son, it was natural that his precepts should have reference chiefly to the needs and duties of woman. It will be found to contain some additional glimpses into the character of his mind, and seems an appropriate topic for the close of that portion of this work which emanates directly from himself.

Nothing was nearer to his heart than the proper culture of woman, and his enthusiasm on this subject may be expressed in a quotation from his sermon on "The Training of Children:" "No great man has been so great as his mother."

"I have been giving you an outline of my life, and I wish now to give you some particular directions with reference to the management of your own. In what I have to say, I do not wish to be understood as laying down any commandments, but only as giving such advice as my experiences in life have taught me.

"God has ordained that, beyond a certain period of dependence, each soul must be responsible for itself. This is a law that pervades the animal and moral kingdom. The little bird is dependent upon the parent bird till it can fly and provide for itself. The customs and laws of mankind have fixed the period of our dependence at the age of twenty-one. Up to that time a parent has the right to command; beyond that, only the privilege of advising. But,

though the child is no longer bound to obey, each one is morally bound to take advice; and very blessed are the children who have parents or dear and worthy friends to advise them. Happy are the children who follow wise counsels; they escape many evils and attain to much good. As you have seen, in the foregoing pages, I specially lacked just this element of advice; just this force of a guiding hand and heart. If, in consequence of this want, I have the more bitterly suffered, I am but so much better qualified to give you sound advice; and this, I entreat you, each and all, most diligently and most sacredly to follow. By it, my blessing may descend upon you, and continue with you, all your life; and bring you at last to that land of rest, where, I pray, we shall all gather, after the trials of this life are passed forever. If, by following my advice, some inconvenience should arise, reflect at the same time how ignorant you are of other and greater evils, into which you might have run, without such advice as I propose to give.

“As three of you are girls, I will direct what I have to say more toward the side of a wife, and what is requisite in her.

“It is to this matter of marriage, therefore, I now turn, and in connection with which I would give you my most solemn counsels.

“Marriage is the duty of some; it is the privilege of many; but, beyond this, there is a greater privilege still—that of not marrying at all. It is a mysterious Providence which has ordained that the lot of one shall be bound up with that of another. Marriage is great happiness or great woe; by no possibility can it antecedently be determined which way it shall be.

“Toward a happy married life, four elements are essential; and the first is, a sound body; nature teaches us the value of health in this matter, since she causes us to be attracted by beauty. Beauty, true beauty, is health, or indication of health; do not, therefore, devote yourself so

much to anything, that you shall sacrifice your health. Look well to that, and keep it up at all hazards.

“The second element is ability to administer the affairs of a household. The wife makes the home, if home there be at all. One prolific cause of dissipation in men is the want of a home. Girls are anxious to get married, without any knowledge of the responsibilities; they imagine they can live upon *love*. Fond of dress, and the world, ignorant of work, or of how any work should be done, they look upon the rosy side of life; they read all the poetry and skip all the prose. The poetry is soon exhausted. Men are so unreasonable; they cannot always have a superabundance of money; sometimes a wife makes demands upon the purse, and this is the first temptation to commit fraud. Senseless people do not marry to be of any use, especially if that requires a true service; so the home is neglected, or rather it is never created. Here many a man finds his first temptation to late hours, evil company, and vicious habits. I can assure you that, of my own knowledge, many a woman has nobody to blame for a drunken husband but herself. The husband’s place is to make all suitable provision for his family. He must be abroad, by day, at work, to protect them from want; or with a limited income, he has duties which absorb his bodily and mental powers. He has his work laid upon him of God, his mission to accomplish; it is impossible, therefore, that he should do this, and be able to attend to the details of living at home; and if he has not a capable and efficient wife his worldly affairs are soon ruined.

“Remember how all this applies just the same to the husband, as toward the wife; there are as many wives sacrificed by husbands, as husbands sacrificed by wives. It is very sad to see a true woman ashamed of her husband.

“I would here, then, call your attention to the third element of happiness in married life, and that is: co-operation in your husband’s life-work.

“A true woman does not need, at any time or everywhere, to be toward her husband, merely intellectual, although I by no means depreciate intellectual women, and wish we had more of them. Only this is not what a true husband wants in a wife. He has finished his intellectual labors when he seeks his wife’s society. He comes there for refreshment and recreation; to any topic he may suggest, she should be capable of a true response. Nothing is more delightful than to follow with an appreciative woman, through history, poetry, or literature, the thousand and one rambles which lead the mind endlessly and delightfully on; but even this is not always desirable. But it is well to keep informed on the current literature of the day, from newspapers and magazines, and study everything that will make a husband happy.

“There is music; what shall I say of that? One thing I will say: Men oftener long for music, than they get it from their wives. Women should be careful to entertain their husbands, in this respect, more than they do. Even when no great musical ability exists, there may be sufficient to make many an hour happy; but there are times when a man wants neither newspapers, literature, nor any music, that makes much noise—only the whispered music made by playing upon each other’s hearts.

“And here I would introduce the fourth essential element to a happy marriage: a high intellectual, moral, and affectional character.

“Your mother and I have done all we could to train you affectionately, morally and intellectually. We have given you line upon line, and precept upon precept. We have endeavored to lead you upward, into the purer and holier experiences of religion. This work you are to continue for your selves, ever striving to cultivate your minds, by reading that which is good and instructive, no matter to what department of literature it belongs. Literature is like nature; there are poisons, vegetable and mineral, coarse

foods, and choice and nutritive substances. We do not pick out the poisons for food, except in the case of an inebriate, who is in that a fool. We do not content ourselves with that which is indigestible, but we strive to get something good.

“So in literature there are poisons and coarse things, unworthy your attention; then there are rich and juicy things, on which your soul can grow. Provide yourselves with these, and keep all others away; have a mind rich in good things. Then, cultivate your moral faculties; have a perception of what is right and what is wrong, not from any mere conventionalities of society. Know why a thing is right or wrong, and then practice the one and avoid the other. Have a mind and will of your own. Cultivate your affectional nature; this includes all that we call politeness, gentleness, kindness; this gives that peculiar element of attractiveness, which leads, draws and holds; it is the most mysterious power known upon earth, the power of love. It follows us from home all through life; it lingers after us, and comes back from the grave and the past. It can be created and kept alive nowhere, so well as in the closet, in communion with one's self, and with God. It can be kept alive by no means on earth, so well as by a living faith in Christ, by a study of Him and of His word, by a practice of his precepts, and an imitation of his life.

“Man is not a creature that can live by bread only; creature comforts are no comforts at all, when they are supreme. When a human being would live only there, then God has determined that there he shall not live; if a man would truly have these, he must also have something higher, these are only comforts, when they are secondary. That which characterizes man above the beast is heart, soul and mind, or affection, moral-sense and intellect. These three are so many parts, which together, make the human spirit. By as much as you lack in either, you fall short of manhood, or womanhood.

“These three elements make the human spirit, or if you please, the unit man—mankind. But man or mankind is a duality, man and woman. They each have the same elements, but in different proportions. They are counterparts of each other, each wanting the other, each gravitating toward the other, and both together in harmony, create mutual happiness or repose.

“All this talk of modern times about the capabilities of the two sexes, is much of it supremely silly. Nothing is more disgusting to a man than a masculine woman, and nothing more repulsive to a woman, than an effeminate man. With respect to an equality, every noble sentiment in man or woman rejoices, but with respect to an identity, nature thrills through every nerve we possess her emphatic protest.

“We are not the same, and cannot change places, except as we, to that extent, suffer loss. If nature had wanted more men, or more women, she would have had them. It is a singular fact, that the two sexes keep about even; their relative numbers do not vary, disturb nature as we will, by what we call our civilization, God makes us still male and female. Nothing is grander than a real man or real woman; but, for a woman to strive to be a man, is not only to fail in that, but it is to destroy herself; she makes nothing, and is a failure, sickening, impertinent, despicable.

“I do not say that if anything is wrong in society, if oppression prevails, if unjust or unequal laws exist, they should not all be set right; this is as much the duty of one sex, as of the other. Man can never oppress woman except at his own cost. As the race becomes more enlightened, both man and woman will be correspondingly benefited. The spheres of man and woman are equal in all respects, in usefulness, honor, and beauty. If there be any difference, it is on the side of the woman. In man predominates the intellectual; he is called to grapple with grosser things, the rough and baser work falls to him. In woman pre-

dominates moral-sense and affection; these are the higher, purer, and more spiritual elements, and they are also the more powerful, for they modify and control all the rest. Man makes more noise and more show, but woman has more power; it is so in nature. Electricity and atmospheric air are both essential to our economy. Electricity keeps our earth true to the polar star, so that we do not leave our course and wander off into nothingness. But for this, air would be of no use to us, for we should soon be a wreck. How silent is electricity, how noisy is air! Let each do its proper work.

“Let man and woman do each their proper work, and all will be well for the race. When woman does her work well, man will do his better. Man represents intellectual force, woman represents moral force. You know what moral force means. Physical force drives; intellectual force constrains; moral force attracts, and it is the highest. Physical force may be resisted—violence may meet violence; intellectual force may be absorbed—it may pass in and become latent or dormant like heat in a bar of iron; but moral-force is motion or life, like spring to a flower; it imparts its own life to an object, and makes that object alive. Such is woman; the true woman is life, beautiful—divine life. But for her this world would be a desert.

Above all things it is this life that man is hungering after. It is this our race so sadly needs. Man's sphere is that of constraint; woman's sphere is that of influence. Its arena is chiefly the home; though the place does not exist in which its power may not be exerted and felt. If you take a woman from her home, and turn her out upon the baser plane of man, you remove a force which nothing else by any possibility can supply. Woman makes this world; when she fails, the devil makes it; that is signified to us in the legend of our first parents. Satan conquered Eve, but then he conquered everything but God. God put woman back, and Satan prevails now only when the woman

forsakes her power. The home is Eden when woman is true; capture her, and there is no Eden. A great flaming sword guards the way. Barrenness and desolation is all that follows.

"I dwell the more here, my dear daughters, to impress you with a sense of womanly dignity, usefulness and importance. In your times you will read much, in the newspapers about woman's rights and privileges, and by some possibility some such woman might cross your path and tempt you away from all happiness. May God defend you; let a pestilence catch you sooner; they are impure in all their being, and negligent in all their duties. Hence you hear so much about divorces and domestic infelicity. As young ladies, once get the idea that you must go to a man's college, or attend a clinical lecture in a medical institution, and you are ruined. If it be desirable for the sexes to mingle, then why should not young men go to Mount Holyoke, or to Vassar College, or to any young ladies seminary?

"You see there are certain elements which make up moral qualities, and should be cultured in woman. Man's tendency is to degenerate, and his only help is in woman; let her degenerate, too, and all is lost. Hence God has so constituted woman, that, by a sort of instinct, she shrinks from grossness; and this is not lost till disturbing and demoralizing forces have carried her captive; and when she is thus carried, she is a worse wreck than man. Hence the serious aspect of all the signs the woman world now manifests.

"Moral force, then, is made up of elements which are capable of numberless forms and delicate degrees. Take modesty, for example; nobody can tell all that it does. These elements embrace all that is comprehended in the word virtue; and run up through the virtues into all that is spiritual—into all grace—and into religion and duty.

"You will now see, that one thing requisite in a true

woman is character, or culture; and this affectional nature, of which I have spoken, should be in you the force by which your partner in life is to be attracted, and which is to hold him, and develop him; and, as time advances, make you two more completely one. The soul cannot live without communion with soul; or, if it so live, it is dwarfed and unhappy. Life, it is true, runs unevenly, and the need of one hour is not the need of all. In fatigue or weariness the body must be refreshed. In hours of exhilaration and joy, there are privileges to be enjoyed; but in hours of thought and repose there are needs of reciprocal thought; of deep answering to deep; and this demand increases as years advance.

“Sincerity must be one of the elements of character, that will please a true man and increase confidence, and do not seek to please by anything less than your real self. Only, no man can be himself at all times, and no woman can be uniformly delightful. There will be times in which you will need to bear—it may be—to suffer; there will be serene moments that come, and may they be made to come often, in which, affection, sentiment, holy thought, all blend in sweet experience. When the understanding and appreciation are reciprocal, precious are the hours that join two souls in such communion. The dawn of heaven is then, and the spirit is compensated for all that life has cost. In this, two are truly one—either is truly half the other.

“Suppose you are a brainless, heartless being, with no culture of mind, no high-born sense of duty, no womanly instinct and ambition; what wise man would select you for a wife? You see you must be prepared for duties. That implies character in you; no trifling, superficial, make-believe—but real, solid virtues and capabilities. You must see that you are not wasteful and extravagant, but economical. You should have ability of administration; have a time for everything, and everything in its time; a place for everything, and everything in its place.

“ Life is real, it means something. People talk of luck, and of chance, but there is not much of either. No wonder that thoughtless silly people fall into misfortune. Life has its privileges, but it also has its penalties. If we do not use the faculties God gave us, faculties of mind and judgment, we can but pass on and be punished. Very often young people moralize in the silliest way about marriage. To hear them talk, you would think they had upon their side, the experience of years. They do not exercise any reason of their own, but reject and despise the advice of friends. Blindly, madly, desperately in love, they marry, and before long reach results and misery, which were patent long ago to all but themselves.

“ Love which begins in respect, which is built upon reason, and fortified by wisdom, generally lasts, and all the elements work into increasing happiness.

“ And now, my dear girls, with all the earnestness of a father's heart, I entreat you to spurn the young man who has even a tendency toward dissipation, and whose companions are not pure. Be charitable, but remember your very life is at stake. Then see to it that the man who approaches you as a lover, has a useful and honorable calling, and has means sufficient to make you live comfortably. I do not mean that you shall insist upon wealth; that is seldom a blessing, it brings in its train many burdens and evils; but look for an established competency. Do not grow romantic and imagine you can make a competency afterwards. If you have anything of your own, beware how under any circumstances whatever you let it slip from your control. If you have any income, however small, that helps your husband. Whether it be large or small, he ought to be independent of it. See that he is. If he be a true man he will not wish to touch it. If he should wish to touch it, he is not the man for you. I beg of you to observe this.

“ I am speaking now upon the assumption that you have

perfect control of this matter, that your feelings are subject to your will. This assumption is not unreasonable.

“Young ladies have a sentimental way of talking of love, as if the element of calculation should never come into it. But, true love does not ignore reason and sound wisdom, and the more these are the elements of love, the purer and holier that love will be. Let yours be governed by judgment, and not only require good principles and habits, an honorable calling and reasonable means; but see that his disposition is cheerful, manly, and has domestic elements in it, and that he will win and sustain the respect of his neighbors; in short, that your social position may be one of which you need not be ashamed. And remember what this involves upon your side. You cannot expect to win the affections of such a man, if you have not the virtues which I have advised you to cultivate.

“You must study your work, exercise the skill you have, and so develop it; there may be some failures, but, after awhile, you will have founded a system of habits, and things become conformed to your system; persevere, and success comes at last. Never worry yourselves about what other women do. Women have a way of torturing each other, by constantly relating the wonderful exploits of some particular person, some friend of their's. You may rest satisfied with this reflection—women are very much of a consistency, only one excels in one direction and another in another. It is folly for you to endeavor to combine every excellency in its highest degree, but remember that combination will very likely be the best in which no one ingredient drowns all the rest. Moreover, the circumstances of no two women are precisely the same. Study yourself, and your belongings, and do the best you know how.

“A young married couple are like a new ship going out upon a long voyage. There are storms upon life's ocean; they will not only come, but come when you are beyond the reach of help. No anchor can be let down; the winds

and waves cannot be hushed—you must conquer the storm, or it will conquer you. The best provided will need all their resources, and have nothing to spare. Start right, then exercise all your knowledge and all your skill. Do each day the best you can. In prosperity enjoy it, but not so as to forget the day of possible adversity. Spend, but lay up; give, but maintain your ability to give; have a heart, but also a head; have sympathy and encouragement for all; then you can have no unkindness for any; study and practice always what is right and what is wise; study carefully to live within your income, however moderate it may be; resolve that it shall be sufficient to make you happy. You will find that in Christian propriety and moderation you do not need much. Above all things, never let your heart go hungering after the follies of fashion, nor imagine that people are happy in proportion to their wealth. Prosperity and wealth for moral beings are of the mind and soul, not of the body. Culture and affection are the springs of happiness. Love God, and each other, my children, spend your days in comforting each other, and in doing your own work—what your hands find to do, what God lays upon you; then, you will be happy, and you will be respected, too; avoid all covetousness, and pride, and selfishness; envy nobody, and never repine because some things are denied you which others have; see how you can help and take care of each other, always remembering how you have grown up together and have been so happy with each other.

“When brothers and sisters dwell near each other in mutual interest and sympathy, very great happiness must be the result. I do not say we cannot form near friendships in life, and derive happiness from them, but I say old friendships are at least as good, and blood relation is best and dearest of all.

“Your mother and I have been much among strangers and found many true friends; but how at times have we longed for those who were nearer to us! When sickness

comes or trouble, then you need some heart long intimate with your own to bear a part of your own sorrow for you. Many and many a time have I seen your mother bowed beneath a sense of loneliness; often has my heart pitied her, and resolved that if I were spared I would endeavor to impress upon your minds, the importance of keeping near each other, that the world for you might always be cheerful, or at any rate the less dreary, by as much as you can cheer each other. If by the providence of God I should be removed from you, before you reach the years of maturity, you may still have your mother to direct your movements; but if it should be otherwise ordered, and both should be removed, I trust some friend will rise up to direct you. Remember that you belong to each other, and what any one has belongs to all. In any dispute that may arise, let the only rivalry be to see which shall yield first and yield most. My blessing and God's blessing shall be with the yielding one. Strife is an abomination to God. Settle any disputes by this rule.

"But of course you cannot always live together. The time will come when life will demand some separation, but endeavor to live near each other. It often happens that families are scattered, and I look upon it as not unfrequently a very great misfortune in itself.

"As a general thing, the more private positions in life are the most desirable. You may sometimes see very prominent persons, apparently courted by everybody, and enjoying everything; but such persons really enjoy very little; a great many of them have no friends, and know no friendships. You should consider well any position into which you are likely to be taken, and reflect whether you are likely to enjoy, or properly discharge, the duties the position involves.

"In this world a great deal of happiness depends upon success in life. It is very true there is a great deal of ambition which is simply earthy; it is altogether unworthy of a

Christian. Yet all such ambition is only the perversion of a sentiment, which God put in us, for wise and noble ends. All the benefactors of our race have been inspired by true ambition, and without it no man could ever be a benefactor to anybody. A man without a proper ambition is not a true man. To attain to success in life all his energies must be bent in one direction. A divided man may exist, but he cannot succeed.

“You now see, my dear children, that you have something to do. How blessed this world would be if young people would seek to be fit, before they seek to fill, any position in life.”

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

During the whole winter preceding his final departure, the health of Mr. Perinchief was at a very low ebb, and those who were familiar with all the bodily suffering, which he had endured for so many years, were filled with apprehensions; but his indomitable perseverance, in fighting for life, and in doing all the good he could, seemed to know no bounds. After his physician had told him he must stop work, and stay at home, he insisted upon going to a neighboring parish to deliver a sermon, according to a previous engagement. When driven to the church, his carriage jolted over the rough, frozen roads, causing him intense agony, yet he persevered, and preached with a mysterious solemnity and power, as if conscious it was to be his last sermon upon earth—as it proved to be.

When the time came that he could not leave the house, and could hardly sit up for more than an hour or two at a time, he consented to perform a marriage ceremony in his own chamber; but when he came to know that the closing scene was not far off, he forthwith began to arrange all his temporal affairs, and resigned himself to the will of his Heavenly Father.

For, perhaps, six weeks before his death, his devoted wife was his constant attendant, giving him, with her own hands, all his nourishment and medicines, and during this period, the household affairs of the parsonage were under the supervision of two devoted friends of the family, Miss C. E. Hane, of Georgetown, D. C., and Miss Isabel Yocum, of Norristown, Pa. It was also his privilege to have with him,

for a few days, one of his brothers, Mr. Adeltah Perinchief, of Brooklyn, New York.

His illness resulted from a complication of diseases which terminated in dropsy, and, after much suffering, but with his mind perfectly clear, he died on the 29th of April, 1877, aged 47 years, 6 months and 26 days.

During his illness he was visited by several sympathizing friends, members of his former parish, anxious to serve him; and the people of his own parish were unwearied in acts of sympathy and kindness. A few days before his death, he expressed a strong desire to see once more the Rev. John W. Nott, of Mount Savage, Md., a dear friend whose Christian character had inspired in him the love of a brother. Mr. Nott on being informed of his wish, was at his bed-side, as soon as the journey would allow. An account of the interview is given in a letter addressed by him to Mrs. Perinchief, from which the following extracts are made.

“MOUNT SAVAGE, MD., *May* 10, 1877.

“MY DEAR MRS. PERINCHIEF: I enclose to you the resolutions passed by the vestry at their meeting on Tuesday of this week. You will be sure that the feeling is far deeper and stronger than can be shown in any such expression.

“The life of Mr. Perinchief in these mountains was a power, and a light, and the news of his departure has stirred the whole community that remembers him.

“I look back now with great gratification to the day or two that I spent with him and his family last October. It seemed to me then, that he was more than commonly well in body, and cheerful in mind; but disease must have been working secretly then; yet I cannot recollect a look, or a word, or a tone that intimated as much.

“The recollection of his last days must prove an inexpressible comfort to you in your bereavement. His firm faith

in God, his warm love for mankind, never were more evident than in the moments I was by his side. It was not the words, for he uttered but few that were audible to me—not altogether the tone or the look, though I could gather something from them, weak as he was—but something in the very atmosphere that floated around him, that breathed of faith, and love, and trust; and that full consciousness that seemed so surely to remain with him of your love, and devotion, and tender care.

“You must know now, that his departure was inevitable; and since it must be so, it is a blessed thing that God sent the change surrounded by so many circumstances that must make the memory of those last days a fountain of help, and consolation and cheer for the rest of your life.”

His Funeral.

The funeral took place on the 3d of May, and the subjoined account of it was published in the *Norristown Daily Herald* of that date:

“The funeral of Rev. O. Perinchief, rector of Christ’s (Swedes’) Church, Upper Merion, occurred to-day. Previous to 11 a. m., a large number of the friends of the deceased visited the parsonage, a short distance from the church, where the remains were viewed. They were enclosed in a handsome cloth-covered casket, with heavily mounted silver handles and plate, bearing the name and age of the deceased. The face was thin, and evinced much suffering, but presented a life-like and calm appearance. He was dressed in full Episcopal robes—with no flowers or decorations of any kind about him.

“Precisely at eleven o’clock the funeral procession formed and proceeded to the church. A number of clergymen from a distance, including Bishop W. B. Stevens, preceded

the body, which was borne by Messrs. B. B. Hughes, William H. Holstein, Wallace Henderson, and William B. Rambo, with Messrs. Benjamin Thomas and Dr. G. W. Holstein, as reserves.

"The following gentlemen represented the Mount Holly (N. J.) vestry: Messrs. Richard C. Shreve, F. B. Levis, George C. Brown, T. H. Risdon, and Richard P. Holeman.

"From the Conshohocken vestry, were Messrs. Theo. Trewendt, Chas. Lukens, W. H. Cresson, John Cresson.

"Members of the vestry and congregation of the Swedes Church, and others, followed.

"Arriving at the church, Bishop Stevens, on advancing up the isle, recited the usual sentences of the church service, following which Reverend Isaac Gibson of St. John's, Norristown, and the choir, alternated in reciting and singing the anthem from the 39th and 90th psalms.

"After singing the hymn 'Who are these in bright array?' the Reverend Hurley Baldy spoke as follows:

"A servant and laborer in the vineyard of the Lord has gone to his rest, and we, this day, assemble to mourn our loss. He was my early companion; side by side we journeyed for awhile, and during our three years intercourse we talked hopefully about the future, and prayed in regard to the work before us. But he has gone, and to-day I can only bear tribute to his warm heart, frank nature, and the enthusiasm with which he entered into his labors, working with an energy and indefatigable spirit, as though the task was mighty and the time short. I come not here to eulogize him, the record of a good life speaks louder than I can. He not only labored in this but in other fields, which have sent sorrowing representatives here to-day to mingle their tears with yours. Do we feel that there are others who could have been better spared? The Master knows all. He took him, and how inexpressibly sweet, after his tried life and sufferings, must be to him the joys of Paradise. But we sorrow not without hope; the glad echoes of our Easter anthem, telling of resurrection, have scarce died away, and we seem to hear the joyous greeting, 'well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.'

“Reverend Isaac Gibson read the resolutions passed last Monday by the Clerical Society of Philadelphia, expressive of their grief at the sad event, and tendering their sympathy to the bereaved family.

“Bishop Stevens commenced his address by an allusion to the resolutions which had been read, and expressed a hope that a discourse in relation to the character and services of the deceased would be delivered in that place. He then spoke substantially as follows :

“Allusion has been made to the eloquence of our departed brother. He was, indeed, a man of rare mind, and commanded the admiration of all who were privileged to hear him. You have witnessed his services, you have heard his sermons, yet never has he preached a discourse so eloquent and appealing as that which he speaks with closed lips to-day. Can you not now call up the lessons which he has read from this desk to you ; the earnest, urgent appeals to amend your lives, to seek first the kingdom of God ? Does not this occasion rivet his ministrations anew ? Do you not remember how eloquent were his words and how earnest his actions ? But his ministry is sealed, and he has gone to render an account to the great Bishop and Shepherd of all ; but the lesson remains, and from this day may it sink deeper and deeper into your hearts. Recall what he said in regard to Jesus being your Saviour, in regard to your every-day lives. They were the utterances of a man of God, and should be thought of now as one who though dead yet speaketh. Only a year ago he came back to you, and now he lies breathless. How little did he imagine so soon to finish his course and lie in the grave. God knew what was best, and he has gone from the church militant to the church triumphant. Within seven weeks I have stood over four clergymen of my diocese called from their labors. Is not this fact a lesson ? Let us then be up and doing while it is day, for the night cometh. He has been called to render his account. Let us trust that it was given with joy and not with grief.

“In a few moments you will take him and lay him beside your church door here. He will remain with you until the resurrection morning, and when the trump shall sound he will be ever with the Lord. Will you not strive to act that you may rise with him, pastor and people, shepherd and

flock, and together hear from him who sits upon the throne, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

“The Bishop conducted the regular services at the grave, after which the choir sang ‘Once more the spot,’ from the Oratorio of Daniel, when the benediction was pronounced, and the sorrowing friends dispersed.”

As soon as his death became generally known, several of the parishes with which he had been connected, or where he had preached, especially those of Georgetown, D. C., Conshohocken, Pa., and Mount Savage, Md., expressed their grief, through their vestries, by the adoption of appropriate resolutions. Those adopted by the Old Swedes’ Church, of which he was rector, were as follows:

“*Resolved*, That by the death of our dear pastor, Reverend Octavius Perinchief, the Protestant Episcopal Church has lost one of her brightest ornaments, Swedes’ church the dearest friend that ever ministered to the spiritual welfare of her people, the congregation sustaining a loss that will be long and keenly felt. Not only his own parishioners but the community at large will miss his ready co-operation and kindly words in all that concerned their welfare.

“*Resolved*, That he was in full measure a clergyman, a true and sincere expounder of the rich treasures of the Gospel; that in his life we had found a character full of beauty and nobleness. Only those who have enjoyed his ministry and abiding friendship can appreciate his loss. He loved his people; was intimate with every member of the congregation, visiting them daily in their homes, sympathizing in their trouble, helping them in their need, fulfilling all obligations faithfully and conscientiously, and performing his work with an intensity rarely witnessed. Nothing apparently escaped his eye. His manner was irresistible. To all he had kind words of cheer and hope, and by his genial courtesy rich and poor were stimulated to greater activity. To all he listened patiently, affectionately and attentively,

and to all gave good advice gently but with an appropriateness that endeared him to all.

“in duty prompt at every call;
He watched and wept, he pray’d and felt for all.”

“*Resolved*, That in Mr. Perinchief education had one of its warmest defenders. An earnest champion, he never wearied in urging its importance, and sought to impress upon all the need of acquiring knowledge; every measure inaugurated to promote it met with his unqualified approval, and he was constantly active in devising means to save those who had never enjoyed the advantages of religious care, or school culture. His broad catholic spirit embraced the needs of humanity regardless of creed, sect or nationality, and like the Apostle Paul he was unwearying in his efforts to lift up the fallen, and by precept and example to lead all in the pathway trod by the Divine Master.

“*Resolved*, That we who enjoyed the privilege of listening to his teachings should treasure the sacred memories that cluster around his ministrations, and so apply them that our hearts may be purified more and more until all are prepared to join him, where parting shall be no more.

“*Resolved*, That our heartfelt sympathies are extended to the sorrowing home-circle in their sad bereavement.

“*Resolved*, That the church be draped in mourning for the period of three months.”

In Philadelphia, where he was well known, the event of his death was thus noticed by the clerical brotherhood:

“At a regular meeting of the Clerical Brotherhood, held on Monday, the 30th of April, in Philadelphia, the death of the Reverend Mr. Perinchief having been announced, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express the feelings of those present respecting the melancholy event; in obedience to which they have prepared the following minute:

“MAY 7, 1877.

“We deeply feel the loss of our brother in the ministry, who, though he moved so little among us, was yet beloved by all who knew him, and universally esteemed for his virtues and talents. He was peculiarly a man by himself, and

of rare traits of character. Fitted to shine as a preacher in the most eminent places of the church, he yet voluntarily chose to occupy more retired ones. But in his chosen spheres he was everywhere the delight of his people, and always preached to large and appreciative audiences. Nor was it from any constitutional indolence, or indisposition to labor, that he thus shrank from publicity; for he was a most conscientious and pains-taking man; but from a genuine modesty and self-depreciation. We accept with thankfulness this example of our departed brother; and in this day of ostentation and worldliness, would hold it up as suggestive of better things. For all that he was—in his deep and earnest piety as a man, and in his meekness, merit and power, as a Christian minister—we thank God for the gift that we had in him; and pray that we may all have grace to follow him as he followed Christ.

“ISAAC GIBSON,
BENJAMIN WATSON,
WM. H. MONROE,
Committee.”

On the day after the funeral, which I was unable to attend, Mr. John S. Reese wrote to me the subjoined letter, the mournful character of which is relieved by its warm-hearted sentiments; and a few weeks afterwards the writer of the letter was himself summoned to pass over the Great River, and all who knew the departed friends, would fain believe that they are both with their Redeemer, in the better land.

I will mention here that during the last illness of Mr. Perinchief, he had an interview with Mr. Reese, which was mentioned as a very sad one, Mr Perinchief being completely overcome in parting from him. How soon they were to meet in another world was, then, known only to our Heavenly Father.

“BALTIMORE, *May 4, 1877.*

“MY DEAR SIR: Yesterday I was over at Bridgeport, to be present at the interment of the remains of our dear and lamented friend, Mr. Perinchief. It was, indeed, a sad

privilege; during an hour or two in the morning his remains lay in the open coffin at the rectory, robed as for the chancel service; his face emaciated, but expressive of calm repose, while his ample forehead and projecting brows told how great an intellect had departed. While his remains thus lay, multitudes of his parishioners, both of Bridgeport and from Mt. Holly came to take a last look at their beloved friend; many of the clergy were there, including the Bishop of Pennsylvania. It was touching, indeed, to see the poor and humble women of the parish stand weeping bitter tears over his coffin, one of whom, after a long look through her tears, kissed his brow, and turned away as with a broken heart. At eleven o'clock the coffin was borne to the church by four vestrymen from a neighboring church, relieved by four others, of whom it was my privilege to be one. The procession was formed with the clergy leading, followed by the vestry of his church, as pall-bearers, then the casket, followed by Mrs. Perinchief and the children, and family, among which were his good friends Mr. Graham and wife, with a long train of sorrowing friends. The church was filled, and many, doubtless, could not enter. The service was impressive and solemn; Bishop Stevens made an eloquent and appropriate address. After the exercises were concluded, the vestry of his church bore the remains to the open grave, not far from the church door, around which was gathered the family, the clergy, and the multitude. The bishop read the final service, and the choir chanted some beautiful passages, and all was closed with a sweet hymn. Thus we laid him in his last resting-place; dear, dear man, he has gone to his rest, but it may be said of him with peculiar emphasis, 'though he be dead, he yet speaketh.' He has left behind him an influence which will never cease; I trust steps will be taken to publish his sermons; I cannot but believe a series of his sermons, like those of Robertson, if properly brought out, would meet with a large sale, and accomplish great good in the land.

"He and Robertson were remarkably alike in many respects, and his sermons are in no sense inferior to Robertson's, and you know what a sale they have had. No man, with a heart open to the reception of truth, could ever go out from listening to his sermons, without having the consciousness of his capacity for a higher and better life aroused, and his aspirations for such a life stimulated.

"I was gratified to learn that his family would realize, through life insurance policies, the sum of about sixteen thousand dollars. While we feel that *we* have met with a great loss, what must the loss to his wife and children be."

It only remains to be stated that not long after the closing scene the people of Bridgeport began to make arrangements for a suitable monument to be placed over the grave of the departed. A memorial window was placed in St. George's Church, Mt. Savage, Md., by his former parishioners; and that, also, on the altar in the chapel of Racine College, Wisconsin, there was subsequently placed a pair of brass memorial flower vases, by a daughter of one of his most devoted friends. A memorial window was also placed in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, Bermuda, his native parish. It was designed in London, and represents St. Paul, in a standing posture, holding a book, and leaning upon a sword, which, in mediæval art, is expressive of his martyrdom for the truth.

Beneath the window is a tablet, on which is the following inscription :

"To the Glory of God, and in memory of the Rev. Octavius Perinchief, born in Warwick, October 2, 1829. Died in Bridgeport, Pa., U. S., April 29, 1877.

"Erected by his friend, Thomas D. Middleton."

Of this window, the clergyman of the parish writes: "It is costly and beautiful, and it must be very gratifying to the relatives and friends of Mr. Perinchief to see the appre-

ciation of his great worth in so handsome a tribute. I am sure that not only the rector, but all the parishioners, too, are grateful to Mr. Middleton for thus ornamenting the church to which they are strongly attached."

Residence of the Family.

After the death of Mr. Perinchief, his family remained in the parsonage at Bridgeport during the succeeding summer months, and then removed to Mount Holly, N. J., one of his former parishes. The inducements for returning to this pleasant home were the importunity of warm friends, and a grateful remembrance of their former kindness, and also a desire on the part of the mother to educate her three daughters at the excellent seminary of Miss Baquet, who had solicited the privilege of teaching them gratuitously, out of gratitude and affection for the memory of her former pastor. May and Helen are being educated through her generosity, and Lucy, at the same school, at the expense of Mr. Thomas D. Middleton, of Bermuda, her godfather. The only son, Tilghman, through the kindness of friends, is receiving an education at an excellent private school, "Andalusia Hall," in Bucks' county, Pennsylvania, now under the care of Professor A. H. Fetterolf, A. M.

TRIBUTES OF AFFECTION.

The following letters were sent to the compiler by a few of the most intimate friends of Mr. Perinchief, to be added to this volume.

They contain sentiments which will be heartily responded to by all who knew and loved him :

From Rev. Heman Dyer, D. D., Secretary of the Evangelical Knowledge Society.

“ NEW YORK, *January, 1878.*

“ In complying with your request to furnish you with some reminiscences of the late Mr. Perinchief, I would say that my knowledge of him, dates back to the time he was pursuing his studies in Connecticut, preparatory to his entering upon a theological course at the General Theological Seminary in New York. At that time the American Sunday School Union was actively engaged in Sunday school missionary work throughout our country, and was in the habit of employing students in our colleges and seminaries in this service. These students spent their vacations in visiting neglected districts, and in organizing Sunday schools whenever it could be done. For this service a moderate allowance was made to them, besides their necessary expenses. Mr. Perinchief employed several of his vacations in this way and with very marked success. Wherever he went he made a very decided impression upon all classes. I remember well the high opinion the managers of that institution formed of his character and talents.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Perinchief did not

commence till after he became a student at the General Seminary, and it occurred in this wise: during a summer vacation, while the professors and most of the students were out of town, I was called on by a student who was still occupying his rooms at the seminary building, and told that there was a student there who was very ill, and who desired to see me. Without delay I went to the seminary, and on entering the students' room was introduced to Mr. Perinchief. I was not long in discovering that the young man was suffering as much from mental anxiety as from bodily sickness. My visit was a brief one, but I made an appointment to see him the next day. In the meantime I saw some friends who authorized me to do whatever the case required. On the next day I called again and found him pretty much as he was the day before. Without delay I asked him if he was willing to make me acquainted with the cause or causes of his troubles. He responded in his peculiarly sensitive and nervous way, that he would be very glad to do so, if I would not think it too much trouble to listen to him. I assured him I was there just for that purpose. He then gave me an account of the struggles he had had in prosecuting his education, and the great difficulties he had experienced in meeting his expenses. The revelations which he made were simply amazing. Such labors as he had performed to earn money while studying; such self-denial in the way of food and clothing, and of comforts of all kinds, I never before had known! But with all his efforts he had not been able to meet his expenses, and he came to the seminary considerably embarrassed by debts, which he felt he must discharge at any sacrifice. To do this, he boarded himself in his room and gave lessons to some pupils in the city, outside of his seminary duties.

In his excessive desire to extricate himself from debt he nearly starved himself, and worked on an average of about eighteen hours a day. Here was the cause of his trouble. His health had utterly broken down. His nervous system

was terribly shattered, and he was certainly in a most critical condition. Surely, I had no words of censure. He needed more than anything else a warm sympathy, and such aid as Christian friends could render. I asked him if he was willing to make out a statement of his indebtedness of every kind, and of his present necessities in the way of clothing and personal comforts. This he promised to do before the following day. As I rose to leave him, I saw he was deeply affected, and I did nothing but grasp his hand, and say I would call the next morning. But it was plain enough he was a great deal better. On the next day, when I called, I found him brighter, and with a carefully prepared statement showing his indebtedness in detail, and for what things it had been incurred. It required a good deal of persuasion to induce him to give me any proper idea of what he most needed for himself, and after all I had to guess at a good deal. The result of it all was, that his debts were paid in full, some needed articles of clothing were provided, and the means were put into his hands for rest and refreshment in the country. This was what he needed. But from the effects of these years of terrible strain upon his system he never fully recovered. This was shown by the exhaustion which followed his labors after he was ordained. With his ministerial life I was quite familiar. But as this will come out in other ways, I will not dwell upon it. During the period he was connected with the Church of the Messiah, in Brooklyn, I saw much of him. Though his services were most highly appreciated, and attracted, and held a large congregation, yet he was greatly depressed and cast down by a sense of unworthiness and unfitness for the place. Time and again, hour after hour, did I reason with him, and try to convince him of his mistake. But it was all in vain. He was nervous to the last degree and morbidly sensitive. Many a night did he spend in pacing his room, and conjuring up all manner of reasons why he should leave his people and the city. He became possessed with the idea

that he must take some small country parish or else give up the ministry. Again and again he declared he could not live in a city. One day he came to my office in perfect desperation, declaring that he must resign without delay. After talking for nearly two hours, he left me and went into the book-store adjoining. I had promised to aid him as much as I could in accomplishing his purpose. Scarcely had he gone when three ladies called on me. They were perfect strangers, and introducing themselves, said they had called to see if I knew of any clergyman who could be had, to go to a small parish in the country, where there were large iron works, and many operatives, among whom the clergyman would have opportunities of usefulness, but with few social privileges; that there were only a few families of cultivation in the place. After a few minutes' conversation, I said a clergyman had just left me who would probably be everything they could desire, but that I did not see how they could support him. So strong was my conviction that he was the man for the place, that I went immediately into the book-store, where I found Mr. Perinchief. I took him at once into my office, and introduced him to these ladies. They soon were satisfied they had found the right person, and made arrangements for his visiting their parish. Thus it was that he went to the Mt. Savage iron-works, near Cumberland, in Maryland, where he, in a measure, regained his health, and did such a noble work.

"I might speak of Mr. Perinchief's connection with the parishes in Brooklyn, Cumberland, New York, Georgetown, York, Mt. Holly, and Bridgeport, and of his other work, but this is unnecessary—I ever regarded him as a man of extraordinary gifts, and of remarkable traits of character. He was excessively modest, and shrank from everything that had the least appearance of putting himself forward. I remember once spending hours trying to induce him to accept a call to an important parish where the salary was ample, and the opportunities of usefulness were very great;

he persisted in declining, and on the ground that it was too conspicuous a position. He said he could never meet their expectations, and yet he was at the time in very straitened circumstances.

"Thus it was all through life; he would sacrifice himself rather than take any position for which he did not think himself qualified. His friends knew how really gifted he was, but he did not seem to know it at all, and as he would follow his own convictions, one of the most brilliant minds of our Church was allowed to remain in comparative obscurity, and leave the world, without attracting any special attention. Mr. Perinchief was unquestionably a very great man."

From the Rev. William P. Orrick, Rector of Christ Cathedral.

"READING, PA.

"In undertaking to contribute even a short sketch to the memorial of one whom it was my high privilege to know for some years, first as a pastor, and afterwards as a friend, in whose sympathy I ever found help, and whose wise counsel I ever sought on occasions of important decision, and never failed to receive, I am conscious that I am unable to fulfil what I have attempted, even to my own satisfaction; much less to the satisfaction of others. It is difficult to gather up the impressions of a character like that of Mr. Perinchief, so as even to define to ourselves what he was; much more difficult is it to convey to others that which we feel to be a correct conception. It is, with such a character, as with the work of a true artist; the subject is so simple, and the materials so unpretending that you are at a loss to know what is the source of the power which takes hold of your soul, of the strange fascination that leads you back to it from pictures that possess so much more of color and figures, and all things with which inferior artists try to commend their works to an indiscriminating public. You

ask yourself why do I feel, upon looking upon this picture, that which I miss in looking upon others that pretend to so much more than this? You cannot answer your question to yourself; you could not tell another wherein lies the power of the picture—you can only *feel* it. The power is there because the artist has perceived the thought of God as expressed in the bit of nature which he has painted, and has put that thought into his picture. So it is not easy to express to ourselves or to others the power of a character in which the elements of greatness and simplicity were so harmoniously blended. To whatever we may trace it, the fact was evident to all who knew Mr. Perinchief that he possessed the power to impress in an unusual degree, although he used none of the arts of popularity, and seemed to know nothing of them; although a man of strong convictions and decided opinions, and although he did not shrink from bearing his testimony against everything which he believed to be wrong—even though it might be the darling sin of his congregation—yet no man ever had a more devoted people. In all the congregations to which he ministered, there are those who think of him with an affection beyond that which is usually given even to a valued minister; an affection which but few of one's near kindred can inspire. He had, in an eminent degree, that which has been called 'personal magnetism,' which, if I should try to define it, I would say to be the power of a strong, pure, true soul to draw other souls to itself by the power that is in them—in all, I believe, in some degree—to admire and love strength and purity and truth. The circumstances of the parish in which I first became acquainted with him tested his power as it could not have been tested at any other time. He was called to the charge of Emmanuel parish, Cumberland, Md., early, I think in the year 1862, in the midst of the excitements and distractions of the civil war. Never had the Christian minister a more difficult task than that of serving a congregation in the 'debatable land' of the border States

during those long years that seemed as if they would never end. People who had been friends from childhood, school playmates and members of the same home were arrayed against each other. From the same congregation, young men went out to the contending armies. Every battle carried a possibility of loss and mourning to those who sat side by side in the church, some having given their choicest and bravest, and now hoping, fearing, praying for the success of the North; some for the South. Their divisions were not upon matters of sentiment but upon that which seemed to them a question of life and death. Victory for the one meant defeat for the other; rejoicing for the one side meant sorrow and sinking of heart to the other. It was no easy matter to be the pastor of both parties. Sometimes the clergymen would try to escape the issue by concealing his own sentiments and thus become the object of suspicion on the part of both; sometimes, thinking it unmanly and faithless to high duty to keep silence upon questions which concerned the vital interests of the people, he made his pulpit the incitement of strife and debate, intensified the already bitter contentions and unnatural alienations, and left his congregation without the ministrations of the Gospel at the time when the need of them was sorest. From the time of Mr. Perinchief's accession to the rectorship, the people of Emanuel parish enjoyed a singular immunity from the distractions which had destroyed the prosperity of other similarly-situated parishes, and which had began to effect their own. He did not conceal his convictions with regard to the questions of the day, all knew what he thought and felt about them. He did not shrink from saying even from the pulpit that which he thought it his duty to preach. But such was his personal influence and the power that he exercised over their hearts that they would endure to hear from him that which they would not have listened to from any other. This was partly because of their great reluctance to give up his friendship and his valued ministrations, and partly because they

knew that he spoke not as a bitter partisan, but as a Christian—spoke because a sense of duty demanded it; spoke in the spirit of love. They knew that he acted conscientiously in all that he did; that he was guided by the highest rule of right, and that nothing could take from them his love and sympathy in all their trials and needs, however he felt constrained to condemn what they approved in the solemn and weighty questions which divided the land. He did much to soften asperities among his people by leading their minds to see and to think of things still more important. He lifted them up out of the atmosphere of debate and contention, into the calm and love of that upper sphere wherein dwell the things that are eternal. They began to feel the blessing of having such a ministry of strength and consolation to their souls in a time of so much anxiety and distress.

“Those two years of battle and of storm were to those who worshiped in that beautiful church, years of most precious gain in thought and character. They are pages of life’s history upon which are written experiences most sacred and impressions most cherished; to many they were the beginning of a higher and better life, intellectually and spiritually; they were lifted up into a plane of purer atmosphere, and of loftier, wider vision of life. A door in the vast temple of being was opened through which they could see beauties before unknown and unsuspected; all life and its belongings became like a new thing to them. The instruction to which they listened, with ever-increasing interest, was different from that which is usually heard from the pulpit. It was singularly free from all conventionalisms in thought or phrase, but full of the truth, ‘as in Jesus.’ It did not treat subjects in the usual sermon style; there were none of the set forms, and the well-worn phrases which were familiar to the hearer of sermons twenty years ago, now happily giving place to a less artificial and more direct way of saying what one means, and giving truth to the souls that need it. There was thus a freshness naturally in

the thought, but also in the way in which it was presented, which caught the attention of his hearers; before their minds were able to appreciate the thought, the unusually simple and direct words in which the thought was conveyed to them, made them listen. They felt not as though they had come to listen to a sermon which was part of a religious performance, at which it was the custom for respectable people to be present once a week, but as though there was one, very much in earnest, who had something to say to them which it concerned them to know. The power of his style of sermonizing was in its simplicity and directness, yet his words so glowed with the inspiration of truth that they became at times true poetry. Both in the thought and in the expressions you saw the individuality of the man; like all men of decided originality of thought, he found the usual forms of expression unable to represent the thought with the accuracy which he required. Hence there were many words and expressions which he adopted or made up, which gave to his sermons a peculiar individuality. They seemed the very reflection of the man, and to belong intimately to him. The matter of them was no less fresh and forcible than the style; the old well-known truths of theology were placed before the people in such a way that all felt as though they were new. His originality did not consist in setting forth unpractical theories or strange fancies about the things which God has not revealed to man; the thoughts which he presented to his people were eminently practical; no one ever preached more to the thoughts and hearts of his people than Mr. Perinchief; no one got nearer to their lives and divined their souls' need with more true insight; his people would often remark how strangely the words of the sermon would come to their minds during the week as an answer to questions which the circumstances of their lives brought up; how often the incidents of the week would recall some thought which had been presented to them from the pulpit. His preaching was, in this way,

eminently 'preaching to the times,' which is so much talked about and so loudly demanded now-a-days. But this was not the 'preaching to the times' that people usually mean; they mean, very often, discussing the latest theory or fancy of a 'science, falsely so called,' or else the effort to gain for the utterances of the pulpit an attention which they could not otherwise secure by tacking on pieces of common-place morality to the incidents of the daily news column.

"His 'preaching to the times' meant speaking to the wants of hearts that are everywhere yearning and anxious, and to the questions which minds are everywhere asking, as they have been since man departed from the Source of Truth and Consolation. The sermons were not only thoughtful, but they stimulated thought. The power to think, so largely a latent power among all classes of people, could not fail to be excited and developed by contact with a mind so active, and by the presentation of truth with all the vividness which belongs to the words of those who see it for themselves, and describe it as they see it—not as others have described it to them. The preacher made them feel that the truths which had been given to them in a well-worn form, and to which they had perhaps listened for many years without much thinking whether they meant anything to them or not, were living realities, verities of the highest importance, realities belonging to the now and here.

"It was only after a time that the people of Emanuel Church began to realize that they were unusually blest in the pastor and teacher whom God's providence had sent to them. They had not known much of him before they called him to the rectorship of their parish. When he was first spoken of, some one had said that he was not an interesting preacher, but a good man. The people, feeling the disadvantage under which their parish lay because of its position in the midst of excitements and dangers of the war, and because of the difficulty of serving a congregation so divided by fiercely-opposed convictions and sympathies, were

willing to accept any pastor who would restore to them the ministrations of their church, of which they had been for a time deprived, and so he was called. Very soon they began to realize that God had provided for them better than they had hoped. Each succeeding Sunday deepened the impression which his living, forcible thoughts, and simple and vigorous style, and his earnest manner, made upon their minds, and they began to recognize the fact that it was no ordinary teacher to whom they listened. They soon began to prize his instructions. They would not willingly miss a single sermon, for they felt that it was a real loss. They felt that their thoughts were widened, their souls strengthened, and their hearts—amid all the disquiet and anxiety of those days of war and tumult—were strangely comforted. To those of greater thoughtfulness and more decided religious character, his instructions were beyond all price. They recognized in him a teacher sent from God. He opened to them just the truth which their souls needed for their growth and strength in the things which are best and highest. He lifted them up into an atmosphere where their souls could breathe in life and vigor. He put before them the truth which they loved and craved in such a light that their souls were entranced by its beauty. He unfolded, with the power of one who by deep experience had himself learned it, the love of God, the tenderness and sympathy of Jesus Christ, so that their souls were enabled, in all circumstances of sorrow and anxiety, to dwell in abiding peace and comfort. How dear to the memory of all who shared the privilege of his ministry is the thought of those years, and all that they brought to the mind and the soul, of uplifting, widening, purifying and strengthening influences. How precious are those influences to the hearts of all! How the people missed the stimulus and uplifting of his teachings when he was gone!

“In some measure the power of his preaching was that naturally belonging to one who can see truth for himself, and can

describe his vision to those who cannot. It was the power of genius. His mission to the people was that of genius everywhere; God puts his truths in parables, in nature, and in the word. To some he gives the power to find out the meaning of the parables and to give it in turn to others. Those who have the power to perceive the thought of God as expressed in his creation, revealed and yet concealed to all save those who have the seeing eye, we call men of originality, men of genius; we recognize that they have something to give us which we cannot get for ourselves; some portion, however small it may be, of that divine truth, that divine essence, of things whose value outweighs all other values upon earth. Such was the character of Mr. Perinchief's instructions. They were not truths, however good, delivered at second hand, but truths which he had seen for himself, which God had revealed to him, and which he gave to them, not in the well-worn forms of sermonizing, 'but in such language as they clothed themselves with in his own mind.' His range of thought was very wide, and the supply copious. The impression produced by his earlier sermons was not weakened by after repetitions of the same thoughts. On the contrary, the high standard of thoughtfulness and originality was sustained to the last. New truths were unfolded to his people and old well-known truths became new in the light which his genius shed upon them. His people used to say that each succeeding sermon was more striking than those which had preceded it; perhaps because they were unconsciously growing in power to receive and to appreciate the thoughts which were given them. He was enabled to sustain the draught upon his fund of thought the more easily because all his soul was given to his study. He loved, or as he said to me once, 'his life was to meditate upon the deep things of God.' His whole intellectual and spiritual life was poured into his sermons; he did not 'get up' subjects to write about. He was always meditating, pondering the 'deep things of God,' because that was his

life and his joy ; consequently he preached from his fulness and not from his emptiness ; consequently, too, preaching was a labor of love. The truth burned and glowed in his own soul so that he could not but tell it to all who would listen, and he asked no more joyful employment than to be telling it ; not only from his sermons did it become evident that he loved to think of the truths of religion. His conversation was as rich in thought as his sermons. Indeed his sermons were only a part of his conversation, and both were the outcome of his inner life. His conversation most frequently turned to ‘the subject of religion,’ as the phrase is. But this subject was not lugged in as a matter of duty or in a professional way ; on the contrary, it was so mingled with other subjects that the distinction between secular and sacred was obliterated, not by secularizing what was sacred, but by lifting up things secular to the plane of things sacred.

“It seemed the most natural thing in the world that men should think and talk about the things of religion. They were, in the light in which he placed them, felt to be something which was of real meaning to man as man, something which was inextricably interwoven with his nature and his life, a real factor in the life of effort and trial such as is allotted to man on this earth. Men felt, as they listened to him, that religious truth was not a part of an artificial system of things which God had chosen to impose upon men as the condition of their welfare in a future life, but which was as real an element in their life on earth as their everyday business. He showed the connection between religion and the daily life of man, because he thought of them only as thus connected. All truth was to his mind not only theoretically, but really, one. As he expressed it, in his sermon on ‘The words of the wise and their dark sayings,’ ‘people often speak of *natural* religion in a way that would imply that there is an *unnatural* religion, as though God in Christ had done something contrary to his own law.’ And again, ‘The glow-worm is not opposed to the sun—light is light.’

All avenues of thought in his mind led up to the One Source and Centre of Truth. He looked upon man and upon human life from the stand-point of its immortal and spiritual relations. He estimated everything temporal and earthly as it was related to the eternal and the heavenly. He looked upon all that made up or had a bearing upon life and man, in the light of that revelation which represents man as an immortal being, struggling, in the midst of much ignorance and against much opposition, to reach an 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"His power in the pulpit was enhanced by 'the man behind the sermon,' as it has been expressed. His people could not but feel that, going out and in among them, working and praying for their welfare, he was that rarest of all beings on this earth, a *genuine* man, a man absolutely without cant, without make-believe of any sort, without mannerism; one who was what he pretended to be, or rather who did not pretend to be anything, but simply was as he appeared. They could not be mistaken in the fact that he believed in his heart of hearts that which he gave them as truth; that he loved it and lived by it. They could not help feeling that God and Christ, and the world in which the unending life is to be lived, were ever before his mind as realities—the only realities. They knew that his daily life illustrated, in no doubtful manner, the devotion to Christ, the love and trust, the self-denial and self-sacrifice which he held up to them as the marks of all noble and Christian life. Said one of his people, after he had been sometime among them, 'He is a strange man, he actually lives as he preaches!' Especially did he teach by word and example the completeness of devotion to Christ, and the perfection of trust in Him.

"No man ever looked out for his own interests or for his own comfort less than he. The entire absence of self-consciousness was characteristic both of his manners and of his life. He never seemed to think of himself at all. He

gave himself, with absorbing devotion, to his work. He loved it for its own sake. He did not give himself any concern about his own wants, for he believed that God would provide for him such things as he needed.

“He had a wide sympathy with all classes of people, both in and out of his own congregation; he had a great variety of information upon practical matters, learned from actual contact with life in all its phases, and thus could talk with sympathy and appreciation with people in all employments. He loved to work among the poor—those to whom this life gives very little that is bright and satisfying, and who have but little to lead them to a hope for the life to come. He believed in the Gospel of Christ as the one thing which the world needed, and which could do for the world according to its need. He believed that the Gospel could uplift the lowest as well as the more respectable; that none were too low down to be reached or too desperately bad to be redeemed; to all he went with the same straight-forward, unselfish, conscious, cordial manner, yet none of any class ever presumed upon his kindness to approach in unseemly familiarity; while they were drawn to him by his sympathy, they instinctively felt themselves in the presence of a great soul, and in their hearts and manner did him reverence. He was untiring in his labor for the temporal as well as the spiritual prosperity of his Church, for he believed that the condition of a church in its temporalities had much to do with the possibility of its spiritual growth; every part of the work of the Church felt the inspiration of his presence, and his people began soon to catch something of his energy, and to work with an interest that was new to them; the effect of his devotion and earnestness soon began to appear in the interest which was everywhere felt, and the life which was everywhere showing itself throughout the congregation. He had the satisfaction, before he left, of seeing a congregation united and ready for every good work; a church filled from Sunday to Sunday with more than usually

attentive listeners; the Sunday school and mission school giving evidence of life and usefulness in the large numbers that attended, in the interest which children and teachers manifested in their school, and in the spirit which pervaded all. But the most precious results of his work during those two years can never be told by statistics; many of his people feel that, in the quickening of their minds, the enlarging of their view of spiritual truth, the imparting of a higher ideal of Christian manhood, and the gaining of a deeper sense of the value of life and the dignity of being, they have received that of which eternity alone can reveal the worth."

From Rev. Phillips Brooks.

"MARLBOROUGH STREET, BOSTON,
October 10, 1877.

"I assure you with much pleasure of the deep interest which I have long felt in your friend Mr. Perinchief, and the value which I learned to place upon his character and work. I read his sermons when they were printed with much satisfaction, and now I am glad indeed to know that we are to have some account of a life so full of active thought and noble standards. It cannot but be interesting and inspiring.

"Accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my regard, and believe me,

"Most respectfully, yours,

"PHILLIPS BROOKS."

From Rev. Wm. R. Powell.

"ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 19, 1877.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter regarding our late friend, the Rev. O. Perinchief, was forwarded to me. It was the first I knew of his death. I was thinking of him only a short time since, and purposing to write to him. I regret deeply that it is now too late. I send you the only letter of his that

I have with me; I think it is almost the last one he wrote me. As a preacher, I hardly know enough of Mr. Perin-chief to form an accurate opinion. From the few sermons I heard him preach, the impression left upon my mind is, that his style was fresh, original and vigorous; his manner of delivery natural, earnest and full of sympathy. But while he was very acceptable as a preacher, it was, I think, in his pastoral relations—as a man among men—that he was pre-eminent; nothing that concerned humanity was foreign to him, and his warm sympathy never stopped with expressions of good will, but went forth in persevering efforts for the accomplishment of the object which he had in view; and in these things he was very practical and business like. He never thought of seeking anything for himself, but when he had set his heart upon doing a good for another, he did not hesitate to call in the assistance of those with whom he had influence. And, I judge he had such a way of doing this, that he made them feel that they had a personal concern and interest in the matter. Besides the daily calls for help which came to him as a minister, he always seemed to have some special case of assistance on hand; when he conferred the greatest favor and that which cost him most care and effort, he yet did it in such a matter-of-course way, as if it were the most ordinary thing imaginable; as if he could not have done otherwise and be a minister of Christ. He helped me to prepare for the ministry, both pecuniarily and by his brave, cheerful, encouraging letters, and at a time when I fear, he himself had his embarrassments, or when at least, his ill-health must have borne upon him with depressing weight. He certainly was a true man, a true friend, and faithful minister.”

Letter from Rev. Johnston McCormac.

“EMPIRE CITY, OREGON, *December 14, 1877.*

“Your letter of November 3d is received, and in reply I would say that I approve highly of your work and labor

of love, for our dear friend Perinchief. He was a *good* man and *true* one, who should long be remembered, and whose memory is 'blessed.' Unfortunately I have but one letter of his at hand just now, and that one, I can by no means part with. I have just read it for the first time since I heard of his decease, and could I depict the feelings it called forth, you would not wonder at my reluctance to give it up; it was all his heart, in response to all my heart, on a subject of the most vital interest to both, and one which I know, for my sake, he would never consent to see in print. In a box of books which I expect to receive from Toronto, Canada, in a few days, I have a great number, I think, of my dear friend's letters, a good many of which may be interesting to you, and those I will be very happy to send you.

"Dear Perinchief! He was the only friend that ever I had who seemed perfectly to understand me, and in whom I could confide. Ever since we first met as freshmen, in Trinity College, Hartford, (where, as a classmate, he once lay at my bed side all night to defend me from the 'ire' of the vengeful Sophomores,) to the day of his death, he had a place in my confidence, which no other man ever enjoyed, and which, by thought, word or deed, he never betrayed. He was the very soul of honor and integrity; his candor was perfect transparency; in the light of it, you could see him through and through. He was just what he seemed to be, at all times, and as he had always a supreme regard for candor and truth, so he had always supreme scorn for all sham and show.

"All the time we were chums in college, I never knew him to equivocate from the truth in the slightest, or to do or say a mean thing; he loved order and neatness, and had a keen sense of the ridiculous. How he used to laugh at old Janitor Jim's 'cleaning up,' which consisted oftentimes of two or three sweeps of a broom, and a look at the steps. Though naturally hasty, he very seldom ever allowed his

temper to run away with him ; once, however, I remember, I caught it, for the slovenly manner in which I straightened up after ‘ old colored Jim.’

“ He was always firm to his purpose, and whatever he undertook to do he did it with all his might—whether it was to prepare a lesson in Greek or to make a fire in our little ‘ Salamander.’ His talents were unquestioned, and if he did not attain to high places in the Church, it was because his honest adherence to truth elevated him so far above all time-serving and men-pleasing.

“ A kinder heart, perhaps, never beat within a human bosom. This may seem extravagant to some, but certainly to none who knew that heart as well as I did. ‘ *Non inexpressus loquar.*’ I have had a good deal of trouble in this world, and for over twenty years, in every storm, I always found a human shelter there.

“ ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ ”

Tribute from Rev. John W. Nott.

“ MT. SAVAGE, MARYLAND, April 8, 1878.

“ Sometime since you announced your intention of preparing a biography of our dear friend, Mr. Perinchief. You asked me not only to send you such letters as I still retained of his, but to send also my own recollections and remarks. I have not yet prepared anything such as I should like to do. Yet it may be desirable for you to see, if not to use, some extracts from the sermon that I delivered at Mt. Savage the Sunday after the funeral. I transcribe a portion in the following pages :

“ ‘If we had a parish calendar appointing days for the solemn remembrance of those saints of God who had run any portion of their course among ourselves, we should have certainly one day fixed for calling to mind the life and example of Octavius Perinchief. It is right for us to call him

to remembrance, not only because it is becoming so to do, but because it is useful so to do.' * * *

“‘The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.’ We can make a special and useful application to the life that has just ended. That life was evidently and emphatically a righteous life, the life of an upright, God-fearing man, who loved his fellow-man because he believed in God, and whose faith in God expressed itself, not only in eloquent words, but in deeds of active love. In connection with that venerated name that we call to mind to-day, I endeavor to show you what it means for the just to be had in everlasting remembrance. I mean to say that it does not consist in the fact that the events of such a person’s life, his birth-place or his death-place, or the parishes in which he served, or even the thoughts and expressions that he used in his sermons, are distinctly remembered; but that such a life remains after death, after the features are forgotten, after all those have passed away from earth who can recall anything about him, still remains a power in the world.

* * * * *

“I shall not attempt to analyse the character of our friend. Those of you who remember him, remember him vividly. He was not a man to be vaguely remembered. If his life on earth seems now like a dream, as past faces and past events always seem to move in a dream, it is like a dream of peculiar distinctness and power; one of those dreams that influence and fashion lives. Nor shall I attempt to enumerate the events of his life; that is the work of the biographer. So I neither attempt to tell the story of his life nor to go largely into any account of his character. Perhaps, if I said that his most predominant trait was a great-hearted intensity, I should not be far from right. He had an intense love for reality, but at the very same time a most tender love for human beings. In this he resembled two men who entered into life not long ago, Charles Kingsley, in far off England, and William A. Muhlenberg, in near America. The fune-

ral in Eversley church and churchyard of Charles Kingsley—that in the chapel of Saint Luke's hospital and Saint John-land of William A. Muhlenberg, seem to rise naturally in our thoughts and stir our feelings as we think of those last services said on Thursday of this week over the remains of that friend and pastor who, I know, kept always a tender remembrance of his flock at Mount Savage, in the depths of his great heart. The two great men of whom I have spoken in close connection with your, and my friend, had this advantage over him, that they held their intense love of mankind, their eager desire to accomplish work in vigorous bodies, while his ardor burned in a weakly and diseased frame, till that frame was thoroughly burned out. * * *

“And while his soul is living in Paradise, his life is living here, here in Mount Savage, here in this world, in every place where men have glowed and melted under his words, and have striven to live pure and upright lives after his example. It is living now, in that conscious memory that recalls so vividly his tones and looks; it will live hereafter as long as the human race shall live in the world, in that unconscious memory which makes the life of every good man one of those indestructible forces that keep on doing good though men may have forgotten the name,” &c.

Letter from John A. Flynn.

“GEORGETOWN, D. C., October 3, 1879.

“In looking over some old papers, a few days since, I came across the enclosed letter. Should you deem it worthy of a place in your forthcoming work, it is at your service.

“I have no doubt the life and correspondence of so good a man as Mr. Perinchief will be eagerly sought for, and its appearance hailed with sincere delight by all who knew him.

“I have been in this world for a longer time than is generally allotted to many, and have been long connected with

our beloved church, both in this country and in my native land; and I can say, that so eminent a Christian I have seldom known as Mr. Perinchief, and especially in those beautiful traits of character that so readily reach the heart. *His* charity was not the cold article, so abundant in the world. His was *Heaven-born*, and felt deeply the distresses of others; and none, I believe, in their trials ever applied to him in vain. I shall mention two instances that occur to me. A poor woman, whom my family employed as washer-woman, had the misfortune to be tied to a worthless, drunken husband, and was frequently in great distress. We recommended her case to Mr. P.; he took her address, and paid her a visit; was deeply moved at the squalid misery and want he observed—a few chips of wood on the hearth, and scarcely a particle of furniture in the room. Have you no stove, he inquired? No, sir, we have not had one for a long time. Have you any food? No, sir, none. He left. In a short time a plentiful supply of food reached the starving mother and child. In the afternoon a stove made its appearance, and the next day Mr. P. called to know how the stove worked. I do not know, sir, how it would work; we have no coal. ‘Well, well,’ said he, ‘how stupid I have been.’ A load of coal found its way there in the evening. On another occasion (late on a Saturday night) this poor woman’s husband came home intoxicated, with empty pockets. Not a morsel of anything eatable. What was she to do? She disliked, exceedingly, troubling Mr. P., but there was nothing else to do. She went to his house. He himself opened the door, and invited her in; he desired her to be seated, while she told her sad story; he started down to the pantry; there he was informed there were but two loaves, and it would be impossible to get more bread until Monday, and what will the children do? ‘Well,’ said he, ‘this poor woman is one of God’s children, and I cannot send her away unrelieved.’ She got half the supply of bread, and other provisions, in the house.

“After Mr. Perinchief left Georgetown, a poor woman, a pensioner on the parish, made application for her monthly allowance. She received five dollars. ‘Is that all?’ she enquired. ‘Yes, that is all,’ replied the pastor; and the book was shown to her. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘Mr. Perinchief always gave me *ten*.’ Comment unnecessary! He was the most unselfish mortal I ever knew.”

While this volume was undergoing a final supervision, it was deemed inexpedient to insert all the materials which had been fixed upon at the beginning, for fear of making it too large. Among the chapters omitted was one containing his “*parish letters*,” chiefly of an official character, setting forth his reasons for accepting or resigning the positions he had held among the mountains or in the cities, where his toilsome lot was cast. Another omitted chapter, is one containing the “*critical opinions*,” of many eminent men, published in the leading journals of the day. But, good and gifted as he was, and precious as his personal ministrations were, to people, without number, the breadth and brilliancy of his intellect, can only be measured by his sermons. Those which have been published, and heartily enjoyed by men of culture, bear only a small proportion to those which are still in manuscript; and in due time several volumes will be added to the two already published. And now, by way of fortifying myself in the enthusiastic opinions I have expressed of this remarkable man, I cannot refrain from quoting what has been said of him by two of the representative men of this country. The late William C. Bryant, in his own journal, the *Evening Post*, published the following:

“Mr. Perinchief is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, a man of great merit in his profession, attentive to its

humblest as well as its highest duties, and in his ministrations addicting himself more to those views which have a direct influence upon the life and character than to the dogmatic theology of the denomination to which he belongs. The book before us (the first volume of sermons) gives evidence of this. The author is in sympathy and accord with good men of every denomination. These sermons avoid controversial topics; they treat the differences which divide Christians as matters of inferior moment; they dwell upon those views to which the founder of Christianity gave the principal prominence in His teachings; they take up and they leave certain doctrines of the New Testament where that book takes them up and leaves them, without, as Robertson says, proceeding 'to harden them into dogmas.' It has often occurred to us what a marvellous freshness is given to familiar truth—such as those of religion and morals—when they are treated by a thoughtful man of a well-stored intellect, who follows the lead of his own reflections, instead of filling his mind with those of other men and repeating them. Mr. Perinchief's sermons are an example of this. There is no attempt to be brilliant; no ambition of originality. There is not, as the *Chicago Tribune* justly says, 'one sensational thought' in the volume; its teachings are of the plainest and most direct kind; yet there is a distinct individual character in all these discourses, which makes them interesting, and agreeably detains the reader. They teach a religion of love and peace, and of the humble imitation of the great model given us in the founder of Christianity. Mr. Perinchief was for some time pastor of a church in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, and these discourses have been published at the particular desire of his parishoners, who wished to possess such a memorial of his weekly teachings."

In a copy of the *Standard of the Cross* for November, 1878, the Right Rev. Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal

church, B. B. Smith, published a letter about Mr. Perinchief, (with a quotation from one of his sermons) which contained this paragraph :

“Had any one told me that the next generation of the clergy of that church to which I belong could produce a young man capable of conceiving and writing a volume of sermons so unique, so full of thought, and so remarkably full of Christ, I should have been utterly incredulous. But what astonished me more, until lately, I had never heard the name of the Rev. Octavius Perinchief, and am still almost entirely ignorant of his life, his ministry and his early death. Will not some one kindly enlighten us through your pages?”

In due time the good bishop was fully informed in regard to the history of Mr. Perinchief; he was furnished with copies of all the published sermons in which he was so deeply interested, that he sent them to a prominent English bishop, a personal friend, and after he had been shown portions of the manuscript of the present volume, he exerted himself to secure its early publication, and in a letter to a friend, in continuation of what he had previously uttered, he speaks of Mr. Perinchief as a “gifted and holy man of God;” says his writings had awakened admiration “and imparted delight;” and after suggesting certain modifications in regard to this volume he concludes: “Still the question returns, must the Church and the Christian public be robbed of such treasures of thought, and the light of such a bright example of heroic self-culture under such crushing disadvantages?”

In a letter which the good bishop sent me on the 25th of September, 1879, when in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he says he would be “exceedingly glad to do all in his power” to make Mr. Perinchief better known to the world, and concludes with a sentiment which I adopt as my own last words,

GOD BLESS THE EFFORT.

PUBLISHED SERMONS
BY OCTAVIUS PERINCHIEF.

Sermons delivered in Georgetown in 1869.

Sermons delivered in Baltimore in 1870.

Sermons issued in pamphlet form on various occasions.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

Prepared at the request of the Japanese Minister, Arinori Mori.

IN PREPARATION.

Sermons delivered in Mount Holly.

Sermons delivered in Bridgeport.

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